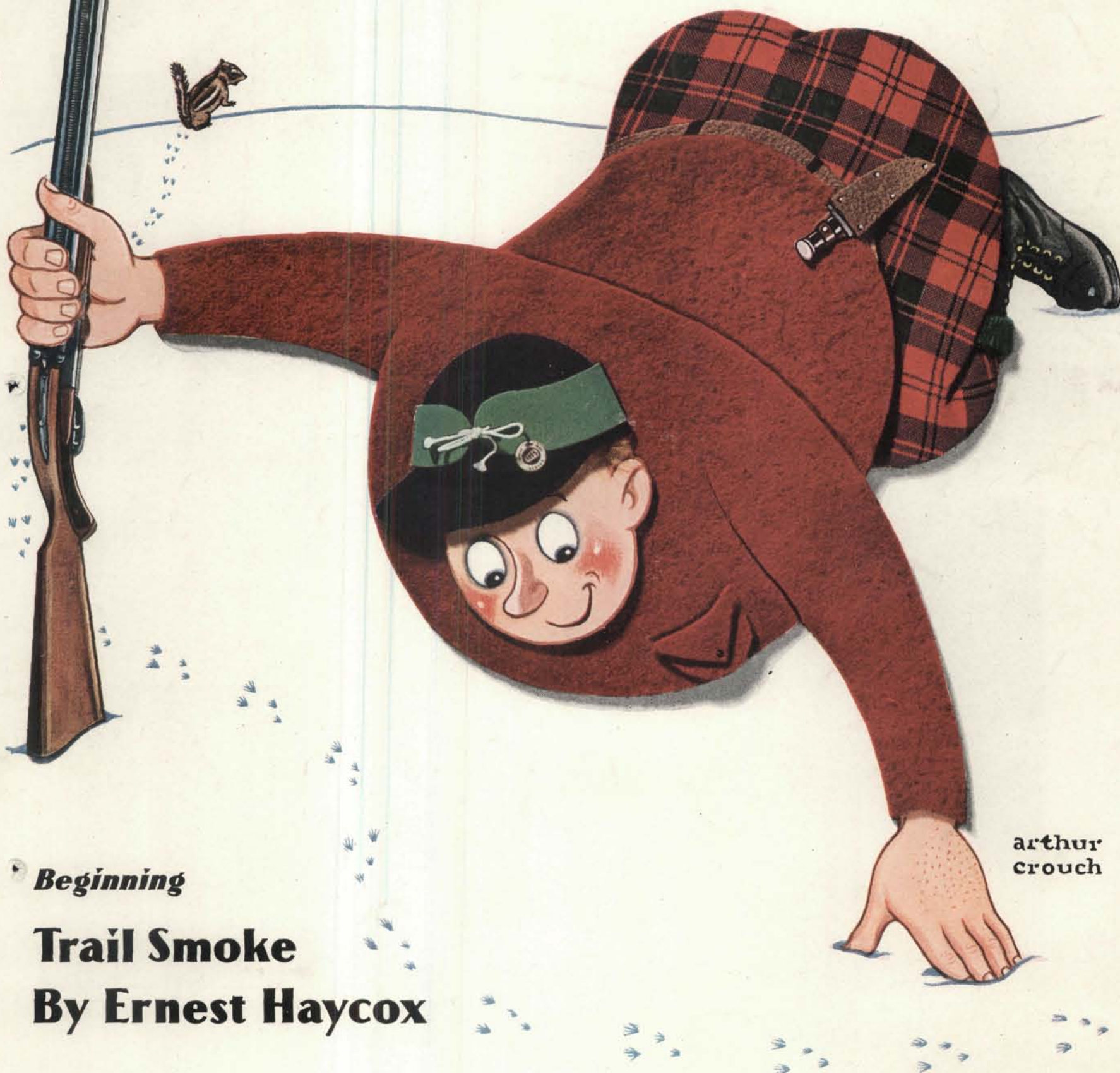


November 23, 1935

5¢ a copy
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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY ★



Beginning

Trail Smoke
By Ernest Haycox

The Robes of the Kingfish By Walter Davenport

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Nov. 23, 1935

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Never Before... a Radio so Thrilling

The "Magic Brain" now has a "Magic Eye!"

ANOTHER RCA VICTOR FIRST!

The whole country's excited! All who have seen the "Magic Brain's" new companion—the "Magic Eye"—feel that RCA Victor has picked the real winner for 1936.

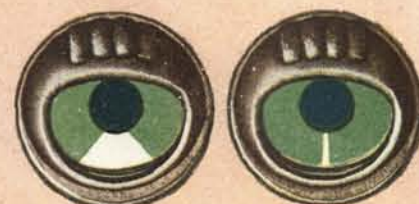
As your set clicks on, the "Magic Brain"—now definitely accepted as an engineering masterpiece—selects the station you desire. Then the "armoured watchman" tube reduces interference to a minimum. New beauty of tone is yours... clear... sharp... with a fidelity that is virtually "studio tone"—matching in performance the program as broadcast from the studio... In the new "Magic Brain" sets is the "Magic Eye"... which proves that the eye sees more sharply than any ear can hear. Tuning is no longer hit and miss. It is as exact as science can make it.

Not content with a newer "Magic Brain" and the "eye", RCA engineers bring more surprises. For instance: RCA

Metal Tubes—tube history's greatest advance! New range dials. Select your broadcast band—either foreign, domestic, amateur, police, airplane, weather. As you turn to it you *know* the band you're in. Cabinets? New in design—for true portrayal of "Magic Brain" tone. New in shape and size—for decorative charm and good taste.

Every RCA Victor dealer has a complete line of these 1936 RCA Victor "Magic Brain" sets. Visit them. Priced right, right in performance, rich in tone—you'll want one! Come in today and plan to meet the "Magic Eye"...

... eye to "eye".
RCA Manufacturing Co., Inc., Camden, New Jersey. A subsidiary of the Radio Corporation of America. *Put new life in your present radio, install RCA Radio Tubes.* Now buy RCA Victor sets on C. I. T. Corp. easy payment plan.



OUT OF TUNE

IN TUNE

THE "MAGIC EYE"

How it brings you perfect tuning!

The "Magic Eye", an electronic "beam"... which looks much like a human eye... tells when you are precisely in tune. No more blurred reception or "off-center" tone. Turn the set on, a colored shadow appears on the "Magic Eye". Dial, and it gets larger or smaller as if focusing on an object. When the station is tuned in for its most perfect reception, the shadow is smaller. You have tuned in with your eyes. more sharply than any human ear could.



METAL TUBES, TOO!

PRICES FROM \$19.95 to \$550.00

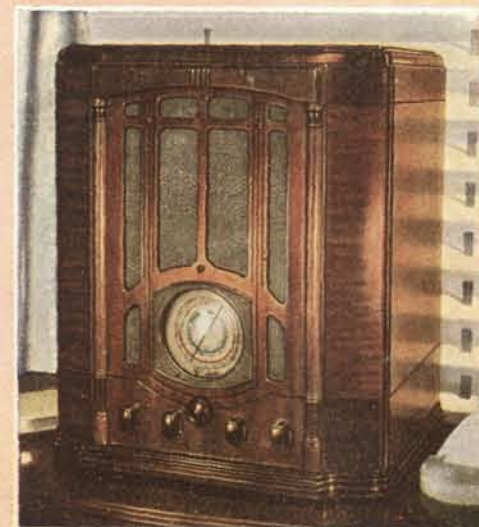
(Subject to change without notice)

f. o. b. Camden, New Jersey, including home, automobile and farm radios and radio-phonographs. And remember, any set works better with RCA Antenna systems.

(Left) RCA VICTOR CONSOLE MODEL C-11-1. An 11-tube "Magic Brain" radio with new "Magic Eye". 3-band tuning range, long and short wave. New "Selector" airplane dial. Automatic volume and high tone control. Voice, music control. De luxe, oversize speaker. Exquisite cabinet finish. \$150.00.

(Right) RCA VICTOR DE LUXE TABLE MODEL T-10-1. A 10-tube "Magic Brain" radio with 3-band long and short wave tuning range, oversize speaker, airplane "Colorband" dial, automatic volume and high tone control and many other fine features. \$99.50.

The world's greatest artists are on Victor Records



DE LUXE TABLE MODEL T-10-1, \$99.50

RCA VICTOR



An All-American Guard of 1950 can't afford to neglect his Teeth and Gums!

Ipana with massage helps combat "pink tooth brush"—keeps teeth sparkling

NO WONDER the habit of Ipana plus massage is so deeply rooted in so many families. Modern dentists advise it. Schools teach it. Common-sense mothers and fathers know its good effects.

There is a real need for Ipana plus massage. There is a simple, logical reason for its use. Our modern soft-food diet does not give teeth and gums the exercise they require. Hard, coarse, fibrous foods would do it. But they have disappeared from the modern menu. Gums grow lazy, tender, sensitive under this soft-food regime. And when "pink tooth brush" gives you warning, it is time to do something about it—at once.

Switch now to Ipana and massage — your dentist's

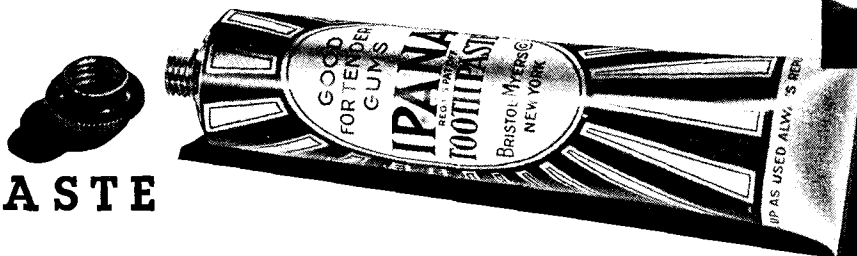
ablest assistant in the home care of your teeth and gums. Begin to fulfill the double duty you owe your teeth and gums. Rub a little Ipana into your gums every time you brush your teeth. Do it thoroughly. For Ipana plus massage starts new circulation—helps to hold, or to bring back, healthy firmness to the gums.

Healthy gums have little to fear from serious gum troubles—gingivitis, pyorrhea and Vincent's disease. And with white, sound teeth—plus firm, sound gums—you and your family can meet the twice-yearly inspection of your dentist—and win his sincere approval. Begin today to give Ipana plus massage a 30-day family tryout.



• Modern schools everywhere are starting children on the road to a lifetime of oral health by teaching them to massage their gums every time they clean their teeth.

IPANA
TOOTH PASTE



Next Week

WHEN Freeman Paget wagered twenty-five hundred dollars against the horse he was going to ride in the Clarenton Cup Steeplechase he was putting up every cent he had in the world. And he was risking his chance of happiness, for Judy Baring owned Free's mount. Did he intend to throw the race? That's what was thought around the race track. Free himself didn't know. There was only one person who did—Judy Baring, who could recognize "The Pure Honor" of a gentleman. In a magnificent short story Max Brand describes the race.

EVERY few months for years there have been rumors that television was about to burst upon a startled world. No longer would you have to sit in the rain to watch your favorite football team do or die in the mud. No longer would you have to go to a theater to see a show. But the expected miracle never comes. Scientists blithely send pictures from laboratory to laboratory; the newspapers run headlines; but the public isn't invited in. What's the reason? "What's Holding Up Television?" In an enlightening article Owen P. White tells you the whole story.

IT WAS just Eva Oosterbaan's luck that she should slip when opportunity was knocking at her door. The slip was literal. She stepped on a cake of soap and ended up in the tub with a ruined dress, a ruined make-up and a black eye. These circumstances were Eva's passport to fame. In "A Certain Star" Richard Connell tells her love story.

HE WAS a retired multimillionaire who had hunted stone sheep in the Yukon, elephants in Tanganyika, tigers in Burma. "And you can have them all," he said, fingering a gray-brown partridge. "I tell you what there is about upland game. It doesn't matter whether you hit them. It's the fun you have." So let's go hunting for a "Mixed Bag" with Corey Ford and Alastair MacBain.

THE New York police should perhaps be pardoned for thinking that Aaron Alan Klee had been murdered. He was found dead of suffocation, with a champagne cork rammed down his throat. Circumstances pointed to foul play, but Tarat, the astrologer, was never one to be taken in by circumstances. With aid of the stars he solves a very puzzling mystery in "The Sign of the Virgin," by Thomas McMorrow.

JACLAND MARMUR, Kyle Crichton, Ernest Haycox, Quentin Reynolds, Francis Wallace, Freling Foster and others complete the parade. With flags flying and bands at full blast.

This Week

November 23, 1935

Cover by Arthur Crouch

ERNEST HAYCOX

Trail Smoke, Part I. The new serial—hard-hitting, Western and romantic. Page 7

LUCIAN CARY

Plenty to Worry About. What would a young man do if his girl were on the spot? Page 10

WALTER DAVENPORT

The Robes of the Kingfish. A vanishing trick in Louisiana. Page 12

JOSEPH MARSHALL

Only the Tough. A taxi driver's romance. Page 14

FRANK THOMAS

Squads West. How to win the Rose Bowl game. Page 16

FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN

You Gotta Have Dogs. But isn't twenty-one a few too many? Page 18

SHEPARD BARCLAY

Read 'Em and Win. The card-reading act. Page 20

T. R. YBARRA

Strong Boys from Italy. Chieftains of II Duce. Page 21

KYLE CRICHTON

The Transpacific Wow. With Mr. Marcus and company in the Orient. Page 22

FRANCIS WALLACE

The Odds Against Honor, Part V. The man she trusted. Page 25

THE SHORT SHORT STORY

Quiet Girl, by Frank Condon. Page 26

FRELING FOSTER

Keep Up with the World. Salt of the earth. Page 43

ROARK BRADFORD

Easy Pickings. Greenville gals are very handy with ice picks. Page 58

EDITORIAL

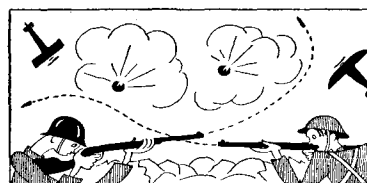
The Hard Task of Staying Neutral. Page 78

Any Week

HERE'S Mrs. Ronald F. Holly of Cincinnati, Ohio, complaining somewhat bitterly that she's "lost all track of the various alphabetical agencies of the New Deal." She goes on: "Even if I did know what all the letters mean it wouldn't do much good because even when someone tells me what EFHA and NYA and so on stand for I still don't know what they have to do with whatever it is that's going on."

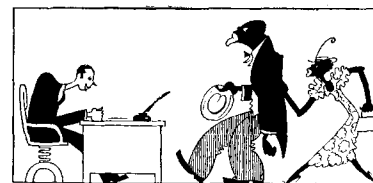
FORTUNATELY, we heard from Mr. George W. Reynor of Pottstown, Pennsylvania, in the same mail. Mr. Reynor got into a political argument last week and before he knew it he, too, was groping in and out of the alphabet in a badly dazed condition. "Finally," he said, "we both agreed that the New Deal wasn't something the ordinary citizen can understand offhand and that you've got to take it on faith like your religion and hope everything will turn out like the preacher says."

AND Corporal Bill Jasper of Montgomery, Alabama, who was one of our comrades in arms when we were working the hero racket in France in 1918, admonishes us not to get indignant "like some papers I read, about the way the Italians are using dum-dum bullets in Ethiopia." Says he: "Remember when you and I and a lot more pork-heads were knocking them dead along the Vesle River in France?" asks Corporal Jasper. "And remember how we used to clip the ends off the old .30-.30's before ramming them into the rifle magazine to make them dum-dum? But none of the home papers got sore at us. No, sir; we were heroes then."



BUT we'd like to make our public avowal that we never shot anybody. Frankly, we hadn't the nerve. We shot at a German fellow once. And he shot at us. We both missed. We wouldn't be at all surprised to learn that there are several people who regret that he made such a mess of it. But, as Mr. James F. Finnerty of San Diego, California, says in a six-page letter that came smoking into our office, a day of reckoning is on its way. "We, the millions of wage-earners of the United States," reports Mr. Finnerty, "have decided to give you and all the oppressors another year to change your ways. If you do not make good in a year it will be too bad because we mean business and shoot straight."

MR. FINNERTY is wrong. We are not an oppressor. Not that an oppressor in the right time and the right place lacks value. For example, and in the mature opinion of Mr. Alex Loper of Topeka, Kansas, "what the Republicans are going to need next year is a cruel tyrant to work on. But he must be a Democrat and he must be President. Now, if President Roosevelt would just stop being Friendly Frank and turn tyrannical and barbarous the Republicans might float in on a mercy platform or a deliverance ticket. As it is, the voters have to hide if they hope to escape the ministering-angel activities of Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Hopkins, Mr. Ickes and the rest."



IF YOU fool around long enough something or somebody radical is just bound to catch up with you and rearrange your life. Mr. Gene Tausig of Jacksonville, Florida, tells us that he was in the marriage license bureau when an enormous Negro entered "half dragged and half pushed by a hundred pounds of high-yellow womanhood who began to demand a wedding permit." The clerk, getting out his most reassuring smile and putting it on, said to the somewhat reluctant black boy: "Well, Sam, I'm glad to see that at last you've captured the lady of your choice." And Sam replied: "Yessir, Cap'n, she is and she ain't. Anyway, she is the first one of them that's ketched up with me."

NOTHING irritates Mr. Frank X. Michener of Boston, Massachusetts, more than crime commissions. Says he: "They're usually made up of leading citizens whose only personal knowledge of crime is in being corporation lawyers or professional politicians and we all know they wouldn't steal a railroad or a public office for anything. Once organized, they hold a series of public conferences and issue statements which, they hope, will make the criminals as sick as it makes us people the police ain't looking for. Nothing as useless was ever written."

BUT we wouldn't bet on that. Here's a bit of writing that has us all the way down. "Dear Sir," it reads, "we have moved so don't send any magazines to the old address any more but to the new address we are moving to." That's all. And it's signed:

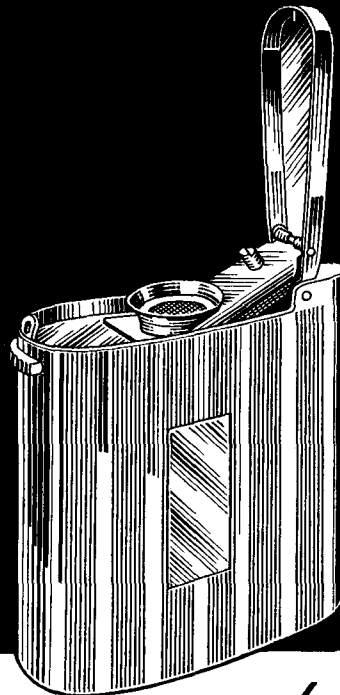
"A READER."

THE *Flameless* LIGHTER THAT GIVES YOU REAL MILEAGE 3 MONTHS WITHOUT REFILL



STREAMLINED "THE QUARTERLY"

In nickel, in gift box . . . \$5.00
In chrome, engine turned . 7.50
In enamel and chrome . . 10.00



*Aladdin's Lamp was no more wonderful than
these smart new Flameless . . .*

LEKTROLITES

A new amazing treat is yours when you use one of the beautiful new Lektrolites with their revolutionary method of ignition.

Gone are the frayed wicks, the balky flints, the clumsy wheels, and the uncertain sparks that made ordinary lighters passe. Gone, the stains on teeth and fingers. Gone, the unpleasant odors, and the sulphurous taste that came from

Brilliantly styled for 1936 and mechanically perfect, Lektrolites have won Paris, London, and New York by their practical magic.

old-fashioned clumsy lighting.

Press and Puff—That's all

With Lektrolites, led by the dashing "Quarterly" you simply press your cigarette against a tiny round screen and puff. Magically, out of nowhere comes, not a flame but a warm steady glow. It lights your cigarette perfectly — not once — but every time.

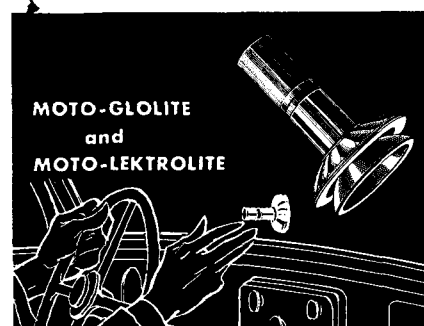
Flameless lighters have appeared before, prematurely perhaps, and therefore faulty. Lektrolites have eliminated every fault. Mechanically they are perfect. Each one carries a full year's guarantee.

The answer to a smoker's prayer is what users call "The Quarterly," pictured in the large illustration above. Note its graceful streamlining. You'll like the way it fits into your hand; you'll ap-

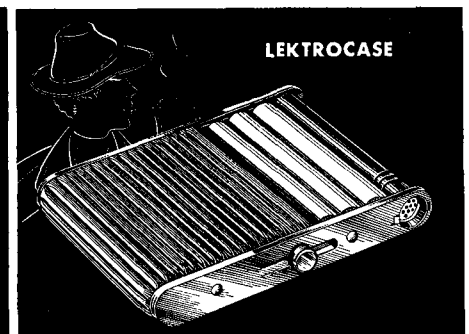
preciate its compactness in your pocket. Above all, you will be delighted to find that you can use it day in day out as often as you please — and refill it only once every three months. Hence the name.

Can you imagine a more satisfying possession or a more practical, worthwhile gift than "Quarterly"?

For sale in all leading drug stores, department stores, specialty shops, cigar stores, jewelers and haberdashers.

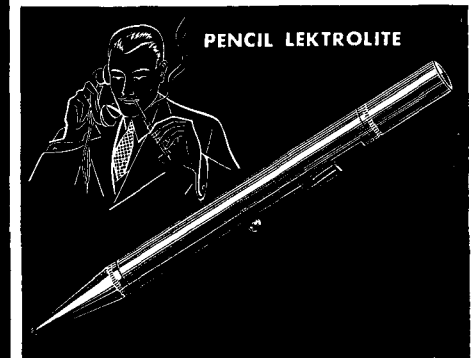


Your car cries for it. What a gift for an automobilist! Sure-fire lighting within easy reach, without electrical connections. Moto-Glolite, price \$1, attaches by suction cup. The De Luxe Moto-Lektrolite attaches to dash, requires filling only twice a year. \$5.



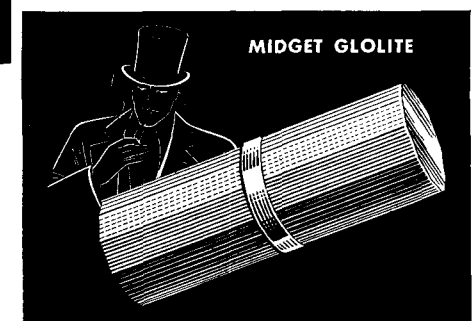
LEKTROCASE

How perfectly swank, yet how utterly practical is Lektrocase, the smart Roll-Cover cigarette case with built-in flameless lighter. Paris went wild over it. In nickel, \$5. In Rhodium Plate, \$7.50. In Gold Plate, \$12.50.



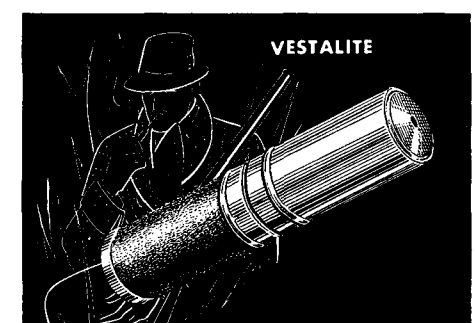
PENCIL LEKTROLITE

Where is the office worker, employee or executive, who wouldn't appreciate one of these handsome automatic pencils with flameless lighter in the top? Plain model, \$5. De Luxe, \$7.50.



MIDGET GLOLITE

Midget Glolite, smart nickel trimmed plaskon shells in solid and combination colors. Ideal for small gifts, bridge prizes, and souvenirs. Price \$1. Can be etched with initial at small extra cost. Also boxed, with fluid, \$1.25.



VESTALITE

For pipe or cigar smokers and outdoorsmen who prefer a Flame lighter, we present Vestalite. It gives flame no wind can extinguish. In a duck blind . . . on a boat . . . on the links . . . in the rain, there's where you appreciate the baby bonfire that Vestalite gives. \$1, \$1.50 and \$2.50. (See coupon.)

IF YOU PREFER, ORDER BY THIS COUPON

PLATINUM PRODUCTS CO., Dept. C-11, 521 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

Gentlemen: Enclosed please find—(check) _____ (money order) for \$ _____, for which send me postpaid:

☐ The Quarterly in Nickel; ☐ The Quarterly in Chrome; ☐ The Quarterly in Chrome and Enamel; ☐ Lektrocase in Nickel; ☐ Lektrocase in Rhodium Plate; ☐ Lektrocase in Gold Plate; ☐ Pencil Plain; ☐ Pencil De Luxe; ☐ Midget Glolite; ☐ Vestalite Flame Nickel; ☐ Vestalite Nickel and Enamel; ☐ Vestalite Chrome and Enamel; ☐ Moto-Glolite; ☐ Moto-Lektrolite.

Please check color desired in pencil and enamel models: Chinese Red ☐; Lapis Lazuli ☐; Blue ☐; Parisian Black ☐; Emerald Green ☐; Jade Green ☐

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

Talking turkey

BY LONG DISTANCE BRINGS SALES AND PROFITS TO 10,000 TURKEY GROWERS



THE turkey market has expanded since the Pilgrims and Indians first talked turkey on Thanksgiving Day, 1621. Today's buyer and seller are often a continent apart. But they still talk turkey—as quickly and clearly as if they were face-to-face — by Long Distance telephone service.

The Northwestern Turkey Growers' Association, for example, with 10,000 farmer-members operating through forty local co-operatives in eleven western states, is a heavy user of Long Distance during the selling season. Mr. Herbert Beyers, General Manager at the home office in Salt Lake City, talks to sales agents in New York, Los Angeles and San Francisco, several times a

day . . . obtaining up-to-the-minute reports on demand and supply at different points . . . routing shipments to the most favorable markets. He considers Long Distance a fast, modern, economical way to co-ordinate sales activities . . . reports one sale of \$300,000 worth of turkeys to an Eastern distributor after two telephone conversations.

Turkeys, tractors, textiles, paper, petroleum—firms in many fields have profitably applied Long Distance to production, shipping, credit, administration and other departments, as well as sales. Probably your business can benefit by their experience. Especially if you use Long Distance on a *planned* basis. Talk it over with your local Bell Company. No obligation.



Trail Smoke

*Buck Surratt rides into a murder mystery—
a stirring romance of the West, beginning now*

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN SWEENEY

He saw the drawn expression
on Annette Carvel's cheeks and
the soberness of Judith Cameron

FORTY hours of steady riding brought Buck Surratt across the wide desert to these foothills. The road at once left this burning plain and followed a canyon's rising tangents into broken masses of ravine and butte and deep green sweeps of pine. Far away and high up, the Gray Bull peaks reared their stony shoulders.

A long training in trouble turned him aside from that canyon road. Bearing to the left, he climbed the ridge and reached its summit and there, with the invitation of the pines directly ahead of him, he paused to scan his back trail. His high, flat body became still and all the restlessness of his nature flowed into a hard, prolonged attention. The sun had dipped against the western horizon and its edge seemed to burst and spill a golden lava across the earth; that final light laid a clear flame on the far mountains over there. Emptiness and a smoky heat haze filled the flat, tawny desert lying between.

Buck Surratt's glance explored every detail of it, the whole picture engraving itself on his retentive memory. Afterward his eyes turned to the green tangle of the hills. Up there was coolness and isolation—and anonymity for a man. And because these were the things he sought beyond all other things, he lifted his reins gladly and passed into the timber. . . .

At dark he sat on his heels with a pipe clenched between his teeth, watching the livid coals of his campfire burn a ruby hole through the felted shadows of the forest. Water ran sibilantly along the bottom of a ravine on his left; a damp, earthy smell rose from that black depth. The voice of the forest and its mysteries pulsed around him, softened by a small cool wind flowing off the Gray Bull peaks. Out of this deep solitude came the air-borne call of wildness, intangible yet striking definitely through him. His shoulders swayed a little, he cocked his head to listen and the pressure around the corners of his long lips relaxed and smoothed away the taut, dry bitterness that had so long been there. The firelight struck up a bright flash in his eyes. A windless chuckle disturbed his chest and his inscrutable, sun-darkened cheeks broke to a faint smiling. He was still smiling when he rolled the blankets around him and fell asleep, the presence of that wild mystery invoking



a swift response in his wire-tough body. It eased and nourished him, though he did not know why. There was some ancient familiarity here he didn't understand. The last thing he heard was the patient stir of the pony around its picket rope. . . .

The shot ripped a ragged hole through the stillness, its sound near enough to strike physically against him. Wakened, he remained a motionless moment in his blankets, keen to the possibilities of the night; hearing the echoes of the shot break and run down the corridors of these hills and die out remotely. His fire was dead and a thin, damp fog lay along the ground, with the curled blackness of early morning condensed in the sky. The shot, he decided, had come

from the canyon on his left. Down there brush began to break before a traveling body. He lifted his head and reached beneath the saddle to pull his gun from the holster. He kicked aside his blankets, rolling quietly away. He got up and stood behind a tree. His horse blew out a gusty breath.

Somebody crashed up the side of the canyon without regard for secrecy. He heard the sound of a quirt slashing down and the reaching grunts of a pony. The rider came straight on, broke through the last brush and reached the little clearing. The pony stopped and the breathing of animal and rider rasped heavily across the black; the pony was turning around and around, without control, and the rider's shape seemed to sway and almost fall from the saddle. An odd groan came out of the rider, very thin and very high. After that he wheeled and went away at a reckless gallop, bound east into the deeper mystery of the hills.

BUCK SURRATT remained by the tree until the last fugitive murmur had faded in the distance, then came back to his blankets and packed and lighted his pipe. He crouched down, pulling a blanket over his shoulders. There was no additional rumor in the canyon, no signal of life or pursuit. He lifted his watch to the pipe bowl and blew up the tobacco coals and by that dim glow he registered the time. Ten minutes after two of a chilly morning. He replaced the watch and lay down in the blankets, supported on an elbow, his thinking sharp and taciturn and wary. There was, he understood, no more sleep for him. That one shot had destroyed all his security; his nearness to it had enmeshed him in whatever trouble was to follow. So considering, he debated his course and at half past three, with a dim band of light beginning to break above the Gray Bull peaks, he rose and went down that slope whence the fugitive had come. At the bottom he distinguished a small clearing and a log line rider's cabin. The door was open and a saddled pony stood near by. He came up to the door, listening for sounds that never came. Presently he went in.

Twenty minutes later he climbed back up the canyon, breathing hard, the pipe clenched more tightly between his teeth. All his motions were swift and decided. He saddled and caught up his blankets; and then did a strange thing. Until this point in his journeyings he had worn his gun. Now he put gun and holster and belt in the blanket roll and lashed it behind the saddle. A little beyond four o'clock, with full daylight breaking, he rode eastward away from his camp.

THE pony prints of the fugitive were increasingly clear to him and at one point he got down and paid them a slow, enigmatic attention. He went on then, following the trail continuously upward, with his mind sticking hard to the central fact of the night. The trees broke away in front of a small mountain meadow turned amber by summer's heat; beyond the meadow the trail coursed out to a point and from that point he saw the road again, looping its way along the bottom of the rocky canyon. Beyond the road the country continued to rise in green waves toward the Gray Bull peaks. Turning to resume the trail, he found a rider poised at the edge of the trees. The man put both his hands on the saddle horn. He said, without inflection: "Mornin'."

There was in Buck Surratt the sudden leap of a wicked flame, but it made no change on that sun-darkened, wind-ruddied face; it did not disturb the enigmatic, faintly wistful gravity. He held himself straight, poised for whatever unexpected turn might come, and the powder-gray surfaces of his eyes bit

into the opposite rider and absorbed all significance. The man was small and gray-haired and his shoulders sloped from the years he had obviously spent punching cattle for thirty dollars a month. The corners of Buck Surratt's mouth relaxed imperceptibly.

He said, "Mornin'," in the same brief tone.

The small man allowed indifference to tone his talk. "Camp around here last night?"

"Back on the ridge."

The puncher's nose twitched briefly. "Hear a shot?"

"I heard it."

The puncher said, "Where—?" and definitely closed his mouth. He stared at Buck Surratt with a narrower interest. It was as though he threw up a guard and retreated from what he suddenly saw in Surratt. His glance fell to Buck Surratt's beltless waistline and remained there, showing wonder. "Well," he said, "I guess it's none of my business."

"That was my thought likewise," Buck Surratt mused. "So I rode on."

Silence fell, polite and discreet. Sunlight definitely reached over the Gray Bull peaks, slanting immaculate golden splinters across a flawless sky. The color of day stepped up one full octave. The puncher lifted a hand casually to his shirt pocket and got out his cigarette dust and rolled a smoke. He licked the cylinder with his tongue; his eyes were bright beneath the shading brim of his hat.

"Looking for a job?"

"That pegs my situation."

"I judged so, from the desert dust you're packin'. Go see Bill Head in Morgantown."

"Why Bill Head?"

"If you want a job," the puncher softly added.

CURIOSITY stirred Buck Surratt. He said: "I'm a great hand to pick my outfits."

The puncher's small shoulders lifted and fell. "That may be. But if you work, Head's the man you work for."

"Nobody else?"

"I doubt it," suggested the puncher. His words had a dry rustle; remote speculation gleamed in his calico blue glance. "Morgantown's three miles. Cut down to the road." He picked up his reins and slowly rode a circle around Buck Surratt. There was a caginess here Surratt clearly identified. Matching the gesture, he put his horse in motion and passed into the trees. He wasn't impolite enough to look behind him, but at the next sharp turn of the trail he caught a glimpse of the puncher's pony sliding into the far brush. A little beyond that point the trail swung down from the ridge to the road.

A stage came careening around a high bend of that road, four horses running freely and a great boil of dust behind. The squealing of the brake blocks and the rattle of doubletree chains broke dissonantly across the dreaming peace of the morning and lingered long after the stage had rumbled out of sight beyond a farther curve. On the road, Buck Surratt took the lifting grade at a walk, his head bowed against the dust hanging heavy in the warming atmosphere.

To either side of him the canyon walls ran upward to distant vantage points, arousing in him a restless dissatisfaction at his exposure. It was a protective instinct he could not forget; and strengthening that feeling was the memory of the friendless reserve of the puncher on the ridge. There was a tension here that had its roots in some background of which he knew nothing. Once, looking behind, he caught a view of the distant desert all asmoke with its own glaring yellow heat.

At nine o'clock, hungry and alert, he

rounded a final high bend of the canyon and came upon Morgantown.

It sat narrowly within the walls of the canyon, its single street bending between front-flared wooden buildings that held about them a beaten, long-settled look. The sidewalks were shaded by overhanging second-story porches and trees grew intermittently up from the dust. Alleys ran back from this street, and down toward the canyon alleys he observed houses clinging to the steep canyon walls. A woman in a blue dress and a white shirtwaist came out of one of these alleys, to look fully at him and to turn into a store on which a sign read: "Annette Carvel, Dressmaker." Farther on, a saloon's ornate and varicolored windows set up a little blaze in the

slanting sun. Beyond that, at the intersection of another alley, stood a new brick building with high gingerbread cornices. Up in its central arch an inscription said: "William Head, 1887." A few horses stood three-footed at the hitching racks and a few people moved with unhurried leisure beneath the shade of the overhanging porches. All these things Buck Surratt absorbed with that insistent need for detail which forever drew his eyes to the stray motions of the world and to the subtle changes of men's expressions. At the stable beyond the bank he left his horse and quartered over to a restaurant he had noted.

He ate without haste and came again to the street, packing and lighting his



pipe. The town seemed livelier than before. One rider came down from the hills into the upper end of the street at a canter and wheeled before a group of men standing there. The girl in the white shirtwaist appeared at the doorway of the dressmaking shop and rested a round white arm against the wood. Her eyes were on him deliberately, with a faint insistence that carried over the interval and stirred him. He saw then that she was young and that her lips were full and curving and red across a face made graphic by some warm, frank curiosity lying within. Her hair was black. Even in the shadows there it was shining and turning her forehead and her cheeks whiter, more expressive. He dropped his glance, for something came

from her to him and touched him with embarrassment. A man behind him said:

"Come up to the office a minute."

THERE was a short civilness in the tone, nothing more. Surratt turned without hurry to look down on the broad bulk of a man whose long and gray mustaches made a half-moon pattern along a face purely unemotional, plainly dogged. Surratt's attention remained on him steadily. A softness ran on with his talk. "Who's office?"

The older man's eyes dropped to Surratt's unbelted waistline and lifted with a freshening interest. "My name's Tom Bolderbuck," he said. "Marshal of the town." His glance deepened and a re-

serve and a faint courtesy rubbed the edges off his command. He stepped half a pace backward. Two thin lines started across the pink swell of his forehead. "Some gentlemen up the street want to see you a minute in the jail office."

Behind a continued impassivity, Surratt's mind ran quick and knowing. There had been a shot deep in the hills and the invisible telegraph of the cattle country had picked up that rumor of trouble and carried it on. He had a part to play here, as he had known since the crash of that gun had wakened him. He said, "Sure," and moved his high, alert body up the walk, the marshal tramping at his side.

A man at the hotel doorway wheeled and stared. The group collected farther

up the street had disappeared through a doorway, but the rider who had come so rapidly into town still stood by his horse. Surratt saw the pony's flanks stained with sweat; his glance came up to the puncher and recognized him to be the thin fellow he had met on the trail. The man's eyes were fixedly on him, deliberately without recognition, remotely hostile. Bolderbuck said, "Go ahead," and Surratt bent his neck and passed into the jail office.

In this semi-darkness he saw the forms of men standing along a far wall. They were waiting for him and in the room was a feeling of challenge. It sent a rapid warning all through his flat muscles.

A voice said, in a swift, attacking way: "You camped on Soapstone Ridge last night?"

"A ridge near the road," replied Buck Surratt. "I'm not acquainted with its name."

"You heard a shot?"

"Yes."

"Know anything about it?"

"No."

"Where's your gun?"

"Packed in my blanket roll, on my horse."

STILLNESS came on, broken only by a curt murmur that sent Bolderbuck immediately out of the jail office. Surratt's eyes, better accustomed to the darkness here, saw five men posted beyond a table, watching him across a bottomless gulf of suspicion. They were all past middle age, except for the one who had done the talking. He was young, as young as Surratt, and he stood a half-head above them, with a muscular swell to chest and arm and neck that was impressive. He had a round face, whose bold and lively features gave it a handsomeness that was faintly heavy and very sure. He was a yellow-haired man, with lips long and heavy and controlled.

He laid out his question in the manner of a man who would not be denied, who never had been denied. "Where do you come from?"

"West of the desert."

"Whereabouts, I said."

Buck Surratt's shoulder shifted. His voice rode a steady tone. "Who are you, my friend?"

The man stared at Surratt, displeased. "My name's Bill Head. I still want to know where you're from."

"I have told you," Buck Surratt remarked softly, "as much of that as it is necessary for you to know."

A SUDDEN tide of ruddy color washed across Bill Head's round, self-certain face. Temper flashed in his eyes and pressed arrogance into his full lips. "The hell you say. I don't like saddle bums talking that way to me."

There was a man at the end of the group in a blue serge suit that fitted him loosely. He seemed deferential in this company, oppressed by it. He said a dry, cautious word to Buck Surratt: "You're in a ticklish situation, my boy. Answer the questions and—"

Bill Head cut him off. "I'll do the talking, Sheriff."

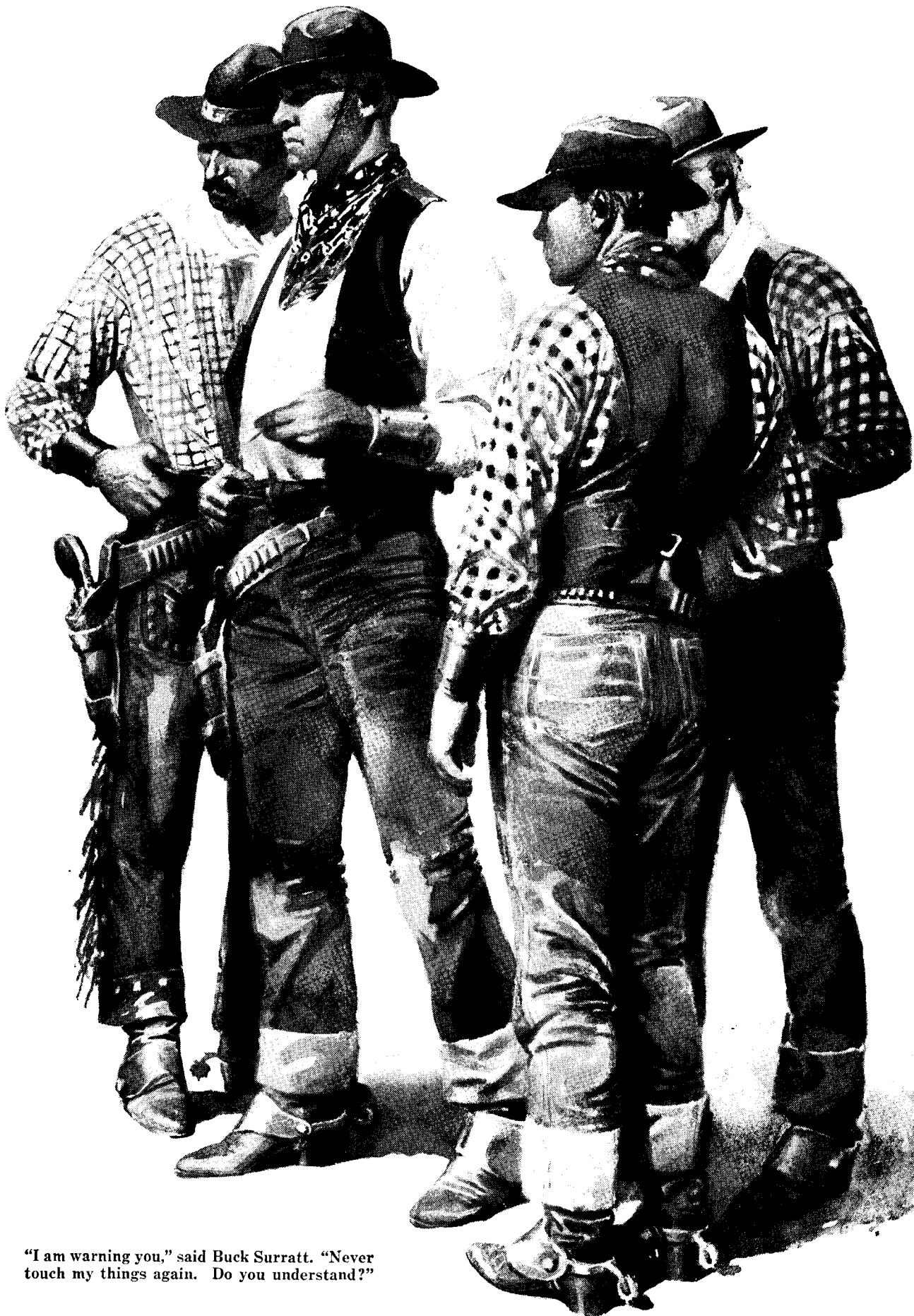
It stilled the sheriff. Looking at him in curiosity, Buck Surratt saw how he accepted that rebuke without resentment—and filed the man's character in the back of his mind.

"What are you doing up here?" insisted Head.

"Just traveling."

The marshal, Bolderbuck, came back into the office. He said in his matter-of-fact voice: "It's there all right." A small interval of tight silence came on again and Surratt's eyes memorized that scene to its smallest detail. The sheriff was a nonentity in a blue serge suit, the marshal an unimaginative

(Continued on page 49)



"I am warning you," said Buck Surratt. "Never touch my things again. Do you understand?"



"I can't go to Europe now," she said. "I've got a job. And I wouldn't like being followed around by policemen"

Plenty to Worry About

By Lucian Cary

A modern drama, in which Miss Ann Reynolds remains as cool as the proverbial cucumber—till after the shooting is over

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

TUG BROWN awoke and saw that it was only eleven by the alarm clock on the chair across the room and knew that he had more than two hours in which to report for work, and decided to go to sleep again.

It was Thursday. It was the day after his day off. He had spent the evening before walking up Fifth Avenue to Forty-second Street and across Forty-second to Sixth Avenue and down Sixth Avenue to Tenth Street and across Tenth Street to Fifth Avenue. He made that circuit three times. Each time he went through Tenth Street he looked up at Ann's windows. It was three weeks since he had quarreled with Ann. They lived in the same block in Tenth Street and they hadn't spoken since. Tug hadn't even seen her since.

All he had done was what any real friend would have done. He had told her that while a naïve little girl from the cornfields of Iowa couldn't be expected to know any better, the fact was she was going around with the wrong kind of people.

"Meaning," Ann had said, "Forstner Platt."

"And all his crowd," Tug had said.

Within a minute or two she was telling him that she could understand why a mere newspaper reporter would be prejudiced against a man as rich and distinguished as Forstner Platt. And then they fought.

TUG BROWN couldn't go to sleep again. He had gone about it in the wrong way. He must have gone about it in the wrong way because he had got exactly the opposite result from the one he intended. But was there any right way to tell the girl you were crazy about that she was making a fool of herself?

Tug raised himself on one elbow and picked up a long-barreled target revolver that lay on the table beside his bed. He made sure, out of long habit, that the gun wasn't loaded and cocked it and aimed it at the alarm clock. The intersection of the hands in the center of the clock face made a good enough bull's-eye. He pressed the trigger slowly, steadily, until the hammer fell.

"That," he said to himself, "would have been a ten."

He raised the gun again and shot rapid fire, five shots in ten seconds. He had no way of timing the five shots. But he knew the rhythm. He knew from practice under a stop watch how fast you had to get the shot off and cock the gun for the next shot.

His intentions were not homicidal, no more than those of a golfer who practices his swing in the privacy of his bed-

room. He was keeping in practice for the match the Murray Hill club was shooting with the team of the New York Traffic squad. The Murray Hill had won the last match by a margin of one point. The Murray Hill had been lucky. It would be the final disgrace for the Murray Hill to be beaten by policemen. It must not happen.

Tug put his revolver away in a drawer and dressed and walked down Tenth Street. He looked up at the windows of Ann's apartment. She had long since gone to work. Ann made sketches of fashions for the advertising department of a Fifth Avenue department store.

He got the morning papers at the corner and went into the restaurant where he had met Ann so many times and ordered coffee and spread out the Blade and came as near to being surprised as a New York reporter may permit himself to be.

The headlines said that holdup men had entered the house of Forstner Platt in the East Sixties and tied him and his guests to chairs and walked out with two hundred thousand dollars' worth of loot. Tug knew before he saw her name that Ann was there.

The thugs had entered the house by ringing the bell and covering the butler with guns when he opened the door. They had forced the butler to put up his hands and lead the way into the library and tell Platt and his guests to turn their backs and hold up their hands. They had closed their victims' mouths with adhesive tape and taken them into the living-room one by one and tied them to chairs with their backs to the doorway. One of the gang had stood behind them in the doorway while the other two scooped up the diamonds and the sapphires that Platt had been showing his guests.

The butler thought he could identify the men if he saw them again. They hadn't worn masks. Ann was sure she would know the man who stood in the doorway. She could see his face in a mirror on the opposite wall of the living-room while he stood behind her.

TUG BROWN was glad, as he read the story, that he hadn't been there. He couldn't have done anything about it. He wouldn't have had a gun. His police pistol permit allowed him to carry a gun. He never did carry one, except to and from the range. But his friends knew he shot revolvers and pistols at the Murray Hill club. His friends would have expected him to stop the robbery.

He walked thoughtfully back through Tenth Street. He looked up at Ann's

windows. She probably hadn't gone to work. She had probably been up all night in a police station looking over photographs from the rogues' gallery and trying to find the man she had seen in the mirror. She would be asleep now. Tug had so much time to spare that he took a Fifth Avenue bus uptown instead of the subway. Sitting on top of a bus of a bright November noontime made him think about Ann. They had ridden on the tops of a lot of buses.

He had run into her a week after she came to New York, looking beautiful and scared. She had spent three years in an art school in Chicago. She had never been on her own before. He remembered that he hadn't been sure in his first few weeks that a man who had been a good reporter in Chicago would be a good reporter in New York. He didn't blame her for being scared. She had no money.

They had met every day at the restaurant in Sixth Avenue and she'd had lunch while he had breakfast. He had made her laugh no matter how scared she was. He had done a lot of work with the telephone. He had told her whom to see and what to say. She had got little jobs of drawing to do—ten dollars here and fifteen dollars there. After a few weeks she had made one of those startling hits that newcomers to New York do sometimes make. She drew exactly the kind of sketches the advertising manager of a big store wanted. When other advertising managers saw Ann's sketches in print they wanted them. Her sketches were like herself—fresh and charming, with that young innocence that is so much like the ultimate sophistication. She made twice as much money as Tug did. She was still beautiful but she wasn't scared any more.

Of course people took her up. She was so happy. Of course Forstner Platt pursued her. He spent his life collecting jewels and women. He couldn't help trying to collect a girl as

young and clear-eyed and fresh-lipped as that. And he would get her. Forstner Platt would take her to Paris.

TUG BROWN went into the city room of the Blade and saw that he was early for the first time in two years. He told himself you couldn't blame a poor girl for accepting what Forstner Platt had to offer. He told himself that over and over again. But he couldn't feel that way about it. He felt that Ann was no good if she did.

The Blade's story about the holdup had no by-line. But Larry Doyle had signed it, for those who knew, in every paragraph. Tug waited after he got his assignment until Larry Doyle came in.

Larry said he didn't think there would be much of a follow-up on the Platt story. The holdup men had got away and that was that. The police department and the men from the insurance company would work on the case. In the course of months they might find a stool pigeon who would talk.

"I know Platt slightly," Tug said. "I went to a cocktail party of his three or four weeks ago. Tip me off if anything breaks."

"Sure," Larry Doyle said. "One perfect whiz of a girl there," he said irrelevantly. "Ann Reynolds—the one who saw the fellow in the mirror."

Tug said nothing. Larry didn't know about Ann.

"Platt's girl friend, I suppose," Larry Doyle said.

Tug spent the afternoon, the evening and most of the night following one of the more lurid members of the United States Senate who was going places on Long Island. Tug didn't get away until after the paper had been put to bed. He got a copy of the Blade in the Penn station on the way home. There wasn't any follow-up story about the Platt robbery.

Tug spent the next three days and nights chasing the senator to no pur-

pose. The senator's friends finally succeeded in loading him aboard a midnight train for home. Tug called up and told the city editor there wasn't any story. The city editor told him to go home. Tug went into the office looking for Larry Doyle. He saw Larry pounding a typewriter. Larry looked up as Tug stood at his elbow.

"Something did break in that Platt thing," Larry said. "Miss Reynolds and the butler found the pictures of two of the guys in the rogues' gallery. The police went out and got them. The police must have known where they were. It didn't take more than forty-eight hours. And both Miss Reynolds and the butler picked these birds out of the line-up. And a pair of nice boys they are. One of them is a guy they call the Stinger, because he has an amusing habit of rubbing out his confederates as soon as he has done a job with them. They can't squeal on him if they have enough bullet holes in them."

"You'd think he'd run short of help," Tug said.

HE WASN'T thinking about what Larry Doyle was saying. He was thinking hard about a hunch he'd had in the beginning.

"Yes," Larry Doyle was saying, "you'd think he'd run short of help. But there are just as many suckers among criminals as there are among the rest of us."

Tug slipped out of the office. He crossed Broadway. He started slowly crosstown. There was a captain of detectives he knew—Dinty Dugan. Dinty would tell him almost anything he knew—in confidence, of course. But he didn't know where Dinty lived. He couldn't see Dinty until nine o'clock in the morning.

Tug caught a subway train for Brooklyn. He knew his way around Brooklyn. He knocked at a basement door and presently a slide opened at the height of his eyes in the speakeasy fashion.

"Hello, Angelo," Tug said.

The door opened.

"Hello, Mr. Brown," Angelo said.

He led the way down the hall. He was a plump man of sixty or so.

"It is too late for dinner," Angelo said. "I get you some spaghetti."

"Never mind," Tug said. "I only want to talk to you."

"You sit down," Angelo said. He waved a hand to a room that was empty except for a table and three or four chairs in the middle. "I get you some spaghetti."

TUG sat down at the table. He heard the sounds of one of those noisy Latin card games as Angelo opened a door down the long, narrow hall. Angelo came back presently with a large dish of spaghetti, a bottle of red wine, and some glasses. He sat down opposite Tug.

"What do you know about the Platt holdup?" Tug demanded.

Angelo shrugged his shoulders. "Nothing," he said.

"Don't you read the papers?"

"Sure, I read the papers," Angelo said. "I think you mean what does Angelo know that isn't in the papers."

"That's right," Tug said.

Angelo shrugged his shoulders again. He poured himself half a glass of wine. He held the glass up idly.

"The police arrested two men yesterday," Tug said. "Today one of the lady guests who was there when the holdup occurred and the butler identified them."

Angelo raised his eyebrows.

"One of them was a fellow named Scarfa—the one they call the Stinger." Angelo said nothing.

"Did you ever hear of him?" Tug asked.

"Sure, I heard of him."

"They say he's bad stuff."

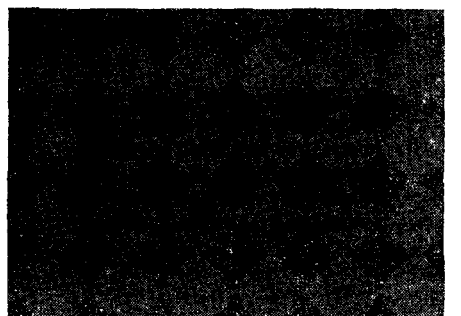
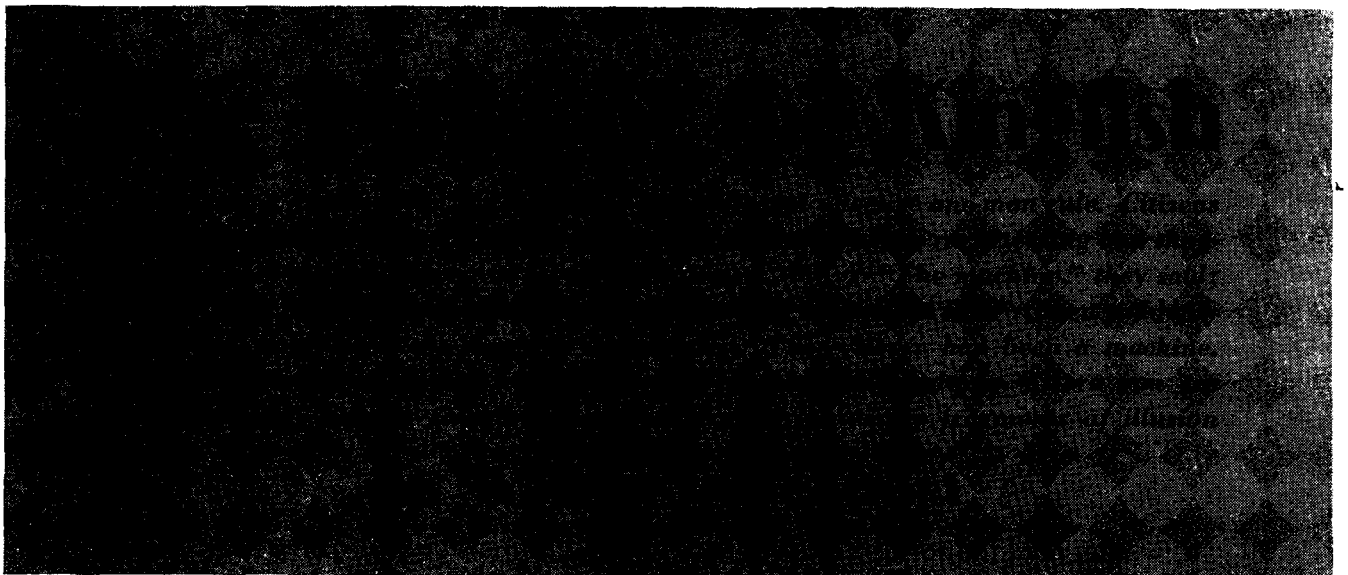
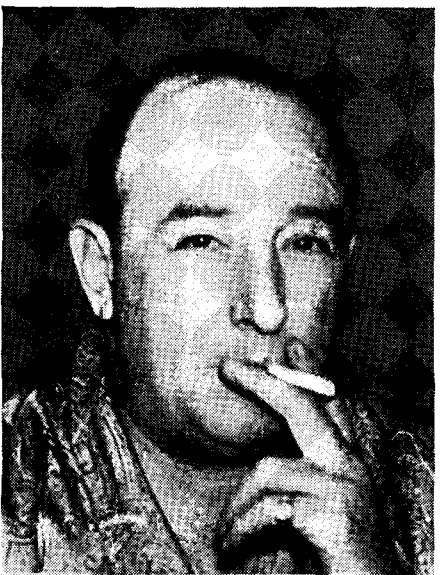
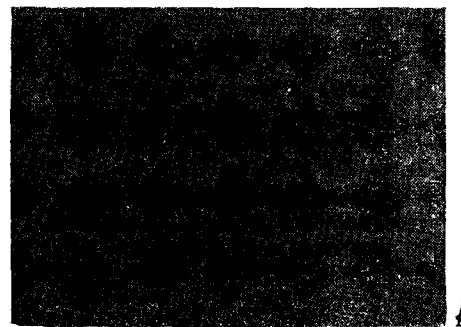
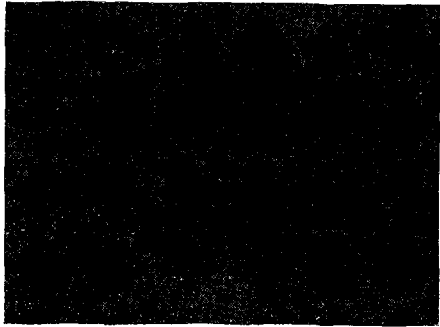
"You bet your life," Angelo said.

"All right, Angelo," Tug said. He

(Continued on page 36)



They had taken them into the living-room one by one and tied them to chairs with their backs to the doorway



IT WAS about a week before a brooding young intellectual killed Huey Pierce Long, committing what he probably regarded as a duty murder, that an unobtrusive gentleman from St. Louis was shouldered aside in New Orleans and thereby into a state of considerable indignation. The shouldering was quite impersonal, Senator Long's heavy-footed bravos being wholly oblivious to the existence of the gentleman who, in turn, had no reason to suspect that he was standing in the path of a churning dictator and his slugging bodyguard.

It all happened much quicker than the telling takes—as briefly as it took young Doctor Weiss to thrust his automatic into the senator's belly and pull the trigger. The gentleman from St. Louis, having come to New Orleans hopeful of selling a few tons of machinery, was standing on the sidewalk at nightfall at the entrance to the hotel wherein the senator made his headquarters. After the assassination those hotel rooms wherein the Kingfish was wont to bawl his terrifying commands to his cowering henchmen bade fair to become one of the most popular of tourist objectives. The hotel management, willing apparently to let bygones be bygones and forget the whole tragedy as rapidly as possible, offered no encouragement to these visitors who yearned to inspect the dictator's suite. But employees were reaping a silver reward for conducting guests to the rooms until a lady was observed in the act of pilfering a pillowcase from the senator's bed. She was denied this inspiring souvenir, and the furtive pilgrimages were abandoned lest memento collectors attack the carpets and whittle away the furniture.

Anyway, there stood the machinery man from St. Louis, unwittingly filling the role of innocent bystander. Suddenly and with a breath-taking woosh, two motorcars swooped up to the curb. As if propelled by springs, six almost unnecessarily vigorous men emerged. They hit the pavement in full stride—the far-famed Kingfish (possibly already fingered for killing) in the middle, and surrounding him his faithful, if finally unavailing, bully-boys.

Thus it was that the Lion of Louisiana was accustomed to arrive from Baton Rouge or Washington, his mouth still ajar, his fists still battering at foes his gunmen kept out of range. The gentleman from St. Louis, stiffened by the sudden appearance of so much greatness, stood rooted. But the taxi chauffeurs and hotel handy men on the hotel steps scattered like pigeons, making way for the master of their destinies and his bruising convoy. Some touched their caps as they scrambled. Some emitted deferential grunts. But, knowing what they knew, they scattered, leaving the hapless machinery man to his fate.

And he was bunted out of the way like a high-school tackle caught in the path of Mr. Bronko Nagurski. Before he had recovered his hat and readjusted his tie, Senator Long and his small but thundering herd had vanished. They had gone through the lobby like a tank corps, crushed into a hastily emptied elevator and sped aloft to the dictator's suite. And it's likely that before the gentleman from St. Louis had found an ear into which to pour his bitter complaint, the Kingfish was sprawl upon that now famous bed, issuing upon the multitude Jovian curse and benediction, sentence and reprieve, command and release.

When reigning hard, nobody anywhere was secure against the senatorial malediction. For example, there was the evening when Huey was informed that "a deputy sheriff named Thompson" had boasted that Senator Long was to him "just another loud-mouth" and that, given half a chance, he would "run him into the Gulf of Mexico without giving him time to take off his overcoat." The sena-

tor waved it by with a flip of his hand, pausing merely to tell one of his bodyguard to "go get that ——— and let's hear no more about it."

"But this guy's over in Mississippi," explained the informer.

"Okay," snapped Huey. "We'll pick him up when we go over to get Pat Harrison next year. Now, as I was saying about those ———s in East Baton Rouge—"

Anyway, this gentleman from St. Louis was so mad that he bounced into the hotel to find out why he had been given the shoulder and who gave whoever it was the idea that he could get away with it.

It took quite a time to pacify him. But presently it was achieved and apologies ensued. Still the gentleman from St. Louis wanted to know why Senator Long should have to go ramping around surrounded by artillery.

"My dear sir," replied Huey's apologist, "the senator isn't thinking of his own safety. Oh, far, far from it. Those men are not there just to protect the body of Senator Long. They are there at the wish of the common people of the state of Louisiana and of the nation at large. By protecting the senator from harm they are protecting the common people of the United States from losing the greatest friend the poor and down-trodden ever had. Hundreds of letters arrive daily, yes, thousands, begging Senator Long to be careful and protect himself against harm from Wall Street and the federal administration's thugs. These bodyguards are there at the insistence of the senator's people. We insist upon this protection as much as Senator Long hates the idea. He is forever trying to escape from his protectors, but we cannot permit it."

Nevertheless, a few days later, while Senator Long with his legislature on his knee was putting on his famous ventriloquist act, the apparently inevitable happened. His trampling garrison relaxed for a moment. A slight, boyish figure in white linen was not bowled out of the way and in a second a kingdom collapsed. Before the funeral was over it had become clear that what the country had looked upon as an invincible political machine which was to become a national government was nothing more than an overinflated bubble that was due at any moment to burst of its own accord.

Grabbers with Nothing to Grab

When the bubble burst there was nothing left—nothing, that is, except a handful of small-time political yes-men who, now that there was nobody to say yes to, began to scramble like dock boys for what remained of a myth. A group of sorcerer's apprentices were left to stumble leaderless around a political laboratory filled with dangerous devices they had neither the skill nor the courage to manipulate. Senator Long, a perverted genius, had taken care to surround himself with purchased loyalty. He had seen to it that his followers owned no greater ambition than to pocket what he chose to throw to them. He never even took the trouble to delude them into false appreciations of their positions in his entourage nor their value. With the exception of two or three, none of his political deckhands loved or even respected him. He had told his legislators to their faces that he didn't give a damn what they thought of him as long as they did what he asked—that he could "buy and sell them like sacks of potatoes." Repeatedly he would drive a jobholder to a white fury by reminding him that he was a "dime-a-dozen punk," garnishing that designation with obscene adjectives. On several occasions such outraged "punks" might have tried their hands at murder, but all feared the reprisals of the senator's bludgeoning bodyguard.

He got away with it because he was clearly their master in everything except

physical courage; and he didn't have to have that as long as his gunmen had it. His arrogance and incredible egotism were entirely too much for a young state representative who, one night when Huey was herding the legislature like befuddled sheep, made bold to tell the dictator that he didn't think that a political organization built so high-handedly could survive.

"So," sneered Huey, motioning to his bodyguard to close in, "so you've decided to go in for thinking, hey? Well, we don't want no thinkers in jobs like yours—just listeners. Get the hell out of here. When I want punks like you to think I'll let you know."

And that representative did get out. Senator's gunmen escorted him out of the capitol and kept him out. He was not permitted to vote on any of the legislation coming before that session. Whatever he might have considered doing in retaliation was banished from his thoughts when he received a message from his wife. His wife told him that she had been informed by telephone to tell her husband to behave "if he had any regard for the safety of his family."

Huey got away with it because most organized opposition in Louisiana was either as corrupt as he was, plus being stupid, or was of such small caliber that it couldn't get within range of him. Even the United States government was in considerable awe of him. Had he lived he would have been indicted for evasion of federal income tax, and the Treasury Department looked forward to the trial with no particular enthusiasm. For two years they had been seeking evidence of such evasion by Huey and his bagmen. The bagmen were easy, several of them having agreed among themselves not to fight so hard that Huey himself would become involved. But to convict Huey would have been quite another matter. His hands were relatively clean because he was forever wiping them on the faces of his lobbygows.

But we'll come to that a bit later. Huey had the government as well as Louisiana bluffed. The moment he was shot Louisiana began to breathe hard, but easier. Almost invariably news seekers wanted to know: "Will he live?" Very few asked: "Is he going to die?" And there was no solicitude in the questions. Apprehension is the word. For two years his hired ballyhoo was assuring us, as it did the gentleman from St. Louis, that ten million Americans regarded him as their economic savior and were ready to do murder to protect him. Huey was sinking fast, but was not yet dead when the falsity of that began to be apparent. He had very few friends—just camp followers. When his crown fell off there was no one strong enough to pick it up. So they had to be content with kicking it around.

While he was lying in the hospital, even before the doctors had given up hope, a group of his political creatures locked themselves in a room near by to haggle among themselves over their personal futures. One of them, hopeful of preserving the myth as long as possible, suggested that the story be spread and evidence be manufactured that Huey's murder was directly traceable to Wall Street—that his assassin had "drawn the black ball" and had his choice between murdering the senator or himself being killed.

The verdict of the harassed jobholders was beautifully to the point: "The hell with that; that's up to the Share-the-Wealth crowd; it's every man for himself now." Thus nothing came of the initial plot to make a martyr of the man who, it soon became apparent, was feared but not loved, admired but not respected. And while thousands of letters arrived from subscribers to Huey's Share-the-Wealth callithump, few, if any, contained demands that the senator be avenged. The unhappy truth is that only a small

percentage of them expressed a great sorrow. But overwhelmingly they wanted to know who was going to carry on the fight to share the wealth or was this the end of another aimless buggy ride?

The story, again, is that of a myth exploded. To Huey Long none of the sincerity of Doctor Townsend, Upton Sinclair, William Aberhart of Alberta or Father Coughlin could be ascribed. In his personal affairs he was the most reactionary of conservatives, doing business with the same profit-scenting ruthlessness that was characteristic of the wealth he excoriated (for political expediency), and in his private councils he frequently denounced members of Share the Wealth as "suckers." His loud avowals to share the wealth sprang from no fundamental philosophy within him. It wasn't even his own idea. He grabbed the idea one convivial night when a companion, thinking merely to be humorous, jeered at the old slogan: Share the Work. Who the hell wanted to work? Anyway, who wanted to work at the wage offered by wealth? The thing to do was share the wealth—take it from those who had it and distribute it among those who hadn't.

A Man with No Illusions

"Sure," agreed Huey. "And after the smart guys get it all back from the suckers we split it up again. There's twenty million votes in that these days. Let's go."

Thus Huey's Share-the-Wealth was his own political racket, his national organization with which he was to whip his foes into line or out of office (President Roosevelt, Senator Joe Robinson and Pat Harrison and Louisiana's five congressmen who had openly defied him—these as examples). He was too clever a lawyer not to know that under the present federal governmental setup he couldn't carry out his grab-and-hand-out scheme of share the wealth. He knew, and is alleged to have acknowledged, that as the courts and the Constitution now stand he couldn't do what he was promising. But then, according to an informant in whom we have complete confidence, he added:

"But the courts in Louisiana do what I tell them, don't they? Well, this country's just a big Louisiana."

That's all there was to it. In Louisiana, when Huey died a tyrant died. And few have reason to mourn a tyrant. He was eminently the rowdy who, like the school-yard bully, dominates because his associates are afraid he is as tough as he sounds. True to type, he left nothing to his followers except the recollection of a fantastic personality and memories of a political talent which, put to useful purpose, might have elevated him to Olympus. His was one of the keenest minds, swiftest intelligences and most resourceful mentalities the political history of this country has produced. Unfortunately, his talents grew down instead of up; in, not out.

As Louisiana isn't mourning him, neither is the country. A serious student of political phenomena—a professor of government in a Yankee university—interviewed him one day in Baton Rouge. This gentleman, having been informed that he was to meet a brawling rough-neck to whom nothing except his own material success was sacred, was not only agreeably surprised but somewhat shocked to find Huey suavely courteous and extremely well informed on world affairs, and presently he asked the senator what reward the world might look for from his public service.

Huey seemed stumped for a moment. The scholar explained that in Huey he saw a dominant personality and compelling force which might achieve huge reforms for the general good—and how

(Continued on page 31)

Only the Tough

By Joseph Marshall

If you ever happen to get Joe Hebert's cab be sure not to leave any valuables in the back seat. This story will tell you why

JOE HEBERT finally managed to squeeze his hack into the stand in front of the State Hotel. He had been trying along with half a dozen others, rolling round and round the block, stalling on the corner as long as he could without drawing the cop's ire. It was, from a business point of view, a bad stand; Joe's chances of getting a load there within an hour were very poor; but that was precisely why he and the others playing merry-go-round-the-block were so anxious to squeeze in. It was one of the few stands in the Loop where you could safely park your hack while you grabbed some lunch.

Finally, one of the hacks pulled out and Joe just managed to beat a rival by taking the turn on red while the cop was bawling out a woman who had parked down the middle of the block. He put his hat under the seat and, pausing in the washroom of the hotel to clean up, he hurried to the Insurance Exchange Building. Lucy was waiting for him in the lobby. She took his arm and they walked out on Jackson Street.

"Let's hurry, Joe. I've got to be back by one."

They crossed over at LaSalle and hurried into the bank.

"You fill it out, Joe," Lucy suggested.

"Sure," Joe assented, grabbing a deposit slip. "You got the money?"

"Here it is, fifteen from you and ten from me."

JOE put the money and the slip into the passbook and they went over to a cage, where they stood silently and solemnly while the teller went through the business of counting, checking and entering. When the passbook was shoved back Joe took it reverently and Lucy, seizing his arm, drew him off toward the door. Beside a pillar they stopped, Joe opened the passbook and they both looked down the column to the entry just made.

"Oh, Joe," Lucy murmured.

"There it is," Joe said, still solemn.

"Gee, Joe—" Lucy got no further. Joe grabbed her and there, in the middle of the hurrying crowd, he kissed her.

"Not here, Joe—"

"The hell with the crowd!" he retorted exuberantly, and kissed her again.

Over their table in the crowded restaurant Lucy looked at Joe with shining eyes.

"Well, it's done," she said.

"Yeah," Joe agreed. "Fifteen hundred five dollars and seventy-six cents. Does that make it overdone?"

They laughed.

"I'll have a vegetable plate," she decided. "You ought to, too, Joe."

"Not me. You can't push a hack all day on a half dozen peas, a couple of slices of tomatoes and a carrot. Make mine stuffed peppers."

"You ought to take it a little easier to-day, Joe—just sort of to celebrate."

"No, tomorrow's my day off and I can take it easy all day. I wish Sol would let me take Sundays off. We could go out to the Dunes or some place."

"That would be swell, Joe."

"You'd think a star booker like me could get Sunday off. There's nobody at the garage books more than I do, but no,

Sol's got to save Sundays for guys like Big Jeff. What if they have been with the company for fifteen years? The best bookers ought to get first choice. I'm going to talk to Sol about it; we've got to have the same day off or what's the use of having *any* day off?"

"You be careful not to get him mad, Joe."

"Don't worry. Me and Sol get along; if you're a good booker you don't have to worry about Sol, I'll say that for him. But I guess, at that, I'll wait until after we get settled."

"**G**OSH, Joe, can you believe it's only two weeks now?"

"After two years, hon, I can believe anything. Say, one of the drivers was telling me about a swell apartment down on Sixty-first Street, in a new building, and only thirty dollars. Maybe we could look it over tonight."

"Oh, we got time, Joe. Tonight we ought to celebrate. You come have dinner with us. I'll get it all fixed with the family. They got a good picture at the Capitol, John Boles in—I forget the name but it's good. Then maybe we could go somewhere to dance."

"Yeah, we could go to the Algonquin." Joe dug into the stuffed peppers.

"You know, Joe," Lucy said after a moment, "I wish you could get another job."

"I wouldn't mind myself. There's lots of jobs easier than pushing a hack along the curbs all day long—but where you going to get a job these days?"

"Yeah, Joe, but you can't get anywhere—I mean you don't get much chance at a better job and I don't know if I want you to drive a hack all your life."

"Oh, there's chances for a better job. Look at Terry. He started driving only a year sooner than me and now he's chief investigator."

Lucy grimaced.

"I wouldn't want you to be like Terry."

"Terry's all right. Of course, he's tough, but you've got to be tough in his job. If he wasn't tough all the drivers would be getting away with murder all the time. But anyhow, there's no danger of me getting like Terry—not with you to steer me, eh?"

"And don't think I won't," she smiled. . . .

Joe had a bit of luck as soon as he pulled out of the State Hotel line. He was rolling by the LaSalle station when he grabbed a load for the South Side. The \$2.25 he booked on that brought his total up to nearly fifteen dollars. So instead of deadheading back to the Loop he pulled into the Sixty-fourth Street stand. That's how he happened to get the Konning load.

"A. J. Konning," he read aloud from the order.

Big Jeff turned around on his bucket and swore violently.

"That just goes to show the kind of luck I've been having," he growled. "I been playing this joint all day and all I get is 35-cent stiffs to the I. C. and here comes Joe with more booked today than I got for all week and picks up Konning.

So that puts me on the head and another 35-cent stiff to the I. C."

"Steady rider?" Joe asked.

"One of our best riders," Pop, the starter, volunteered.

"Yeah," Jeff went on. "Last week I had him for a round trip to Lincoln Fields—six bucks."

"My night man," Farmer Katz added, "tells me that he's got a skirt at the Towers, on the Drive—and does he keep the boys waiting about three or four in the morning before he comes down?"

"I think he's some kind of a lawyer," another driver went on, but Joe got going. He didn't have any use for this stand gossip.

Konning came down dressed in natty white except for a lemon-colored shirt. He was, Joe guessed, about forty-five and did look as if he might be a fairly well-to-do lawyer—or a bookie.

"Where to, Mr. Konning?"

"The South Side Bank and when you get there find a place to park."

"Yes, sir."

Joe got into the curb just in front of a fire plug. The cop on the corner made a motion to Joe, but Joe pointed to the flag, which was down, and that satisfied the cop. Konning came out of the bank in a few minutes, patting his breast pocket.

"The Towers, on the Drive. Know it?"

"Sure," Joe replied, closing the door.

"Go on Stony and stop at Sixty-ninth at the Kummer Meat Market."

AT THE meat market a butcher was standing under the awning. Konning called to him. Joe got out and opened the door when the butcher came up and Konning ordered a chicken. Joe stood outside waiting and when the butcher came back Konning pulled out a big wallet from his breast pocket. Joe wanted to whistle when he saw the wad in it. Konning pulled out a five-dollar-bill and gave it to the butcher. Then he took a piece of string out of his pocket and wound it around the wallet. Joe slid into the front seat and drove to the Towers.

The fare was \$1.35 and a quarter tip, and Joe didn't even mention it when he got back to the stand again. As he pulled into the parking lot he saw Black, the canary, hanging around casually, so he grabbed his whisk broom and cleaned out the back compartment, going so far as to take the seat out. This canary would turn you in even if your jack and jack handle weren't arranged like knives and forks at a fashionable dinner. Then he loafed around the stand, figuring to check in at 4:30.

About 4:15, however, Pop called to him:

"You driving 5903 today, Joe?"

"Yeah," Joe replied.

"There's a call out for you. Pull into the garage—right away."

Joe was puzzled.

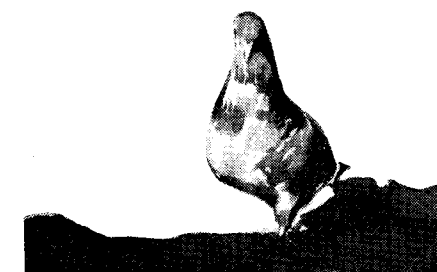
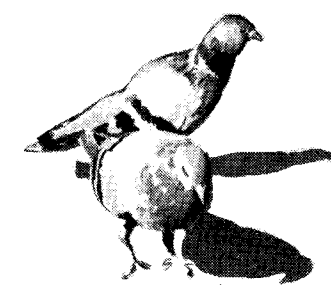
"What's the matter?"

"They didn't say, but it's a Terry call. What'd you do, Joe?"

That was exactly what Joe was wondering himself. He couldn't think of anything serious enough that Terry himself should be out for him—Terry didn't waste time on little things.



ILLUSTRATED BY
IRVING NURICK





"Konning tells him he left the wallet in the hack and the cop tries to whistle you back but you don't seem to hear"

"We'll take it out of this account, Joe," she told him.
"It's the only way. We've got to be practical about it"



IRVING
NORRICK

"Well," he said carelessly, "I was going to check in after this load anyhow."

He pulled into the garage and Butch, the floorman, just barely gave him a chance to get his meter sheet out.

"Get into Sol's office, Joe," he ordered brusquely, "before you check in."

Joe walked in on Sol.

"What you been up to, Hebert?" Sol asked.

"Maybe you can tell me, Sol."

"Terry didn't say. All he said was for me to keep you here until he came down. So park yourself on that chair till he gets here."

JOE sat down. He hadn't done anything so he wasn't very worried. Terry came in about a quarter to five. Terry was built on the same lines as Joe—about six feet one, with a long face, big jaw and, unlike Joe—who despite his size looked pretty mild even with his uniform cap on—a tough look. There was no bluff about the look. Terry was chief investigator—a polite misnomer.

Sol met him with a big smile.

"Hiya, Terry? What's up?"

"Hi, Sol. I just want to see Hebert here a couple of minutes—alone."

"You haven't heard any complaints about the way things are going here at 72?" Sol asked.

"No, Sol, everything's jake."

Sol's grin got wider and more genuine as he went into the drivers' room where he jumped on a couple of the boys so Terry could see he was keeping them humping. Terry sat down in Sol's chair and looked over at Joe.

"Hebert," he said, "you had a guy called Konning for a load about three o'clock, didn't you?"

"Yeah," Joe agreed. "Took him from Woodlawn to the South Side Bank and then to the Towers on the Drive."

"Did you know this guy had a pile of money on him?"

"Sure. He stopped at a butcher shop and when he paid him off I got a look at the wad."

"Could he have handed this pile to the butcher?" Terry asked, watching him.

"He could, but he didn't," Joe replied.

"I was standing alongside to open the door when the butcher came back and after that waiting to close it, see? Well, when I closed it this bird was tying a string around the wallet and putting it back in his pocket and I could see the money was still there."

"Well, Hebert," Terry said, "Konning claims he left the wallet in the cab."

"He did like hell! I went right back to the stand and when I got there I saw this canary, Black, hanging around; so I got out the whisk broom and cleaned the back and there wasn't any wallet there. If there had been I'd have found it."

"That's exactly what Konning thinks you did do."

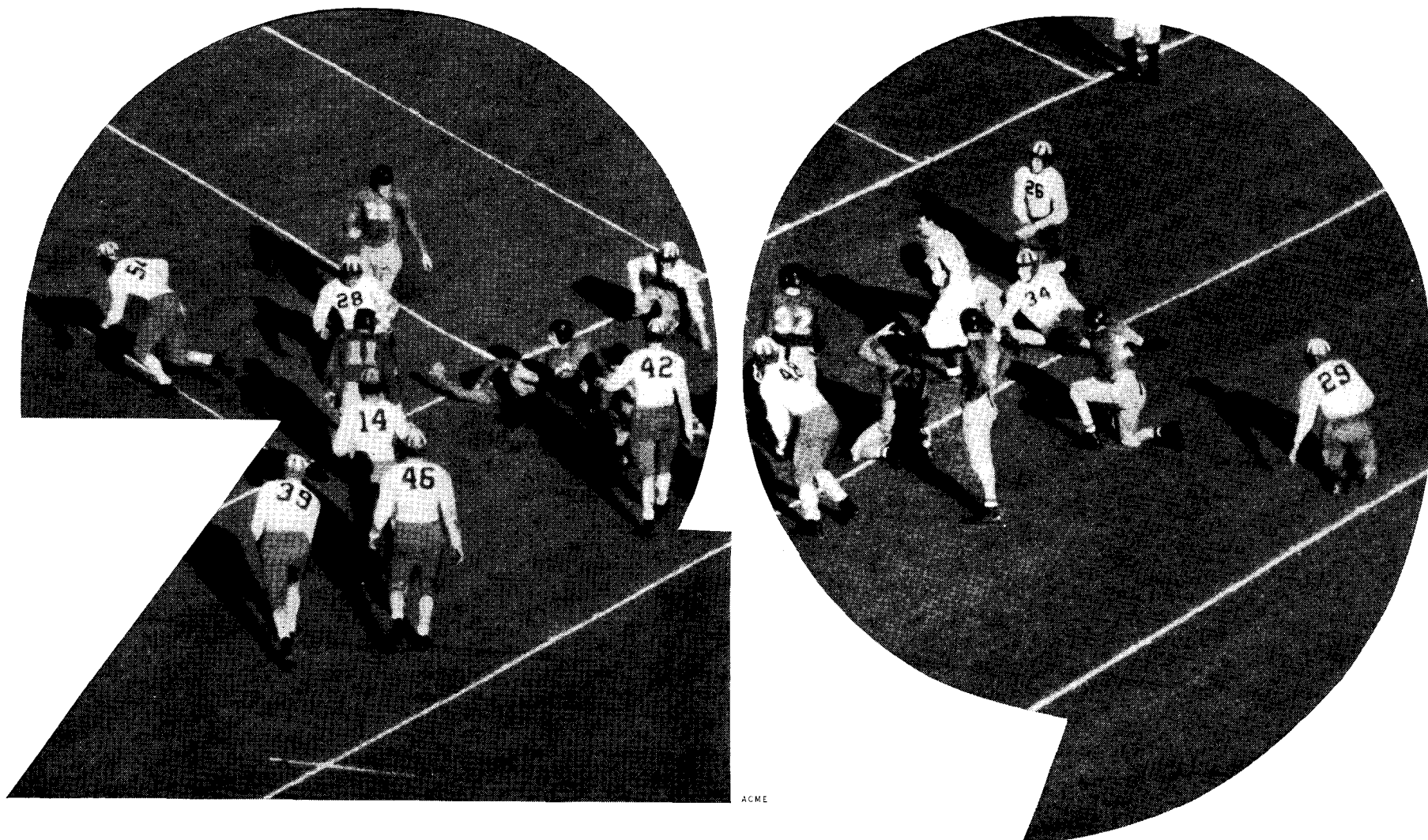
Joe was getting mad.

"You tell him he's screwy."

"Yeah? Well, listen, Hebert, when he got out of your hack he paid you off out of his pocket with the change the butcher gave him."

"Yeah; \$1.35 and a two-bit tip."

(Continued on page 65)



Dixie Howell (No. 54) goes over for Alabama's first touchdown in its 29-13 Rose Bowl victory over Stanford

Squads West

By Frank Thomas

When the Crimson Tide Special pulled out for California and the Rose Bowl football game last year, Lamar Moya had never been outside of Alabama before, Joe Riley had visited New Orleans once, and Bob Morrow had traveled as far as Nashville. No wonder the young champs were popeyed. Have a look at Dixie on parade

I NEVER was much of an orator, before a football game—or after one either, for that matter; and before that game with Stanford in the Rose Bowl I hadn't a single hot line to pull, like "From yonder pyramids forty centuries are beholding you," though I was thinking to myself that beyond the Rockies lies a lot of railroad track and if Stanford licks us it will be a long, sad train ride back to Tuscaloosa, Alabama. But of course I didn't say anything like that to the boys. I just told them they were the fourth Alabama team to play in the Rose Bowl, and none of the other three had been beaten, and that a couple of other southern teams had done mighty well there, and they were representing not only a school but a section—a section that had a pretty good record in the way of fighting men, and that I knew they weren't going to let Old Dixie down, and so now go out there and do it to 'em. Or some ill-chosen words to that effect. So they went on out there.

Well, you know how it is with the youngsters on a football squad. Or maybe you don't. I'm not always so sure I know, myself. I'm one of those coaches who believe a team is most likely to play its best when keyed up, and the more keyed up it is, the better it is likely to play.

The trick is how to get it keyed up, and when. Obviously, the correct time is just before they go on out there. But something may come along without your intention or maybe your knowledge and get them all keyed up a day ahead, or maybe several days. And of course then they come unkeyed and go flat and when your turn comes to sound the charge

you're off key and probably flatter than they are.

Now, a southern team going out to the Rose Bowl is in a different spot from a team going out from the East or the Middle West. I mean, it starts from a different spot. Down here in what they call the Deep South we are sort of off to ourselves. Never mind where I was born. I'm a Southerner now. Our football teams play some intersectional games, but most of our games are played out here at home, before the home folks, and not such huge crowds of home folks in such vast stadiums, or stadia, as in other sections. Outside of our first team, which had played the season before against Fordham at the Polo Grounds to 55,000 spectators, not one of the boys

ever had played in or seen a game before more than twenty thousand. That's one phase—our football is on the homelike, cottage plan; in the little cot that nestles where the roses bloom, and all that sort of thing.

Most of the boys on the 1934 Alabama team were small-town boys. Bill Lee, our captain, came from Eutaw, Alabama, with a population of, say, fifteen hundred. Jimmy Walker, our new captain, hails from Holt, Alabama, a whistle-stop of about five hundred. Ben Baswell comes from Pell City, all of a thousand. Dixie Howell is another whistle-stop product, from Hartford, Alabama. Joe Riley and Young Boozer—that's his real name—are from Dothan, Alabama. Pine Bluff, Arkansas, which

is comparatively quite a large city, furnished us Don Hutson, Charlie Marr, Happy Campbell and Leroy Goldberg.

And so on. And, of course, most of the boys had never done much traveling. Joe Riley, when he started for the Pacific Coast, never had been outside the state of Alabama except when he went with the freshman team to play the Tulane freshmen at New Orleans, and Bob Morrow, the big guard, coming from a tiny hamlet outside of Selma, never had been farther away from home than Nashville, Tennessee. Lamar Moya had never been out of the state in his life.

And when you load a squad of those boys on a swell train named the Crimson Tide Special and start them on a trip of nearly 3,000 miles, why, they are going to get popeyed. Going to cross the plains and the Rockies—going to the Rose Bowl—going to see Hollywood—going to look at the Pacific Ocean and maybe Jean Harlow! What are you going to do about it? Not a thing. Just let them get popeyed, and cut down their portions at meals about one third so they won't put on too much weight in three days on the train, and hope for fine weather at San Antonio, so you can give them a good, hard workout under a good old Texas sun, and partially restore to them the idea that life is real, life is earnest, and there's a damn' tough football game instead of a pot of gold at the end of the rainbow.

I'll say for this outfit that they stood the trip very well. They got hungry and stayed hungry on the short rations, but they usually are hungry anyway and they didn't howl much. I'd talked to them about how important it was to hold condition as near as possible on



Pre-game skull practice at Los Angeles. Coach Frank Thomas with the 1934 Alabama squad



ACME



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the trip; and I'd worked out a menu for every meal they ate, from the time they left Tuscaloosa until the night after the game. And that's no small job, either.

Well, all I hope is that my quota of luck didn't run out in this latest Rose Bowl affair. Because we had plenty of it, on the trip, in our final rehearsals and training—and in the game itself, as I will try to explain. The weather was fine and hot at San Antonio, and we got a great workout. I should estimate that we left at least a hundred and fifty pounds of surplus beef at San Antonio. And the boys got to Pasadena in excellent shape, mentally as well as physically. You see, they had sufficient class work to keep up, on the trip, to keep their minds from becoming too idle; and they were continually interested in the new country that was unreeling around them.

And then, as luck would have it, they got hold of a very clever magazine article while on the train, about the Laughing Boys of Stanford, and how they had never been pressed that season, and how, if they were pressed in the Rose Bowl game, the populace was likely to see football that never had been played before. That article made a great impression on the boys; I think they began making plans right there to see if they could do some pressing. Anyway, it kept that Big Game clearly in their minds, and I don't believe they ever got really far away from it.

When we got to Pasadena, we found the weather clear and warm—hot—you might say, right up our alley; much better than we'd had back in Tuscaloosa since Thanksgiving, when we got the invitation to come out. And of course

that enabled me to pat myself on the back for having decided that it was better to train, if possible, at the scene of the battle.

Everything was as favorable as possible, so I got to worrying in earnest. For one thing, this team all through the season never had been behind in a game. I felt they were game—I mean that they had the ability to come from behind; but there was no way of knowing it. And here was a game, certainly, in which they might very well have to take one, and maybe more, before they could get going. I used to tell them during the season, when they'd get a bit cocky, that the true test of a champion was coming from behind, and they'd never shown me they could do that. Of course the answer to that was: Did I want them to spot the other team something? And the answer to that naturally was no. So I had that to worry about.

The Team Without a Chance

Then the papers were collaborating almost too enthusiastically with my plan to keep the boys from getting chesty in advance—it's always an edge, going into a game as the underdog. But after a few days I began to fear they were overdoing the thing. They were good to us, certainly; but with one or two exceptions they didn't give us any particular chance in that game. There was that danger, suggested earlier, of getting the boys keyed up in advance; too far in advance—for even southern blood will boil only so long before it has to cool off.

In retrospect, I really think that our team went into that game just a bit slack, on the mental side; a bit over-trained on the ambition to win, you might say. Certainly it stumbled around a good deal, that first quarter, while Stanford was playing football and flashing threats at a pass attack.

Maybe you might be interested in a

bug's-eye view of a few plays and phases of that game; the bench view, where the real suffering is done. The fans don't realize how lucky they are, sitting away up high where they can see everything, and usually don't, and not having to suffer—not like a coach, anyway.

Well, we lost the ball a couple of times on fumbles in the first period, the second time on our 27-yard line, and Stanford's amazing attack swept it over for a touchdown. Hamilton and Grayson simply pounded it over, and Moscrip kicked the point.

And we were behind, for the first time all year. And the boys collected their faculties and started playing football, which resulted in twenty-two points in eight minutes of actual play, in the second quarter. We finally got our passing game organized, worked the ball down to the 5-yard line, and Howell took it over on a pet play known as the no-shift. Then we got it down there again—Howell and Hutson and Bryant and Angelich were clicking—and they stopped us at the 6-yard line, and Riley Smith kicked a field goal and we were leading, 9-7. Then came that 67-yard run of Howell's, and that's the play I want to describe, because it's a perfect example of what we're always striving for, eleven men in the play and every man doing his job to perfection.

What the 85,000 spectators saw, of course, was Howell getting loose and galloping over the goal line—a gallop of 67 yards.

What happened was this: The play was from short punt formation; what we call an in-and-out play, because the man with the ball starts as if to go between tackle and end, then swings wide, outside the end, and cuts down the field. To accomplish this little maneuver, it was necessary for Angelich, right half, and Demyanovich, fullback, both to go for Moscrip, defensive left end, and get him out of the play—and, by the way, that was the only time in the game that

A fumble by Angelich, Alabama back, as Moscrip of Stanford smears another running play

Moscrip was completely removed from a play within his scope. In this instance, Angelich faked him from the inside and left him to Demy, who put him down with a hard body-block, while Angelich went on and blocked the defensive fullback. Bryant, our right end, had blocked Reynolds, the huge left tackle, inward. Then, as Howell cut downfield, Riley Smith, who was leading the play around, blocked Grayson. Instantly Howell cut back toward the middle of the field.

Mr. Howell Takes a Rest

Meantime, Hutson had gone straight downfield and blocked Hamilton, defensive right half. This left only Van Dellen, and Howell simply faked him—a shift of the hips and a change of pace. Then came the gallop—and it was a grand thing for Dixie Howell that only galloping was left. The boy was all in. And there's a story in that.

It all looked so nice and easy, from the roaring stands. A lot of people said after the game that Howell, just before crossing the goal line, gave his pursuers the finger salute.

"Naw," said Howell, blushing when charged with such a gesture. "I just gave them the old high-sign. They'd been kidding us a good deal, you know, that first quarter."

But it wasn't all duck soup, that beautiful gallop. As Howell came back across the line and tossed the ball to the referee, I saw him grab his stomach and suddenly collapse on the turf. Two of the boys helped him up and he seemed hardly able to stand.

(Continued on page 34)

*A chronicle of Pike County,
where a fellow can do a spell of
starving now and then, but—*

You Gotta Have Dogs

By Frederick
Hazlitt Brennan

RECEIVING word that Doc Fraser, veterinarian and justice of the peace, was doing poorly, I hastened to his bedside. He is my friend, my one infallible authority on happenings in Pike County and Bushwhacker, and an untirred Democrat.

Doc was not in bed, but convalescing in the shade of a honeysuckle tree which stands within "howdy" distance of the hard-road turn-off to Eolia.

"'Twas a nervous breakdown, son," Doc informed me promptly, "and I hope you brought me something that is extra good for the jumps and the twitchers."

"Now, Doc," said I, hiding my flat, oblong parcel, "folks don't have nervous breakdowns in Pike County."

Oh, they don't?—grunted Doc, motioning to indicate two glasses beside a jug of elderberry wine— Why, son, if a dog was to bark right sudden you'd see me a-breaking fer that patch of jimson weeds over yonder! I keep fighting off dogs in my sleep, and every plate of vittles that's put before me seems like I take the notion dogs has been licking it fust. Pour a leetle smidge more in my glass, I thank you kindly.

Sim Sime Bowcock is the cause of it, dern him. Sim Sime and his fourteen dogs. Them's the ones I hold it agin. I don't blame Mr. Roosevelt and his professors; and, son, my nervous breakdown is the only happening in this county that ain't been blamed on Mr. Roosevelt. But I absolve the Administration and I fergive it. Likewise, I say nary word agin Judge Alstruther over to Louisiana fer app'nting me chairman of the Prairieville Township committee on relief and work relief. It ain't the fust time a Democrat has been required to walk down the Valley of the Shadder for his party. I'm loyal an' untirred, though my knees is a-shaking like any dern' Republican creeping outer his hole to pray fer a murrical in '36.

SIM SIME and his dogs done it. If I should take a turn fer the wusser an' pass on, I ask you to see that the dern' Bowling Green Times gets it straight. Jest say: "He died a Democrat, tryin' to give relief to Sim Sime Bowcock and his dogs." And on my tombstone you put it: "He loved dogs but he still insists dogs ain't people."

The matter of whuther dogs is people started the whole business; and it come up right arter I was app'inted chairman. Eph Cantwell, the former chairman, had wore plumb out. The pore feller had got so unpopular in Pike County that he up and resigned and went off to visit his wife's relations in Iowa. Jest fer a change. And he left Sim Sime Bowcock and his dogs as my fust case.

"Judge Fraser," says Missus Bart Turner, when the new committee met, "we've got to decide what to do about Sim Sime Bowcock. He's unfinished business."

"Has Sim Sime applied fer relief?" says I.

"No, he ain't," says Missus Turner, "but all the other families in Coon Holler have been sharing their rations with Missus Bowcock. And Mr. Satcher, the government man, says it's got to stop."

"Well," says I, like any reasoning man, "we'll investigate Sim Sime and if he's deserving we'll put him on the list."

Charlie Wammill, the tother member of the committee, shook his haid sad.

"'Tain't thet simple, Jedge," he says.

"Poor Eph wrastled and tusseled with the Sim Sime case afore he left. Sim Sime sure needs relief; him with eight children and fourteen dogs. But thet's the p'int! The county supervisor says he'll put Sim Sime and his missus and the children on relief. But not Sim Sime's dogs."

Missus Turner sniffed.

"Those poor Coon Holler folks are all

mixed up in their diet schedules on account of sharing with Missus Bowcock; and Mr. Satcher is threatening to drop the hull caboodle off relief!"

Well, son, it looked like a simple enough sitchyation. In my pride an' ignorance, I says: "The thing to do is to make Sim Sime get rid of his dogs. I'll have a talk with him pussonal."

I PICKED a good sunshiny morning, not too early, to call on Sim Sime. Dogs and children was scattered all around his cabin as I druv up the hill in my car. But I couldn't see hide nor hair of Sim Sime. Each child, mostly little bibbers and trot-about, had a Sim Sime dog a-guarding it.

"Howdy, Jedge," says Sim Sime's drawly voice, a-coming from under a hay frame hysted across the fence corner. "Don't mind them dogs. You Adolf, I'll bust your haid. Whur's yer manners?"

Sim Sime hauls his pants from the fence corner and sticks out his hand. I'll say this fer Sim Sime Bowcock; he's a friendly cuss. Allus tickled to see a

"Nice dog," I says, sharp. "But I'm here on business. The government wants to take care of you and your family, but you've got to get rid of your dogs"



white man thet'll bother to talk to him. Allus ready to give you the shirt off'n his back, too; not thet any man in his right mind would want Sim Sime's shirt.

"Sure am ashamed I ain't paid thet leetle bill I owe yer, Jedge," he says. "How many year is it now, Jedge?"

"Eight—an' outlawed," says I.

Sim Sime shakes his haid.

"No 't'ain't, Jedge! I never taken advantage of a creditor yet, by gosh. Thet bill ain't outlawed far as I'm consarned. By gosh, I'll pay it yet, if the good Lord provides me a mite better." Four or five dogs was a-setting around him in a circle, all admiring Sim Sime. "Reckon you could taken a look at old Preacher here, Jedge? Is he a-going blind on me?" He p'int out a red setter dog.

"Couldn't say," I tells him short, not wanting to get Sim Sime a-talking dog. "I come over here to see you about relief, Mr. Bowcock. I'm the new township chairman."

A feller has to talk mighty blunt with Sim Sime Bowcock. He looks at you with them pale, watery blue eyes, but half the time he ain't studying about

ILLUSTRATED BY
FLOYD M. DAVIS

what you say. He's thinkin' about dogs. "Young Oliver he licked a full-grown coon last Satiddy night, Jedge," says Sim Sime.

Oliver he come wiggling around Sim Sime's pants thet his missus makes fer him outer wheat sacks.

"Nice dog," I says, sharp, "but I'm here on business, Mr. Bowcock. The government is tryin' to take care of folks thet ain't been making it these hard years, and the government wants to take care of you and your family. But you've got to agree fust to get rid of your dogs."

Sim Sime scratched his black hair, which looked like his missus had cut it betwixt tying up didies, scrubbing clothes and lifting children out of eisterns.

"Don't reckon I could accept charity, Jedge," says Sim Sime.

"You're accepting it, now. And from niggers."

The dern' fool only grinned.

"Gosh, now, Jedge, you're plumb mistaken, ain't yer? Them darkies bring us vittles occasional to pay off what they owe me." Then he starts playing around with eight or nine dogs. "'Course, if'n them darkies wants to take charity vittles to pay me with, why I reckon it don't do no harm."

"What darkies owe you and for what?" I says, getting a mite riled.

Sim Sime finishes taking a cocklebur outer a puppy's paw. Then he says: "My dogs and me protects Coon Holler darkies, Jedge. Don't nary man dast lay a hand on a Coon Holler darky. Reckon thet's wuth somethin', ain't it, Jedge?"

Jest then, I espied old Aunt Emily a-sneaking around the corner of the cabin with her apron full of something. I walked over quick and stopped her.

"What you toting, Aunt Emily?" says I.

"Kindlin' wood, Jedge."

I heard the tin cans a-rattling.

"Aunt Emily," says I, stern, "I'm the new relief boss of this township. Dump them cans on the ground."

WELL, sir, you never laid eyes on sech a collection of canned stuff. There was canned reindeer meat and corned beef and this here too-nah fish and one can of chicken ah lay king. Fact.

Sim Sime he edges over close, but don't say nary word. Old Aunt Emily, a good darky, she begins to snuffle.

"It was jest gwine plumb to waste, Jedge," she says. "Us niggahs cain't digest no king's chicken ner Santy Claus

meat ner too-nah fish. So I tote 'em ovah heah. Missus Bowcock mighty good 'ooman an'—"

Sim Sime he kicks at the cans.

"Reckon they'll do fer the children," he says, "but Adolf and Jube they taken a notion to eat some too-nah fish an' ruint their noses fer a week."

Well, son, as a man and a Democrat I seed my duty plain.

"Aunt Emily," says I, "I want you to tell every last soul in Coon Holler today thet if I catch them giving any more food to Missus Bowcock I'll cut them off relief. Understand?"

Aunt Emily knowed what thet meant. She lit out from there in a hurry to spread the word.

It brought Sim Sime to his senses.

"Thet's a-going to be mighty hard on me and my fambly, Jedge," he says, "not allowin' them darkies and pore white trash to pay us what they owe! Reckon we'll jest about starve out, Jedge."

Missus Bowcock come running over, with seven children and seven dogs a-fol-lering.

"Don't taken Sim Sime to jail, Jedge," she says, crying. "He's no-'count, but he didn't mean no harm. It was me thet taken the government's vittles. Sim Sime allus was plumb agin it."

Them Sim Sime children begun to cry and all them Sim Sime dogs begun to growl. I didn't give no ground, though.

"Missus Bowcock," I says, "your husband has too many dogs. Thet's the hull trouble. If he agrees to get rid of his dogs, I'll put you folks on relief reg'lar."

Missus Bowcock seed the p'int.

"Thet'd be heaven on earth, Jedge," she says. "But I don't reckon Sim Sime could git along without his dogs."

"Nope, angel honey, I couldn't," says Sim Sime, flat. "I'd like to oblige the Jedge here mighty well, but a man has got to have his dogs."

"Dern it, Sim Sime," I hollered, "why do you need fourteen dogs?"

Sim Sime looked around at his dogs.

"Well, Jedge," says he, "ol' Preacher an' Adolf is bird dogs. A man cain't shoot himself a mess of quails without bird dogs, kin he? Then, you taken little Jube an' Clarence an' David an' Mer-shon. They's my rabbit dogs. A man would starve out sure without no rabbit dogs. Then, Jedge, I hunt me coons an' possums. Thet's why I'm keeping Alf an' Cas an' Trumpet an' little Oliver. A man—"

I p'inted out a big, lean cross betwixt a Great Dane and a St. Bernard.

"What's he good fer, Sim Sime?" I says, nasty.

SIM SIME reached down an' hugged the brute.

"Gideon, he's my fishin' dog, Jedge!"

"Fishing dog? You mean to tell me thet dog catches fish?"

"Gideon? Gosh no, Jedge, he don't ketch fish. He's jest a lazy, sleepy fishin' dog. Mighty good company alongside a ketfish hole, Jedge. Gosh no, I couldn't git along without Gideon."

Sim Sime kept running on real proud about ol' Jasper and Colonel thet was guardeen dogs and Mose and Buckshot thet was going-to-town dogs. Sudden-like, I reallized thet we was over the fourteen mark. Sim Sime had to admit thet he was keeping seventeen dogs, not fourteen. Thet settled it.

"Mr. Bowcock," I says, formal, "no man in your circumstances has any business keeping more'n two dogs. But I'm willing to be just an' tolerant. I'll allow you to keep four. All the tothers you've got to give away!"

"Give my dogs away, Jedge?"

"If you don't, I'm dropping all Coon Holler off the relief roll today. Suit yourself."

Missus Bowcock, with her legs surrounded with dogs, spoke up:

(Continued on page 74)



Read 'em and Win

What's in your partner's hand? What cards do your opponents hold? A good player usually knows most of the answers. Sometimes he knows them all. Here's how to develop this second sight

By Shepard Barclay

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

DURING the last tournament season, a more or less prominent player got himself a lot of publicity by spending more than twenty minutes deciding what card he would play. Some observers thought he was doing it just to be spectacular and attract attention to the profundity of his cogitations. Others believed he was carefully studying out a problem. Nobody could possibly know the truth except himself, and his testimony, after playing the hand successfully, was that he was engaged in a bit of card-reading which was essential to choosing the proper line of procedure.

Every good player of contract bridge finds himself occasionally in situations where he must stop and figure carefully to determine just where certain unseen cards lie. Most of the masters are rather quick about that part of their work because they have made the correct mental

processes automatic habit. But there are times when even the best of them must take time out to get their bearings. One thing that all truly expert contract addicts have in common, however, is keenness in this department. In fact, no person who is not a good card-reader can possibly hope to become a fine bridge player.

There are two principal phases of card-reading, both of them based upon logical deductions from the bids and plays that have been made. One has to do with counting the number of cards of each suit held by the hidden hands. The other concerns the location of specific high cards. Sometimes the two are

coupled so that the solution of one half of the problem furnishes the answer to the other half. Sometimes the inference to be made is a direct one, from a single definite fact. More often it is based upon a series of other facts and the inferences drawn from them—a sort of secondary or tertiary inference.

Probably there is no phase of mental gymnastics in which the advanced player has so great an advantage over his fellows as the successful "guessing" of the outstanding cards. Actually it is very seldom guessing, when done by one who understands it, but it works out so accurately in countless cases that the average performer is mystified by the results. Frequently a lesser player has very clear-cut suspicions that someone has looked in his hand and told his more skillful opponent the whole story. It is not natural for him to believe he himself has given the news by his own acts, which are all-unfolding.

Perhaps this general subject of card-reading would become clearer at the start if one very unusual example be cited. It was a case of being able to tell the exact location of every unseen card higher than a seven spot, though only one card had been played. South had opened the bidding with one diamond; his partner had called one no trump; South forced with three spades and North took it to four spades. West led the six of clubs, whereupon the dummy—beg pardon, the hand of declarer's partner, as it is now called under the new laws—was laid down. East is the man in position to do the most reading of the cards. His hand and that of North were thus:

North	East
♠ J 9 8 3	♠ 10
♥ A J	♥ Q 10 9 8
♦ A 9 5	♦ K 10 8 7 2
♣ J 9 4 2	♣ Q 5 3

East, already knowing that South had more diamonds than spades, since he bid them first in a strong hand, could count South for five diamonds. Seeing eight in his own hand and dummy, he knew his partner was void of the suit, so he could name every diamond held by the declarer. Counting South for four spades, it was obvious that his own partner also had four.

Now for information from the six of clubs lead. It could not be the top of nothing, a doubleton or trebleton, for all lower clubs were in sight. Hence it was either a singleton or fourth-best. The singleton idea was out because that would place five clubs in declarer's hand and give him fourteen cards. Consequently the lead was a fourth-best from exactly four clubs. With four in the West, four in the North and three in the East, eleven were accounted for. This left two for declarer, whose remaining two cards were therefore hearts. This placed five hearts in the leader's hand.

Why in blazes didn't a partner with four trumps lead his longest suit of hearts, to begin forcing the declarer to shorten his trumps by ruffing? Plainly because West had the heart king and did not like to underlead it. Such being the case, he certainly would not underlead an honor in his shorter club suit; hence the declarer had both tops in clubs.

What now were the trump holdings? With the ace, king, queen and seven as the highest missing, South should not have forced opposite the weak no trump response if he had only four trumps headed by king, queen and seven. Therefore he undoubtedly had the ace and either the king or queen or both. Here's how East should count him for having the ace, king and queen at the top—West probably would have led a heart, despite his king, unless his trumps were so weak, without any honor at their head, that he expected them all to drop under the four trump cards held by the enemy.

Thus, though only one card had been played by anyone, East should do this
(Continued on page 44)

Good card players sometimes encounter situations where it is necessary to stop for a while and figure things out carefully



Strong Boys from Italy

By T. R. Ybarra

Under the suave gallantry of the seventy-year-old General Emilio De Bono lies the uncompromising ruthlessness of a steel trap. In General Rodolfo Graziani nothing hides the jaws of steel. Both have had long and harsh experience in African wars. To them Mussolini has entrusted the fortunes of his latest and gaudiest adventure. Here they are

NICK, the Italian bootblack at a certain New York club, almost dropped his brush in amazement at the sudden question:

"Did you see any fighting in Libya?"

"Did I see any fighting?" he sputtered angrily, as soon as he had recovered command of his tongue. "Dio mio! Listen! One day, me and hundreds of other Italian soldiers, we land from a ship and, in a few hours, only a few miles from the dock, the enemy—Senussi Arabs, you know, big, bad, black men—start shooting at us, and we start shooting at them, and the shells go bong! and the bullets go zip!—like this." Nick jerked back his arm so that his hand passed within a fraction of an inch of his ear. "And we fight all day, and what do we get? One cup of coffee, one swallow of brandy! *Corpo di Bacco!* That's all we get, for fighting the whole day, because the Senussi don't let anybody come up to the front with food and drinks!"

Again bereft of the power of speech, Nick applied his brush to the shoe before him so ferociously that one might have thought it the skull of a Senussi sheik.

"Did I see any fighting in Libya?" he muttered finally. "*Madonna mia! Did I?*"

That was twenty years ago.

Today you can travel hundreds of miles inland, into Italian Libya, from the Mediterranean ports of Derna and Bengasi, without encountering a single Senussi rebel or hearing the crack of a single rifle shot. Long ago the whole region was pacified; long ago the power of the last anti-Italian sheik was ruthlessly broken—thanks, principally, to the efforts of two men.

The achievements of these two in driving the Senussi back from the outskirts of Libya's Mediterranean seaports (where Nick, the bootblack, heard the bullets go zip!) to eventual annihilation in remote inland deserts, so deeply impressed Benito Mussolini, supreme dictator of Fascist Italy, that he sent both of them marching into Africa again, at the head of his invasion of Ethiopia, in the hope that they would stamp out Ethiopian independence as thoroughly as they crushed Libyan rebellion.

These two hard-fisted soldiers are General Emilio De Bono and General Rodolfo Graziani.

De Bono, Royal High Commissioner in Eritrea and Italian Somaliland, and leader of the main attack on Ethiopia from Eritrea, has had years of experience in Africa both as soldier and ad-



© INTERNATIONAL
General Rodolfo Graziani, who smashed Libyan resistance to Italian rule, leader of the attack on Ethiopia from Somaliland



WIDE WORLD
General Emilio De Bono, Royal High Commissioner in Eritrea and Italian Somaliland, leader of the attack on Ethiopia from Eritrea

ministrator. Graziani, heading the push from Italian Somaliland, is considered by his fellow countrymen the best of their colonial fighters. He it was who a few years back—with De Bono, then Minister of Colonies, as his official chief and zealous helper—smashed the last resistance to Italian rule in the Cyrenaica district of Libya. He accomplished this in a series of arduous campaigns—conducted largely over deserts similar to those which his troops are now traversing—which are known to Italians as models of military brilliancy, and, to the natives of Libya, as masterpieces of pitiless severity and cruelty.

One of Mussolini's Own

For many years De Bono has been one of the most prominent of all Fascisti, one of the few so close to Italy's scowling autocrat as to call him "Benito." All

who have followed the course of Fascism are well-acquainted with his bearded face and his uniform resplendent with medals. But Graziani, well-known though he is among Italian army folk, has failed, up to now, to impress his name and appearance on the consciousness of the world. If he wins success in the present campaign, he has a good chance to garner still further laurels, since he is still in the prime of life—just over fifty—and extremely ambitious.

De Bono is in his seventieth year. He was born in 1866 at Cassano d'Adda, in northern Italy. At the age of eighteen he became a lieutenant in a regiment of Italy's crack corps of Bersaglieri, whose members wore striking broad-brimmed headgear and dashing plumes of cock's feathers.

When barely twenty-one, he got his baptism of fire in Africa, in one of Italy's many small campaigns against dis-

affected natives in her province of Libya. Not long afterward he gazed for the first time on Eritrea—from which Italian colony, nearly forty years later, he was to launch his great offensive against the Ethiopians.

De Bono's introduction to Eritrea was far from pleasant; he arrived there soon after the battle of Dogali, in which his fellow countrymen had been defeated by the Ethiopians. Fortunately for him, he did not stay there long enough to be involved in the rout inflicted on the Italians under Baratieri by the Ethiopians, at Aduwa, in 1896. Fate had decided that De Bono was not to see the scene of Baratieri's discomfiture until 1935, as the avenger of that black page in Italy's colonial annals.

After Italy entered the World War in 1915, De Bono, who had meanwhile reached the rank of colonel, was placed in command of a Bersaglieri regiment, which he led so bravely in the heavy fighting against the Austrians on the Carso plateau that he was awarded a silver medal. From this time onward his career was just one medal after another. He got a medal for distinguished service in the battles around Gorizia, a second for splendid work in the defense of the renowned stronghold of Monte Grappa, a third for effective attacks on the enemy at the decisive battle of Vittorio Veneto, in November, 1918.

The Songster of Monte Grappa

His record in the struggles on the Asiago plateau in 1916, and around Monte Grappa in the ensuing two years, was especially brilliant. In the former, his men, who were devoted to him, fought, unprotected by trenches—"with teeth and nails," as one observer put it—and, though their ammunition almost ran out, repelled an Austrian onslaught delivered in overwhelming force. And, at Monte Grappa—scene of some of the hottest encounters in the entire war—De Bono, after his troops had lost their first line of defense, led a superb counterattack, and, in desperate hand-to-hand fighting, hurled the Austrians back to their starting point.

For this achievement he was mentioned in the battle bulletin of the Italian Supreme Command. And he was aroused to such a pitch of martial excitement that, giving rein to an inclination toward writing which he had felt since boyhood, he wrote a song of triumph which at once spread like wild-fire from his own regiments to those on adjoining sectors, until, finally, it was taken up by the entire Italian army. Known as the "Song of Monte Grappa," it had such an extraordinary effect on the soldiers that General Giardino, one of the principal leaders on the Italian front, praised it enthusiastically to his men in an official order of the day.

"Learn it, every one of you!" he commanded. "As you lie encamped at night, sing it softly, as if it were a song of love; and, when you are on the march, sing it joyfully, as if it were a promise of liberation!"

After the war, De Bono was assigned to the command of an army corps quartered in the ancient city of Verona. He became more and more disgusted with the turn of Italian affairs. Those were the days of communistic ascendancy in

(Continued on page 55)

The Transpacific Wow

By Kyle Crichton

The story of Mrs. Marcus, who wanted to go around the world, and of Mr. Marcus, who didn't like to leave his show behind

MR. MARCUS and his boys and girls have altered the whole problem of foreign travel for Americans. Just when you're getting nicely relaxed in a chair in the lobby of the Imperial Hotel in Tokyo or are leaping blithely from crag to crag in the Andes of South America, you will look up and find Mr. Marcus and his company of comedians, dancers and acrobats progressing steadily toward their next engagement. For people who want to Get Away from It All, this is no good.

In his adopted land of the United States, Mr. Marcus and his company are successful without being sensational. The Marcus Shows, A. B. Marcus, Prop., have been out about fifteen years. It isn't the usual vaudeville or movie-house stage show and it isn't a musical comedy. The technical name for it is a musical tabloid show and under the Marcus theory of amusement it can be expanded or contracted at will like an opera hat. The show they give usually is an hour and ten minutes in length, which fills in between pictures. If given the slightest encouragement, the company can extend it to a complete show of two hours and a half. Not only that but there are enough sketches and costumes to make at least three complete shows of the longer type.

Mr. Marcus explains his famous tour of the Orient of two years past with the utmost simplicity.

"She wanted to go around the world," says he, referring to Mrs. Marcus, "and I didn't want to leave the show, so I just took it along."

It cost him \$42,000 in transportation to reach Japan and he deposited \$45,000 in the bank in New York with the thought that nobody had ever yet swum the Pacific Ocean even in reverse and there might be a chance, a remote chance naturally, that the Marcus Shows would not please our little brown cousins.

And Japan Went Wild

This proved to be unnecessary modesty on the part of Mr. Marcus because his show became not only a theatrical riot but an issue for the Emperor's Cabinet. The issue was whether the show, which had received visa permission for four weeks (Mr. Marcus couldn't imagine any show anywhere lasting longer than that in one spot) and an extension of two weeks more, should be granted a further extension. Mr. Marcus most ardently wanted the extension because his company was playing the huge Nippon Gekijo theater to the largest audiences ever dreamed of by Mr. Marcus or ever known in the little isle.

"In six weeks we played to 250,000 people," says Mr. Marcus. "Seventy-five thousand yen a week. . . . More than \$30,000. I thought it would break my heart."

Viscount Ishii and Hirota, the Foreign Minister, wanted the Marcus Shows to remain; Baron Yamamoto and General Hayashi felt that to make an exception



A few of the reasons for the tremendous success of the Marcus Shows in the Orient. Below, Mr. Marcus (right), whose hobby is being photographed with celebrities, with the crown prince of Johore

on behalf of Mr. Marcus's young men and women would be contrary to public policy and perhaps even fatal to the Empire. They went out. The tour then continued on to Shanghai, Canton, Manila and Singapore, with India clamoring for their presence and Calcutta booked for the week after Christmas. In the meantime the clamor within Japan was so great that the government relented and they came back to play four weeks more in Osaka to crowds which still bring tears to Mr. Marcus's eyes when he recalls them.

From Peddler to Showman

To get any sense into the thing, it is necessary to start at the beginning. The beginning is Mr. Marcus departing from Russia at the age of seventeen to escape serving in the Czar's army. He worked a month or two in Germany and then reached England, where he got a job for two shillings a week and board and room. There was the further complication that his employer insisted on borrowing back his savings. Very bad.

"Not bad at all," says Mr. Marcus. "When he owed me money, he couldn't fire me. Besides, I charged him interest."

After five months he had enough to get to America, finally ending up at Lawrence, Mass. What did he do there?

"I peddled," says Mr. Marcus. "I sold bottoms for chairs, mended boilers, sold keys. Lock 'em in; never get 'em out."

Then he had a hardware store with a partner. They bought their supplies from a larger store down the street and sold them to their customers. They had a brisk trade. The only trouble was that they bought their merchandise for the same price they sold it. They soon saw the fallacy of that.

What Mr. Marcus did next was go into the picture-show business. He had houses at Manchester and Concord, N. H. They were going along all right but the Marcus person was ambitious. He hired some acts from Boston and put on what he maintains is the first movie production show in America.

"I didn't know anything about stage people," says Mr. Marcus with a faint wave of the hand. "I just picked them up. They were lousy. The people liked them."

Pretty soon he had five companies on the road, one going as far north as Newfoundland and Prince Edward's Island. They all made money. Then he hired Jack Lait to write him a musical show which Mr. Lait did under the title of Cluck-Cluck. They carried a hundred people with that show and the House of David band. It made money. He produced Oh, Baby by Charles Sellon and made money. It is the proud Marcus boast that his shows have never had a losing week.

His American reputation came from the rumpus which followed a tour of his
(Continued on page 28)

Performance

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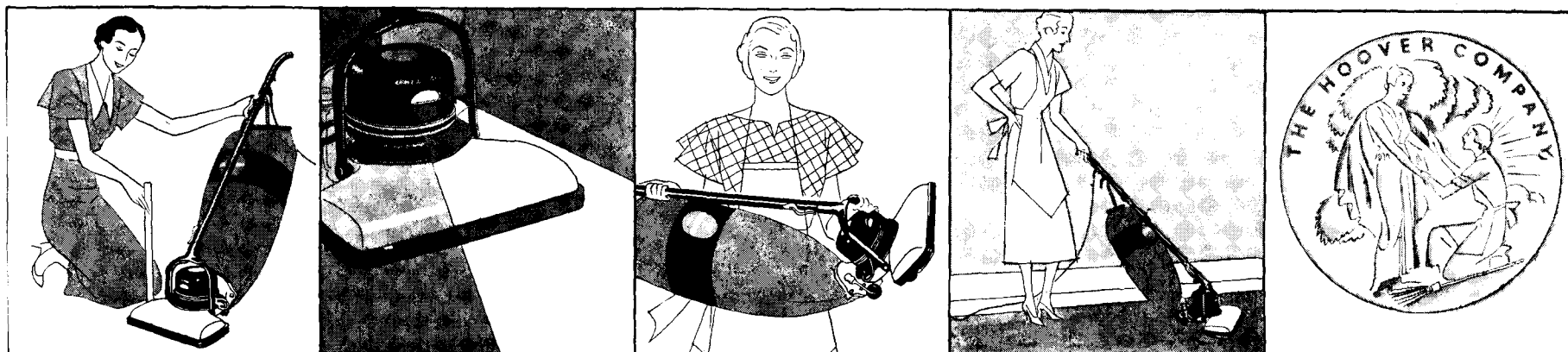
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Finally Clark said, "I'm sorry for what was in the papers"

The Odds Against Honor

By Francis Wallace

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

The Story Thus Far:

THE most brilliant man on the Atlantic football team, Clark Jenkins, is able to stay in college because of the financial help of Tony Scotti, a gambler. Clark, born in the coal mining regions, of desperately poor parents, is strictly honest. His roommate, Cal Calhoun, also a star on the team, is not, however, so scrupulous. . . . Interested in Clark is Margaret Bailey, whose father, Jim Bailey, a wealthy race-track enthusiast, has met and liked him. Clark is in love with Margaret. . . .

When Clark injures a knee before a game the news mysteriously leaks out and Tony Scotti, along with a notorious pair of gamblers, Harlow and Dawson, plunge heavily on Atlantic's opponent and clean up. To those who know that Clark has accepted "loans" from Scotti the incident is suspicious. Clark, innocent, thinks he knows who tipped the gambler off to his injury—and he is right. When he accuses Cal Calhoun of the

treachery a fight ensues—with Clark Jenkins the winner. "All right," Calhoun sneers, "You win—this round. . . ."

With Clark's knee mended, Atlantic wins its next game. That evening, dancing with Margaret, Clark sees a new arrival at the party that turns his heart cold: Tony Scotti. The gambler has been drinking and forces Clark to introduce him to his friends. Brad Anthony, a famous sports writer, is present, and he shows interest when Scotti announces that Clark is "his boy." "I tell you things about my boy," Scotti says. Next morning, the headlines read: "Big Time Gamblers Reach Atlantic Star. . . . News of Secret Injury to Clark Jenkins Enables Racketeers to Clean Up! . . ." A special meeting of the Atlantic faculty board on athletics is called that afternoon to investigate the charges, and Clark attends it, accompanied by Coach Gates and several of the members of the football team.

V

DEAN CORMACK arose. Clark knew him chiefly as the leader of the anti-athletics faction among the faculty. As such he had long been the opponent of Gates and the athletes considered him an enemy. He would be the prosecuting attorney. As Margaret had said, it was to be a trial.

The dean smiled at Clark but there was no warmth in the smile. "I know Jenkins only slightly. I have always regarded him as a fine student and great athlete. I am sure that whatever suspicion rests upon him is purely the result of unhappy circumstances.

"Unfortunately, however, these circumstances have placed us in a most

embarrassing position. It is essential to the honor of this university that the decision of this board remove any possibility of doubt in the minds of the public or the press."

Coach Gates was watching him keenly. The dean turned to the president. "Therefore, Doctor, I suggest that this be made an open hearing with the representatives of the press in attendance."

Coach Gates was on his feet, eyes blazing.

"I object to that."

"But, why—if we have nothing to hide—?"

"It isn't necessary. This is an open—"

(Continued on page 67)

Quiet Girl

By Frank Condon

A Short Short Story complete on this page

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL MUELLER



ON a certain dismal afternoon, a telephone conversation occurred in Chicago. Part of it was as follows:

"Hello, Bull, this is May."

"Yeah. Hello, May. What's up?"

"I just wanted to tell you I'm quitting."

"Quitting what?"

"You and Chicago and everything."

"What for?"

"Because I'm sick and tired of the whole business. I'm leaving."

"What if I say you can't?"

"You won't see me again."

"Maybe nobody will see you. Maybe you won't be around."

May Ward thus broke off with Bull Kiley, of Chicago, who ranked as a racketeer of the second order. She had been keeping company with Bull for two years, but he had never got around to marrying her. Now, at twenty-seven and still very attractive, she was fed up with Bull, Chicago and the whole works. . . .

In the town of West Borden, May took a room in the home of a Mrs. Bagley, and began a new life under the name of Anna Smith. Back in Chicago, Bull informed his associates that May had ducked out on him, but might not live long.

However, nothing happened to the stranger in West Borden. There was a garden back of Mrs. Bagley's cottage and there the girl sat under a tree, reading books from the public library. That was her only contact with the outer world—the library. One day the kind-faced librarian asked her where she worked.

"I haven't any job," said Miss Smith.

"Do you want one?" inquired the librarian, and Anna Smith thereupon went to work as assistant librarian at moderate pay and the old Chicago life began to fade.

IN HER new work, she noticed a young fellow who came in twice a week to get books. His name was Leland Otis and he worked for a West Borden chain store, groceries and meats. He was a cheerful-looking young man, chatted pleasantly of his own affairs and of how his people wanted him to go out to Santa Fe and manage the chain store in that town. One evening, when Anna Smith finished work, she left the library and Otis happened to be passing by.

"Good evening, Miss Smith," he said smilingly. "Nice afternoon."

She smiled and nodded.

"I suppose you're going home?"

She said yes, so Leland walked all the way home with her, chatted cheerily, said good evening at the gate and went on his way. . . . Little by little they became acquaintances.

What he discovered, as time passed, was that she was the quietest girl he'd ever known. After they were well acquainted, he invited her to dances, the movies, band concerts and such like, but she always shook her head.

"Don't you like dancing?" he asked.

"No. I don't dance. I never dance."

"Don't you like movies, either?"

"No. Not much."

"Well, gosh, what do you do?"

"Oh, I read and take walks."

"You're about the strangest one I ever knew," he told her. "You ought to have some excitement, once in a while."

"I don't need any excitement," she said. "I enjoy it here."

"Yes, but I don't know if it's healthy—not going anywhere."

"I go a bit. I take long walks."

"Yes, but you never go to a theater or a dance hall, or even a ball game. Maybe you would enjoy going bowling?"

She shook her head. On rare occasions, she went riding with him in his roadster and it was quite a while before he learned her first name was Anna and longer still before he used it. Finally she began calling him Leland and sometimes they talked about his prospective job as manager of the chain store in Santa Fe.

"Are you going to take it?"

"I don't know. I been thinking about it. There's more money and I'd be the boss. Here I'm only a clerk."

"Then why not take it?"

He looked at her and laughed.

"I probably would have gone out there by now, if I hadn't met you."

"You shouldn't let that interfere. Meeting me was only an accident."

"I know, but somehow I haven't felt so keen about going since I met you. Maybe I will later on."

"Santa Fe's away out West, isn't it?"

"Yes, but it's a nice town."

He hadn't arrived at the point of asking her if she would go with him. She wasn't in love with him and he could tell that much. She was a friend. They never discussed love or topics even remotely sentimental, although he liked her well enough. He admired calm, peaceful girls and she certainly was one. Once she said to him soberly, "Leland, you're a nice kid."

He never gave up trying to provide her with some little mite of excitement and once she almost agreed to attend the movies with him on the following Saturday. When Saturday night arrived, she changed her mind, although Leland pointed out there was a snappy gangster film at the Alcazar.

"I couldn't stand it," she said. "I don't like shooting and noise."

"Yes, but this is a swell picture."

She shook her head firmly, he argued and pleaded and reminded her she had almost promised.

"All right," he said finally, "if you won't go with me, I'll go alone. You're a foolish girl to hive up like a nun."

"It's a warm evening," she remarked, "and I'd rather sit in the garden. If it isn't too late, come back after and I'll give you some lemonade."

He went off in his car, slightly huffy, and in ten minutes, he was heading into the curb at the Alcazar. As he climbed out, he noticed a black limousine stand-

ing just ahead of him. He walked to the box office and while he was buying his ticket a man emerged from the theater, headed for the black limousine and climbed in. He walked with a wobble and seemed slightly drunk.

He was drunk, too, for when he started his motor he threw the car into reverse and backed out hastily without looking behind him, struck against Leland's back end and tore off a fender, which dropped with a crash. Paying no attention whatever, the fellow turned and rolled down the main street. Leland felt his blood boiling.

ON THE corner two motor cops idled beside their machines. Both were known to Leland and he started for them on the run.

"Hello, Leland."

"Hello, Joe. Say. See that big car? Well, the fellow just backed out, knocked off my fender and never stopped. He's drunk, too."

The motorcycles blasted into action, and Leland stood where he was, hoping they would bring back the drunk, so he could bawl him out. But they never did.

Joe turned on his siren, as they caught up with the fender smasher, but instead of hauling over to the curb, the fellow stepped on the gas, turned in his seat and fired six shots at the nearest pursuer. Joe wasn't hit. In another second, two police guns were barking; the chase lasted an eighth of a mile; the limousine went

into a fence and the driver was no longer drunk, being plenty dead. Half an hour later he was identified as a much-wanted Chicago gangster, who should have been hanged years before, and Leland didn't go to the movies. Instead, as soon as he could get away, he went out to Anna's.

"I didn't have to go to any movie show tonight. I had my gangster stuff outside the theater." He told her of the brash city mobster who had made the mistake of trying to plug a West Borden motor cop.

"What was his name, again?" she asked.

"Bull Kiley, tough guy out visiting in the suburbs."

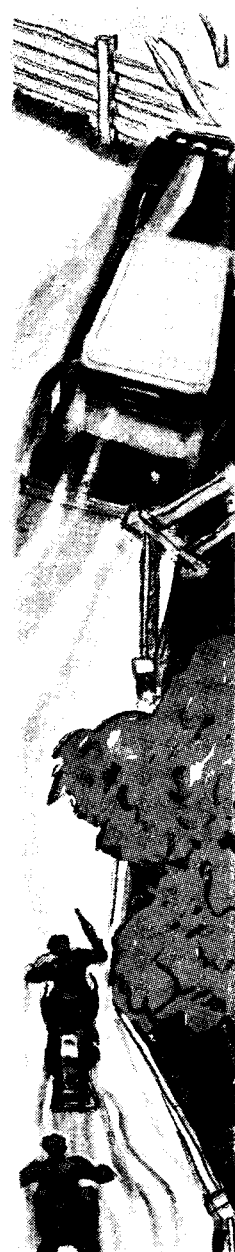
"Have some lemonade," she said; "it's pretty warm and you had quite an evening."

"Have I! And say, if you'd been along, you'd 'a' plumb died of fright. As things turned out it's a good thing you stayed home."

She nodded and said nothing. After a time, she broke the silence.

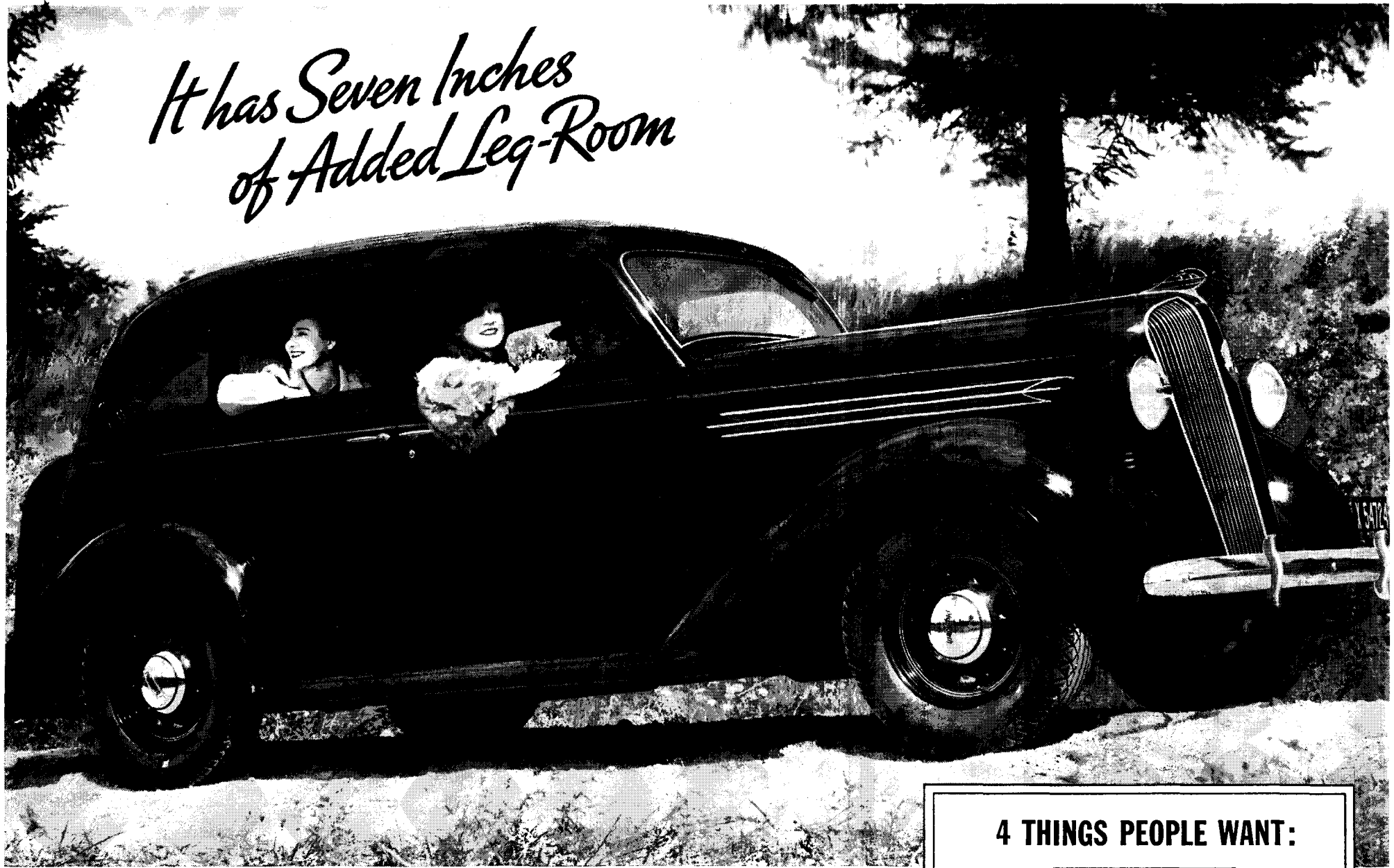
"I wonder what kind of a town Santa Fe would be like?" she mused.

"Say," he cried. "You'd like Santa Fe. If anything, it's a quieter place than this town."



America Wants Room Like This in 1936 Cars

*It has Seven Inches
of Added Leg-Room*



Beautiful New Plymouth the biggest we've ever built

THIS NEW 1936 PLYMOUTH is the largest and roomiest car we've ever produced...the most comfortable...and the most beautiful.

Besides giving inches more leg room...and two full inches new elbow and shoulder room...11 new comfort features have been added to Plymouth's famed Floating Ride.

A new sway-eliminator, and the twice-as-rigid 1936 frame provide the luxurious riding smoothness you would expect in this big car. No low-priced car ever rode like this before.

This big 1936 Plymouth has more than 40 new value-adding features...important improvements. The new Safety-Steel body is stronger and safer...newly reinforced at five important points. The

famed Plymouth brakes are 100% hydraulic...they stop you smoothly and safely.

A new steering design ends the last trace of road-shock at the wheel...you will quickly find it's the easiest-handling car you ever drove.

Plymouth is again America's most economical full-size car. All evidence indicates 18 to 24 miles or more per gallon of gas!

Again we say, "Look at All Three." And...don't buy any new car before you see and drive this big 1936 Plymouth.

Put it up to your Chrysler, Dodge or De Soto dealer. (And ask him to tell you all about the official Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Plan.)

PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORP.

4 THINGS PEOPLE WANT:

- 1 ECONOMY**—All evidence indicates 18 to 24 miles per gallon of gas.
- 2 SAFETY**—Plymouth's body is Safety-Steel...brakes are 100% hydraulic
- 3 RELIABILITY**—Now 15 added long-life features...less upkeep.
- 4 COMFORT**—Plymouth's Floating Ride plus 11 new comfort improvements.

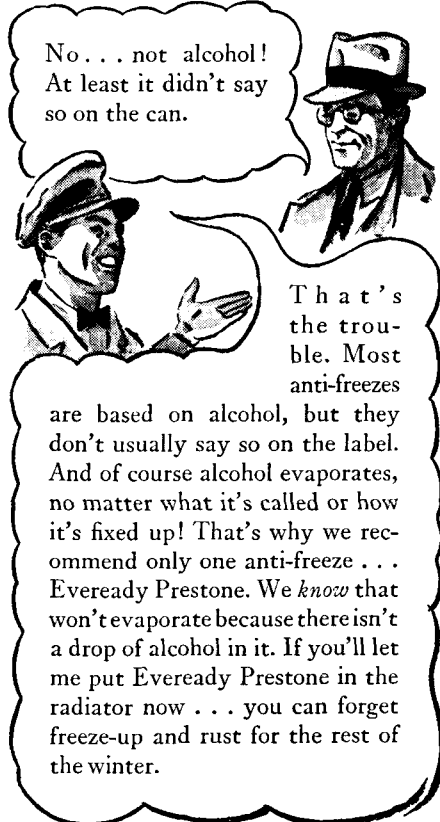
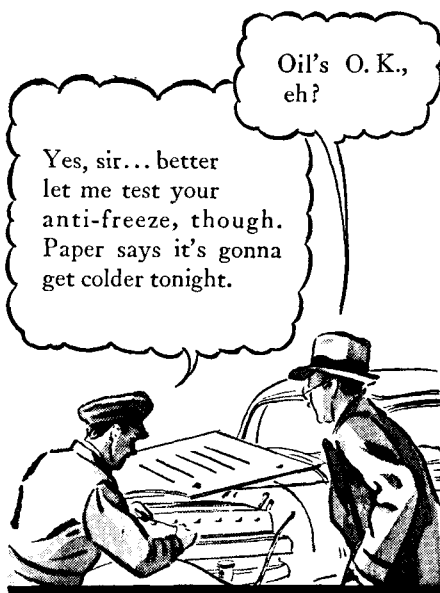
\$510

AND UP, LIST AT FACTORY, DETROIT
SPECIAL EQUIPMENT EXTRA

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

The Transpacific Wow

Continued from page 22



Don't confuse Eveready Prestone with alcohol or glycerine. "One shot" of Eveready Prestone will protect your car against freeze-up and rust all winter long. It won't boil off or evaporate. It has no odor and won't damage your car's finish. This year—thanks to largest sales in history last winter—Eveready Prestone is lower than ever in price. Your dealer has a chart which shows exactly how little it will cost to protect your car all winter long.

SPECIAL OFFER: A "Weather Wheel" which will help you to forecast the weather. Also "Weather as a Hobby"—a 48-page illustrated book, prepared by weather experts. Full of fascinating weather facts. Send 10c (stamps or coin) to National Carbon Co., Inc., P.O. Box 600-3N, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

show playing midnight performances. They weren't extra midnight shows; there was one show which began at midnight rather than at 8:30. The good folk of the land (the tour lasted 39 nights, starting at Huntington, W. Va., and ending at Oakland, Calif.) had the notion that they were taking part in sin by going to the theater at a time when they would ordinarily have been asleep for three hours. In New Orleans they ran into the Huey Long-Mayor Walmsley feud. Huey was on a great moral drive to clean up New Orleans and embarrass the Walmsley faction. Taking the position that the billboard advertising was of such a dangerous, immoral character that the show deserved suppression, he descended upon the bewildered Mr. Marcus and refused to permit a performance of the show at the New Orleans Auditorium. Since the show itself didn't bear out Mr. Long's worst hopes, Mr. Marcus was never able to understand it. The theater had been sold out and five thousand people milled around outside, desperately eager to get in and see the bacchanalian orgy. It was a blow at the moment but the news got around and for the rest of the tour the Marcus Show was sold out weeks in advance.

Nothing Slow

The adventure to the Orient came about in this way: promoters in Tokyo had built the Nippon Gekijo theater but had run out of funds when it was half finished. The Emperor, passing by, considered it an eyesore and a defeat for his regime. He ordered it completed. It seats 3,300 and is one of the most perfectly equipped theaters in the world. It has 650 attendants, including 70 stagehands and 40 young ladies who do nothing but check shoes. When it was ready for occupancy, there was nothing stupendous enough to fit the theater. It was then that Mr. Hugo, who operates theaters through the Orient, saw the Marcus Show in Chicago and talked the one and original Mr. Marcus into combining pleasure with business. Ahead of the show went the amazing press agent known as Ned Alvord, a gentleman who disdains adjectives less than three leagues long and uses words which for grandeur and all-encompassing scope have not been equaled since the Arabian Nights.

What made the show a success was a combination of qualities. For one thing the show was a marvel of speed to the Japanese, who are accustomed to the slow-moving traditional dramas of their ancestors. More than that, they liked the idea of men and women acting together. The Japanese companies are made up exclusively of men actors. The third feature was Mr. Ben MacAtee of Mobile, Alabama, who is the leading comedian for the show and writes all its sketch material. Mr. MacAtee has probably done as much for Japanese-American relations as anybody since Captain Perry, who opened the ports of Japan to the world, and Babe Ruth. On the boat going over, MacAtee began to learn Japanese from Yamamoto, the table boy. When the show opened and Mr. MacAtee revealed his command of the tongue by saying "Good afternoon, friends," the Japanese audience practically swooned with joy, overcome both by flattery and by the foreign gentleman's horrible accent.

"At the dress rehearsal," says MacAtee, "each stagehand drew a careful picture of every prop and every stage direction. On opening night everything was perfect. We've never seen anything

like it. They had twice too many stagehands but the birds who were not working at anything else would go out between scenes and sprinkle and sweep the stage. There were also the stagehands at Osaka who finished their night's work by taking off their clothes on the stage and strolling off to the bath. We tried pointing out the fact that our young ladies of the company were not accustomed to the practice but we had to give it up. We compromised by getting the girls out of the way in time."

From Tokyo the company went to Shanghai, Hong Kong and Canton. A hand in Canton dropped a cigarette on the grass roof which covered some of the props and the turmoil was terrific. By the time the fire department reached the theater, the company had stamped the fire out and the show was going on. It went on under difficulties, however, because they had competition, horrible competition, from a band which had evidently set up for business in the alley by the stage. There was a bedlam of clarinet squeaks and terrifying screeches from other less-known instruments.

"Pay 'em no mind," the stage manager comforted them. "It's just the fire department celebrating the victory over the fire."

In the meantime Mr. Marcus happily dragged in yen, tael, yuan and dollars Mex. He also, although a modest man in his former state, developed a mania for being photographed with dukes, princes and members of the lesser nobility. For a man who had hitherto been sufficiently flattered by the attention of a mayor, this was a new experience for Mr. Marcus and he was content. His show had been carefully censored before its opening, the girls wore bands around their tummies which looked, according to a caustic Tokyo paper, as if they were recovering from serious abdominal operations, and the dialogue had been sufficiently cleaned up. There were the "big" numbers with the gals wearing head-dresses and marching solemnly around in formation. There were comedians; there were musical trios resembling the Boswell Sisters; there was a lady doing a Sally Rand fan dance; there were Arabian acrobats and a young man playing the accordion; there were male quartets and comedy quartets and burlesque dances. And, above everything, it was a fast show, with one number following another in rapid profusion.

All One Happy Family

The Marcus Shows are a family of their own. In this country the company of 75 people travel in four special cars. There is a wardrobe department headed by a lady who was formerly in the Marcus chorus and an orchestra of five, including a lady whose daughter is now in the Marcus chorus. The dances are produced by Leon Miller, who has been with the company eight years. Elmer Coudy, the comedian, has been with the show fifteen years and the head electrician has had steady work with them for nine years. Just a big happy congregation.

So that is how the Marcus Oriental affair went. The plans are now completed for a tour of Cuba, Mexico and South America to begin early in 1936. Mr. Marcus will have the money in the bank to get home in case the worst happens and for the rest he will sit out front at every performance and urge on his minions.

On the personal side, Marcus is small and amiable-looking and possessed of an accent which sounds something like the

stage speech of the late Louis Mann. He doesn't smoke or drink and doesn't allow his girls to smoke around the theater. Although he ran away from the Czar, he has no politics, considering everybody an estimable citizen who has fifty cents to lay on the line for his show. His chief mania is the stock market and he lost a lot of sleep in Shanghai by sitting up to watch the market ticker. Since the opening of the market in New York corresponded to eleven-thirty at night in Shanghai, he saw almost no daylight during that engagement. He has an uncanny ability to estimate the amount of money in a house, being able to stand at the rear of the orchestra and hit it almost on the nose. If he is more than five dollars away on his estimate, he is embarrassed.

He is still worried about a meal he ate in Canton. He wanted duck and couldn't order it in Chinese so he drew a picture of the animal. He ate what came, with considerable pleasure and it was only when he got back to his hotel room and looked at the picture that he realized he had drawn the duck with four legs. It gives him quite a start when he thinks back on it.

Not a Dry Eye

When last seen the Marcus Shows were in Montreal, with lines starting in front of the box office at ten in the morning. Mrs. Marcus, who is younger and handsomer than Mr. Marcus, was running the outfit as usual. She hires the girls and performers and is stage manager for the show. Mr. Marcus never misses a performance, sitting out front and seeing that the quality of the show remains up to the Marcus standard. He was in the middle of remonstrating with Mr. MacAtee about a few lines of the dialogue.

"That Mary had a little lamb," said Mr. Marcus in a tut-tutting voice. "That is very bad... Very bad taste."

"But Mr. Marcus," protested MacAtee, "I've been using that so long we'd almost decided to send it to pasture."

"By golly," said Mr. Marcus, lighting up. "I've had something on my mind to tell you for two years. That's it."

Whether South America will equal Japan for enthusiasm is doubtful. The scene on the last night at Tokyo is almost unbelievable. William F. McDermott of the Cleveland Plain Dealer, who was traveling in the Orient at the time, writes about it: "When the last curtain rang down there was a scene which has probably never been duplicated in an American theater. Amid the shouting and hand clapping and farewell cries, a dozen Japanese rushed on the stage, hoisted the American players on their shoulders, carried them triumphantly down the runway and marched through the body of the auditorium while the crowd shook the actors' hands and cheered tumultuously. Observers not susceptible of exaggeration say that the audience wept and sobbed unrestrainedly and there was hardly a dry eye in the house."

"Look here," says Mr. Marcus, "cables every day. They want us to come back... \$210,000 in gold in seven weeks. Ai-yi. Come on down and see the show. Montreal is doing all right. Packed house every performance. It'll be the same when we go up to Ottawa tomorrow."

But you could see that Mr. Marcus had a mental picture of the yen flowing into the box office window of the Nippon Gekijo theater and Mr. Marcus standing by the side of Prince Somebody posing for the photographers with all modesty. Mr. Marcus went bravely out into the turmoil of Montreal, hiding his tears.

"Of all things
*I've been shopping for
gasoline*

I buy nearly 600 gallons
a year...if there's any difference
between gasolines, I want to know it!

*This morning I decided to do something I'd never
done before. I asked five different gasoline stations
about their gasoline. I finally bought Texaco Fire-
Chief after talking to the man there.*

he told me: That Fire-Chief Gasoline
had originally been developed in the Texaco
laboratories as a gasoline for emergency use
in fire engines, ambulances, etc.

he told me: That Fire-Chief was used
by many of the cross-country bus lines who
have to have low mileage costs. Among the
bus companies that he mentioned was the
Greyhound Bus Company.

he told me: That Fire-Chief is sold in
all 48 States. It seems that tourists, by demand-
ing Texaco Gasoline as they drove across the
country, carried it into every State.

he told me: That uniformly good per-
formance is very desirable in gasoline. One of
the advantages he pointed out in Texaco is
that it always gives the same good performance
— no matter where you buy it.

he sold me! "



TEXACO



FIRE-CHIEF

Tune in on "Jumbo"
DIRECT FROM NEW YORK HIPPODROME

THE NEW FIRE-CHIEF PROGRAM
TUESDAY NIGHTS 9:30 E. S. T.
COAST-TO-COAST . . . N. B. C.



THRILL FOR SALE!

YOU'LL think the driver's seat of that new Buick was tailored to your measure, so comfortably will you settle into place.

You'll think engine-power so silent must be pretty well under wraps, until you give it a shot of gas.

Then things happen. The take-off is instant-fast. There's no laboring pause, no shiver, just that silk-smooth swing into speed.

You head into the open straightaway. Easy, there. Better keep an eye on that speedometer needle, you're traveling faster by plenty m. p. h. than you realize.

There's no tension. No strain. There's no threat of that rubbery jumpiness under you

that in many cars keeps you taut and on the alert.

No, this phenomenal performer seems to settle closer and steadier on the road as you press the treadle, and the lightest tip-toe-pressure on those big hydraulics slows you to a safe swerveless stop.

Thrill? Of course! But never the thrill of hazard. The thrill, rather, of beautifully poised mechanism doing whatever you want done without effort or strain.

Better come see this brilliant new Buick, give it a drive, and sample that thrill for yourself.

YOU CAN AFFORD THE NEW BUICK
\$765

to \$1945 are the list prices at Flint, Mich., subject to change without notice. Standard and special accessories groups on all models at extra cost. All Buick prices include safety glass throughout as standard equipment. Convenient GMAC time payment plan

Buick 8

FIRST OF THE GENERAL MOTORS CARS

The Robes of the Kingfish

Continued from page 13

about it? Huey listened for a time and then dropped his company manners.

"Listen, brother," he scoffed, "cut out the word 'reform.' That gets a guy nowhere permanent in politics. And as far as leaving things to posterity—well, about the only thing politicians leave to posterity are taxes. I see what you're driving at but I'm Huey Long and Huey Long's all I want to be. If posterity can dig anything out of that they're welcome to it. If a guy's going anywhere in politics he's got to have a lot of people helping him. And to get a lot of people to help him he's got to let them know where to find him when they need him."

It became immediately apparent to Huey that his blunt realism had thrown the scholar off his stride. So it was up to Huey to restore equilibrium. He did so in character.

Every Man to His Own Racket

"Listen," said the senator. "The trouble with you is that you're a professor and me, I'm a politician. Up yonder," said Huey, jerking his thumb toward the state university, which, with every other public institution in Louisiana had become Huey's personal property, "up yonder I got a whole rodeo of professors and they all got theories how things ought to be. But I don't know one of them who ever got things to run that way. There ain't one of them can go out and get enough votes to win a village election. You guys deal in theories—and that's okay. Me, I deal in ideas that voters who never went to school understand—and that's okay. Every man to his racket. Sometimes you're right, you fellows, but you got to have an education to understand what you're saying. Maybe sometimes I'm wrong but nobody was ever able to say he didn't understand me. I talk to them; you talk at 'em. Glad to meet you. How about taking a look at the finest university in the world? Come on, I'll turn you over to Doc Smith, the president of my university. Hell of a good guy."

Among the astonishing features of the ribald life and dramatic death of Senator Long must be included his almost precipitate disappearance from the minds of his countrymen. Only in Louisiana has he left a mark. And that will soon be erased by the shuffling feet of those who are scrambling for control of the crazy contraption he built and those who would substitute an ordinary machine for it. As for the non-political element—the businessmen, professional men, the farmer and the average wage-earner—his passing was accepted with calm indifference where it wasn't saluted with frank joy.

Before we had traveled half the length of Louisiana it became apparent to us that to a vast number of hitherto silent people (people who had been afraid to state their honest estimate of Huey) the announcement of his death was the best political news they had heard in months. A whole suiteful of lawyers abandoned their clients to tell us that "this assassination has saved the courts of the state from becoming political side-shows" and that "now a lawyer can accept a case without fear of being disbarred by Long's personal bar association because Long didn't like your client." A merchant said: "Thank God he's gone. It was bound to happen anyway and lots of us have been surprised he lasted this long. He put murder in my heart and I can name a dozen men who felt that way. We don't know what his successors will try to do but somehow we aren't afraid of them. The best of them are ordinary politicians given to ordinary practices. Maybe we won't have ideal state government. Maybe

graft, terrorism and studied inefficiency will not be immediately banished from the state capitol. But we can fight average politicians. We can control the commonplace. For four years we've been ruled by a maniac."

In Shreveport we talked to a victim of Huey's summary punishment. This man had been foolish enough to declare openly that he would never vote for Long and would be glad to contribute half of all he had to the overthrow of Long's dictatorship. Long added his name to the list of dissidents the senator's espionage corps was forever reporting (nobody ever knew how many spies he had) and disposed of the case in typical fashion.

"Double this guy's taxes," he commanded. "If that doesn't make him holler, triple them. Then tell me what he says."

The outraged man held out for a year under doubled taxes, then surrendered. Thereafter he voted on Huey's side. He was one of the throng attending the funeral of Doctor Weiss. He says he wasn't ashamed of the tears that wet his face as he looked at the riddled body of the young man who is gradually being hailed in Louisiana as Emancipator.

In Monroe, Alexandria, Baton Rouge, St. Francisville, Bastrop, Bogalusa and even Winnfield, where the fantastic man was born, you hear fascinating tales of the rule of Long. It is possible, of course, that some are magnified by the awe men hold him in or distorted by hate. And some are clearly apocryphal. Yet, true and untrue, they contribute to the grotesque story of the tricky soap peddler who became a political dictator, a lopsided genius whose unmanageable egotism led him to run hog-wild to destruction. There are tales of kidnapping (true) and of murder (which we cannot prove). Coercion was common. Sluggings were no longer news. Rape was a crime according to political affiliations and station of the perpetrator. As you listen to the bizarre story, even after making allowances for the inescapable exaggerations, the man and his rule take on more and more of the qualities of mythology. For example, the man's personal wealth.

A Fortune for the Taking

He insisted that he was a poor man. Certainly there is no ready evidence now that he was rich—anyway as rich as he might have been. You gather as you digest the stuff you hear that until the night he was shot he had been concerned chiefly in satisfying his still youthful appetite for power. There would be plenty of time to rake in a few millions in cash and retire to a boss's rocking chair. More than anything else he wanted to be President. After achieving that, or finding the achievement impossible, there would be time enough to pile up a fortune.

His will, if he wrote one, may not be probated for years. If he did make one it may reveal nothing startling. He may have disposed of his money as he got it—by direct transfer to those he chose to give it to. If he didn't make a will nobody except his beneficiaries need ever know what dividends his dictatorship paid him. But there's no such conjecture about the income and winnings of many of his camp followers.

A few weeks ago when this bawling caliph and his mauling bruisers were galloping up and down the state instilling the fear of God in all and sundry, it was only in East Baton Rouge and one or two other towns that men dared speak anti-Long opinions to the stranger. There are tales of some reporting to Long's police

(Continued on page 32)

DON'T LET SHAVING IRRITATE YOUR SKIN

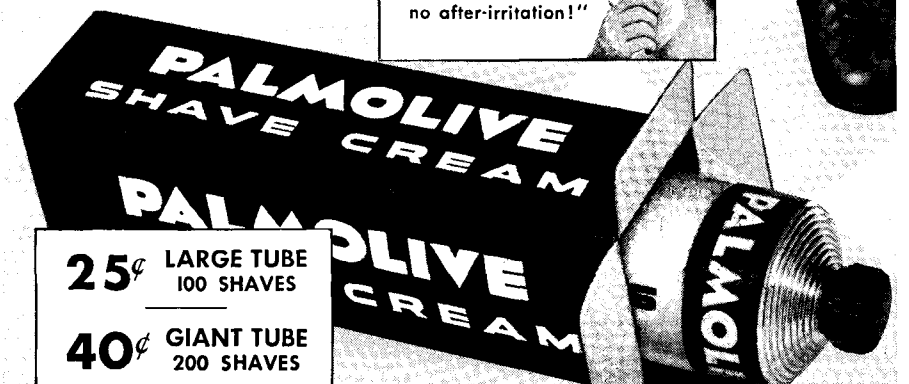
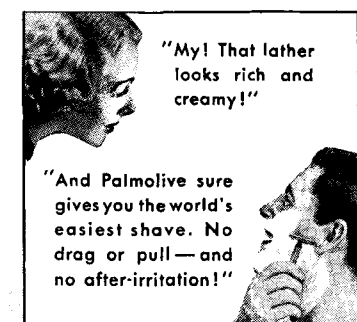
Change to Palmolive, the shaving cream made with Olive Oil

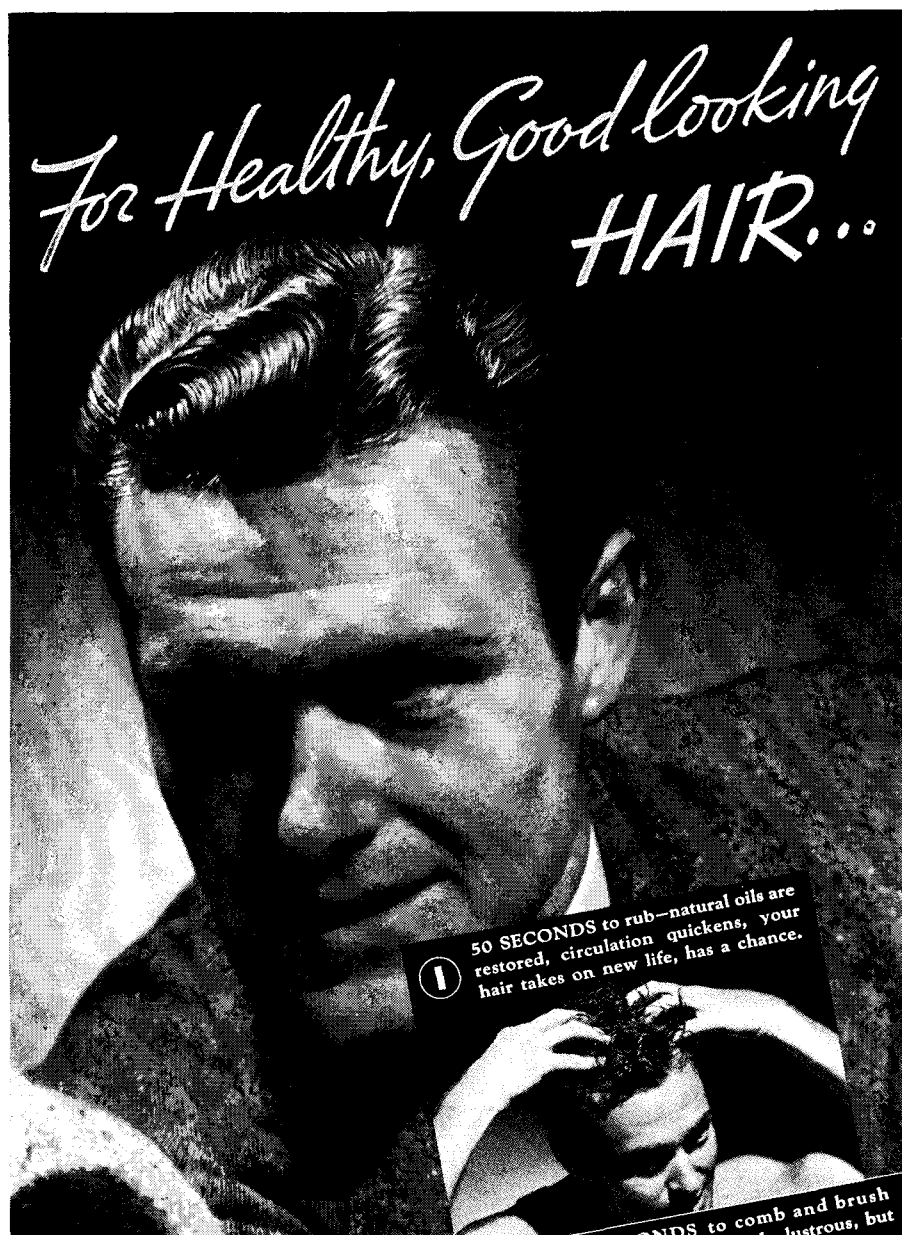
A FOOTBALL player's skin "takes it" plenty! But not much more than your own skin "takes it" every day . . . from your constant shaving.

So, to eliminate the sting and burn of after-shave irritation . . . we make Palmolive Shave Cream with Olive Oil. And, as thousands of trainers and athletes agree, there's nothing like Olive Oil for preventing skin irritation!

Try Palmolive! See how fresh and soothed it leaves your face! And this same unique Palmolive lotion-effect actually tends to make a permanent improvement in the condition of your skin!

You'll find, too, that Palmolive piles up a thicker, creamier lather. (Each inch of cream multiplies itself 250 times in lather!) This lather does not dry or wilt! Stands up for fully ten minutes . . . giving you the easiest, cleanest shave you ever had!





you need
VITALIS
 and the
"60-SECOND WORKOUT"

YOU'RE one man in a million if your hair *doesn't* need help. Every head of hair needs attention and care! And that's why Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout" wins its way—pays its way—from the first workout. It gives you healthy and handsome hair because it "wakes up" your scalp—speeds up the circulation around the hair roots—stimulates hair-health at its source.

Tight, dry scalps relax and loosen under the "60-Second Workout." Vitalis with massage quickens the circulation and restores the flow of the natural, nourishing oils. Loose dandruff disappears. Your hair takes on new vitality. It looks healthy because it *is* healthy. It stays in

place. It has a good-looking lustre to it—but *not* a "patent-leather" shine.

Use the "60-Second Workout" freely, whenever you like. In addition, here's a good hunch: Use Vitalis and a quick, vigorous massage *before* your shampoo—as well as afterward. It loosens all deposits, breaks up scales and flakes. Then the shampoo can clean quickly and completely. Another dash of Vitalis, of course—and you'll have a head of hair that cannot be topped for perfect cleanliness, good looks and good health.

ASK YOUR BARBER—

He's an expert on the care of scalp and hair. When he says Vitalis—take his advice. He knows best.



VITALIS AND THE "60-SECOND WORKOUT" FOR HEALTHY, HANDSOME HAIR

(Continued from page 31)

the rebellious words of their fathers. And we talked to a man who served a year in prison for assault upon his own brother, who was a Long spy at twenty-two dollars a week. He told us, and his neighbors were eager to corroborate him, that he had said in the presence of his brother what men all over Louisiana were saying—that "someone ought to kill that —" He had two eyes when he made that commonplace statement. A week later, after a battle with three heavyweight strangers who had shoved him into the street and called him a nigger, he had only one. Then he learned about his brother, went temporarily crazy and landed in jail. Louisiana talks freely today of such incidents because Huey's dead. The terror is at an end. Corruption may (and probably will) continue; but it will be clandestine and unimaginative as elsewhere.

The Boss of the Buccaneers

And so today they tell you the stories they didn't dare utter before. For example, how Huey's local captains went in for cheap buccaneering on their own—protection racketeering—in the name of Caesar. There's nothing new about it: Tammany Hall thrived on it in New York. The Old Regulars smiled indulgently upon the practice in New Orleans. Chicago got so used to it that it came to be regarded as one of the inescapable penalties of government. Detroit and Kansas City gangsters bought country estates and Florida villas on the proceeds of their version. But very seldom was it done in the name of the state's political boss, the reason being that there have been few if any bosses as careless of opinion as Huey.

His local captains would merely walk into the office of, say, a dentist and demand a weekly tribute of ten, twenty or even fifty dollars. And particularly if the dentist happened to be an independent in politics, or an uncertainty, or suspected of having anti-Long sentiments. He would be told frankly, but perhaps without direct authority, that the levy had been dictated by Huey. If he refused he was a candidate for a variety of disasters. His office might be wrecked. He might be arrested on a framed charge of malpractice and his license revoked. Anything.

They tell a story of such a victim of Huey's lads—a chiropractor. This one had his license revoked and, reasoning that he had no more to lose, went directly to Huey.

"Never heard of it," roared Huey—probably truthfully. "Who did you say cracked down on you? Never heard of him. But he sounds like a smart guy. I'll look him up. A smart guy. Listen, if I was you I'd look him up and come to terms. You gotta do business with active guys like he sounds. Me too. Wait a minute, Doc."

And Huey called in one of his strong-arm boys.

"Listen," he said to the muscle man, "the Doc here says a mug up his way has been collecting in our name. Go on up with the Doc and look into it. If this mug's got any dough that belongs to us, get it. We're going to need it next fall."

But how much of the racket money and how much of the unaccounted millions of tax moneys collected by Huey's machine trickled into Huey's pocket and stayed there, we don't know. And probably we never shall know. The agents of the United States Treasury Department can tell you, if they choose, how nimble the astonishing fellow was.

No, we suspect (and we have plenty of company) that Huey was spending too much money in building his own throne to have accumulated much of a personal fortune. When the throne was finished—high enough, dazzling enough—and he securely seated thereon, then would be time enough to collect the financial rewards of complete success. Whatever

else he was, Huey was no piker. He lied even to himself. He double-crossed his own associates and made them like it. They'll tell you this themselves. But they'll all insist that there was nothing small-time about the man. Of course he may have been paranoid; but, then, most autocrats are.

As you view the results of the assassination in Louisiana it becomes clearer in every town and city that what we've been calling the Long machine was not a machine at all. Certainly it wasn't in the sense we are accustomed to use the word. Huey was miles ahead of the conventional political boss, ultra modern where they were bogged down in mildewed custom. There was no machine; just Huey. He was the chief engineer and all the assistants. He had a lot of errand boys to trot his will, but no brigadiers, viceroys or designated agents to act in his absence. He appointed men to office or dictated their election but almost to the extremity of signing pay rolls they had to consult him. Or at least be forever prepared to try to explain why they had signed without being sure he approved.

And this is even more difficult to explain, if one is ever prepared to explain genius, when you look over the list of his followers who are today doing their dismal best to carry on his traditions. Some of them, measured by the conventional political yardstick, would be regarded as capable men. Out of the sovereign's obliterating shadow, they become at least normal of stature. There is the Honorable Jimmy Noe, for example, the Lieutenant Governor. Mr. Noe is a hard-working politician who, while absolutely innocent of genius, is nevertheless quite capable of occupying his post in any state and is comparatively neither better nor worse than the average. It isn't a brain-breaking job anyway.

Mr. Noe does not minimize his natural talents. He would like to be governor, and although he has been induced not to run, cherishes no love for many of his associates. He has done as little as possible to infuse cheerfulness into the shattered ranks. He paid practically no attention to the Allen slate-writing caucus—a pow-wow so dolorous that it seemed almost to be a part of the senator's funeral. Huey's political heirs had been rag dolls so long that conducting a caucus or war council without him was a good bit like a puppet show without the professor at the strings.

The Rewards of Faithfulness

Technically (and technically only) Governor Oscar Kelly Allen wears the robes dropped by the Kingfish. He wears them with no enthusiasm. The regal regalia fits him like Uncle Oscar's pants on little Olaf. He perhaps was the most sincere and faithful political friend Huey had—he and Mr. Seymour Weiss, President of the New Orleans Dock Board and one of the several of Huey's crew who have been indicted for alleged evasion of federal income tax. But Mr. Weiss has announced his permanent retirement from politics.

Governor Allen is a wealthy man, Huey's financial angel in the early days of wealth-sharing Huey's rise. Huey rewarded him by making him governor, wealth and all, but Mr. Allen, like Mr. Weiss, lost his taste for politics the moment the Kingfish died. He has inherited Huey's membership in the Democratic National Committee and faithfully insisted that his former secretary, Judge Richard W. Leche, be the crowd's nominee for governor because Huey had wanted it that way. Governor Allen always obeyed his master's voice. He had no higher ambition. In his name, Huey called extra sessions of the legislature, issued statements and made appointments—frequently without bothering to consult him. It is not on record that he ever

protested. He didn't like the job and is rejoicing now that he is retiring to private life. But such rewards as accrue to faithful friendship must go to Governor Allen. There was none of the jackal nor buzzard about him after the assassination. He left that to the professionals.

None of Huey's scrambling heirs are aspiring to anything greater than to hang on to the sorry local fragments. The senator's Share-the-Wealth movement—his national political organization—has been left to worry out its own destiny. Naturally enough it became the concern of the vigorously tearful evangelist, the Reverend Gerald L. K. Smith, whom Huey appointed its national organizer. Mr. Smith, having resigned his pastorate in Baton Rouge for the privilege of organizing Huey's national ballyhoo, is not popular with the majority of Huey's followers. It is not unlikely that they were suspicious of his mass influence. Certainly most of them had no appetite for dictation from him.

Louisiana's New Deal

Therefore the disposition grew to ignore the Share-the-Wealth Society, and Mr. Smith, in the interests of self-preservation, attached himself to Mr. Wade Omer Martin, Huey's chairman of the Louisiana Public Service Commission, whom Governor Allen has designated to fill in Huey's unexpired term in the United States Senate. Mr. Martin, in turn, has promised to take Mr. Smith with him to Washington as his secretary. In that capacity, Mr. Smith will carry on Huey's Share-the-Wealth propaganda and do his best to induce the membership to accept him as their leader. Off-hand, it is not easy to predict success. Mr. Martin, an excellent campaigner, has already disavowed any intention of rustling around in the Kingfish's robes. He proposes to court the White House, not fight it. He will carry neither guns, microphones nor megaphones. Among his chief concerns will be to get as much of President Roosevelt's four billion dollars as possible for hungry Louisiana. And a few millions out of the federal treasury will fetch more cheers from that state than Huey ever did. Mr. Martin, a Cajun orator with a come-hither personality, is a practical but not exceptional politician. He has no visions of empire nor any yearning to make any man, including himself, a king.

Further review of Huey's heirs is scarcely necessary. Nobody wears his mantle. There was nobody big enough to

take it off his shoulders even in death. And if it had been removable it would have taken five or six of the crowd to fill it. And then they'd have torn it apart fighting. We asked one of them, during one of the councils over which Governor Allen was presiding with considerable fear and trembling, how the bereaved statesmen were getting along. Said he:

"Very bitterly, thank you. Allen, Noe and the Reverend are fighting for the poor and oppressed with dishonors about even."

Nevertheless, it would seem at this moment that the momentum that Huey achieved may carry his ticket safely through the January primaries and, consequently, the election. But not much farther. Leading the opposition is Congressman Cleveland Dear, whose opposition to Long has been consistent and decidedly outspoken. He and his associates have been able to build a pretty sizable organization with federal patronage, the denial of which was the chief reason for Huey's hatred of the Administration. The Long crowd is already pondering ways and means to be restored to White House favor. The chances are that gradually they will desert the gaudy banner that Huey carried to his grave and, one by one, knock on the Honorable Jim Farley's door asking for their orders.

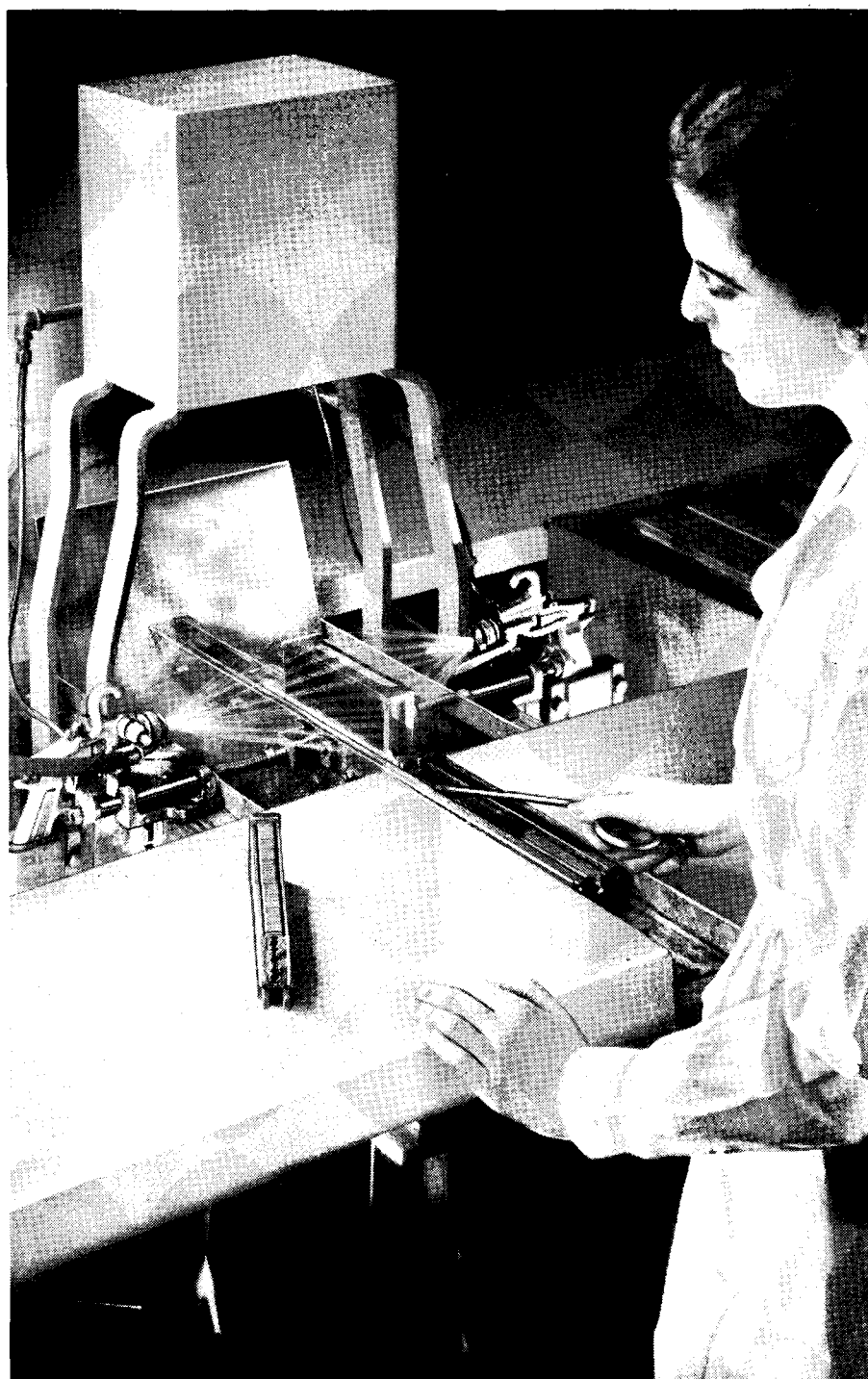
He Had Them on His List

As we were leaving, one of Huey's forlorn bush-beaters in Baton Rouge asked us whether we were satisfied we had learned how Louisiana feels about the passing of her most spectacular child. We said we thought we had a pretty fair idea.

"Well," said he, "on your way home ask Joe Robinson of Arkansas. Ask Pat Harrison of Mississippi. Ask Bennett Clark of Missouri. Ask almost any senator. To a lot of those gents the murder of Huey Long must have been like lifting the mortgage on the old homestead. Huey had the finger on a lot of the big boys up there. Ask President Roosevelt."

Huey lies buried beneath a concrete block in the gardens in front of his \$5,000,000 capitol. Guards chosen apparently for their tonnage patrol the site. And they take their post pretty seriously. We asked a citizen of Baton Rouge whether they were there to keep the souvenir-hunters from hacking the block away.

"Well, that's the general idea," he said. "But most people think it's not so much to keep people out as it is to keep Huey in."



Sprayed WITH ANTISEPTIC... STERILIZED FOR YOUR PROTECTION

DELUGED with twin sprays of powerful antiseptic before it is sealed in its sanitary wrapper—the Gillette "Blue Blade" reaches you surgically clean—entirely free of living organisms.

Repeated examinations by an independent laboratory back this statement—establish the fact that this blade is aseptic—as sterile as a surgical instrument. Here's another measure taken by Gillette to protect your health—to keep your face clear and free from blemish.

Shave with the Gillette "Blue Blade" and you get the benefit of manufacturing facilities that amaze trained observers. Every coil of Gillette steel is examined electromagnetically for hidden flaws—hard-

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Huge four-ton sharpeners—as precise and delicate in adjustment as watch-making machinery—edge the Gillette "Blue Blade" to perfection. Imagine this—each blade is whetted by 280 feet of sharpening surface.

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Better blades than this cannot be produced. Try the Gillette "Blue Blade" on our money-back guarantee and see for yourself.

Reputable merchants give you what you ask for. In stores where substitution is practised—INSIST ON

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Revolution IN SHAVING

A revolution is a revolt which has become successful. And, now, there's a successful revolt among shavers. They demanded a better shave. And they're getting it. Read about it. Then make the Mennen skin test.



W. G. Mennen developing his two types of shaving cream.

The birth of a new idea

Ask yourself this question: Can the same shaving cream be best for an oily skin and for a dry skin, too? That's what W. G. Mennen asked himself; and his answer was—NO! In the average shaver's skin, the tiny oil glands are active. They keep the skin and beard covered with a film of oil. Before a fellow of this type can get a real whisker-wilted shave, he must use a shaving cream that *removes* the oil film, so that the water and lather can wilt the beard. But the man whose oil glands are inactive and whose beard and skin are therefore *dry* needs a shaving cream that will *preserve* what little oil his skin has. "No one cream," said Mr. Mennen, "can do these opposite jobs. It takes *two* types of shaving cream—and I'll make both types."

The Outcome

Today you can get a shaving cream that is especially built for *your* type of skin and beard. Mennen *Lather Shave* is made for the oily

or normal type. It washes the oil out of your whiskers, wilts them thoroughly. Then it cleans out over-active pores, loosening deeply imbedded oil and grease deposits . . . leaves your face smoother, healthier. On the other hand, Mennen *Brushless Shave* is made for dry skins. It's an emollient—softens, relaxes, soothes. Rids you of that dry, taut feeling. Roughness, redness disappear. And it's not messy; it's a cream, not a grease.

Shoot a dime to make this shave-test

Find out now whether you need a shaving cream that *removes* oil or one that *preserves* oil. The way to do this is to send for the Mennen Skin Tester Kit. It contains 5 Mennen products, including both Mennen *Lather Shave* and *Brushless*. Use the coupon.



**OILY SKINS need
MENNEN LATHER**

**DRY SKINS need
MENNEN BRUSHLESS**

After the shave . . . Mennen Skin Balm—
A refreshing after-shave lotion in cream form. Conditions the skin, prevents rawness, irritation, chapping. Quickly absorbed. Greaseless. An odor you'll like. The ladies like it, too. Also Mennen Talcum for Men—doesn't show. Kills "face shine." The most popular men's powder.

MENNEN

LATHER SHAVE Plain or Menthol-Iced or brushless



**SKIN TESTER
KIT**

5 PRODUCTS FOR 10¢

"Yes, Mr. Mennen, I'll make the test. Send along your SKIN TESTER KIT containing trial sizes of Mennen Lather Shave, Brushless Shave, Skin Bracer, Skin Balm and Talcum for Men." Send coupon with 10c in coin to the Mennen Company, Newark, N. J., Dept. C-11-23.

Name.....

Address

Squads West

Continued from page 17

I asked him what the trouble was. "I don't know, Coach," he said. "It's—it's hard for me to breathe. And I'm mighty sick in my stomach."

Nobody had touched him in that run. I knew what it was. And that's the little story.

Millard Howell was the coolest player on the squad. He was never nervous before a game—until this one. He was always ready for breakfast, and the light luncheon—a tiny bit of rare roast beef, one piece of dry toast, and a cup of tea—always seemed scanty to him.

But this game—well, I've suggested that this game and the build-up composed something else. Howell had tried to eat breakfast—tried twice. It wouldn't stick either time. He didn't even face his luncheon. The big game had just got him—the boy with the coldest nerves and the best competitive disposition I've ever seen.

And there he was, laid out with a species of cramps.

The Best Time for a Bad Break

And there was one of the breaks that decide big games. If this had to happen, it was the best time in the game for us. Only two minutes were left of the first half. We were then leading, 16-7. And as luck (sometimes known as master-minding) would have it, Joe Riley, who took Howell's place, slung a touchdown pass before the end of the half that put us 22-7. And Dr. Sherrill worked on Howell all through the intermission, keeping him down in the open air.

Now watch how the breaks continued with us.

When we came down the stairs to resume play, Howell was up and ready to go but admitted honestly that he wasn't right. He said he could start, however. So I told him I'd instruct Riley Smith not to run him with the ball for a spell, and to take things as easy—well, as easy as he could, in a game with a team like Stanford.

Stanford solved that problem better than I did.

We kicked off to them and without losing the ball they carried it seventy-five yards down the field to a touchdown—one of the most tremendous drives I've ever witnessed. Their running attack was destructive. Almost in turn Grayson, Hamilton and Van Dellen tore our line apart. That Bones Hamilton is all they ever said he was, as a blocker, and a few chips more! Hamilton was reversing to our right, Van Dellen to our left, and Grayson was going both ways—at once, it seemed sometimes. They were murdering our line—but Howell, back in the safety position, was out of all the plays; and his strength was coming back.

Another thing. As the sun sank back of the towering western wall of the stadium, the shadow came over him. He told me later it was like some kind of a stimulant, that coolness. He could feel his legs getting the spring back in them.

That touchdown made the score 22-13, and it was early in the second half, and of course that was not so good, because the way that Stanford juggernaut was rolling it appeared no team on earth—certainly not ours—could stop it.

We kicked off again, at that. I've been charged with plenty of dumbness for not letting Stanford kick off. But the reason seemed good to me. They had this chap Reynolds, who all year had been booting kick-offs far over the goal line. Now, if he kicked one over our line, why, we'd be out there with the ball, on our own twenty-yard strip, Howell in a doubtful

condition, and the Stanford team keyed up to a million by the blood just drawn. So anything might happen—probably something pretty bad.

So Don Hutson kicked off, and they started again, from about their thirty-yard line, hammering away. But by this time our side had figured out those furious driving plays sufficiently to be able to put up some resistance. The gains were shortened. And when they had worked the ball to our thirty-five-yard line on a third down, they tried a short pass over the middle, and Kay Francis, our center, popped up and caught it.

And here's where the old master-minding picked up a perfectly unjustified credit—so far as this coach is concerned.

Our pregame strategy had been to play reckless ball until we were in the lead—if we could get in the lead. Now we had a good margin. One touchdown wouldn't catch us. This was near the end of the third quarter, and I was resting Don Hutson up for the final period.

So as the fourth quarter opened I sent Hutson in, with explicit instructions to Riley Smith to play the game safe, and above all not to pass unless he was within Stanford's thirty-yard line. The ball was still in our territory at the moment, you remember, after a first down gained by Angelich and Demy.

Of course, a substitute may not communicate with the signal-caller until one play has been run after he enters the game.

And there stood Don Hutson in the huddle, mum as an oyster, listening to Riley Smith calling the same long pass that had been executed at the close of the first half, from Riley to Hutson, for a touchdown. This time it was Howell to Hutson. And there was nothing Hutson could do about the signal. As to the ensuing play—well, he caught a pass from Howell, which traveled forty yards in the air, and carried it fourteen yards more, to a touchdown!

Well, maybe Riley Smith has a master mind. He certainly surprised Stanford—but no more than he surprised me!

Anyway, we now had a lead of 29-13, and two touchdowns wouldn't collar us. So I can thank Riley Smith for the first long breath I drew all that afternoon. The game was in the bag.

Fathers and Sons

As to the other side of the Rockies, where lies a lot of railroad track, and the long ride home, I rather like to remember a little story I heard from the Alabama section in the western stands.

Joe Riley's father is a cop in Dothan, Alabama, and Don Hutson's daddy is a locomotive engineer living in Pine Bluff, Arkansas. They had never seen each other, but they were both at the game. When Riley threw that touchdown pass to Hutson at the close of the first half, Riley, senior, bounded to his feet along with everybody else, and he stood up longer, all by himself, after the rest sat down.

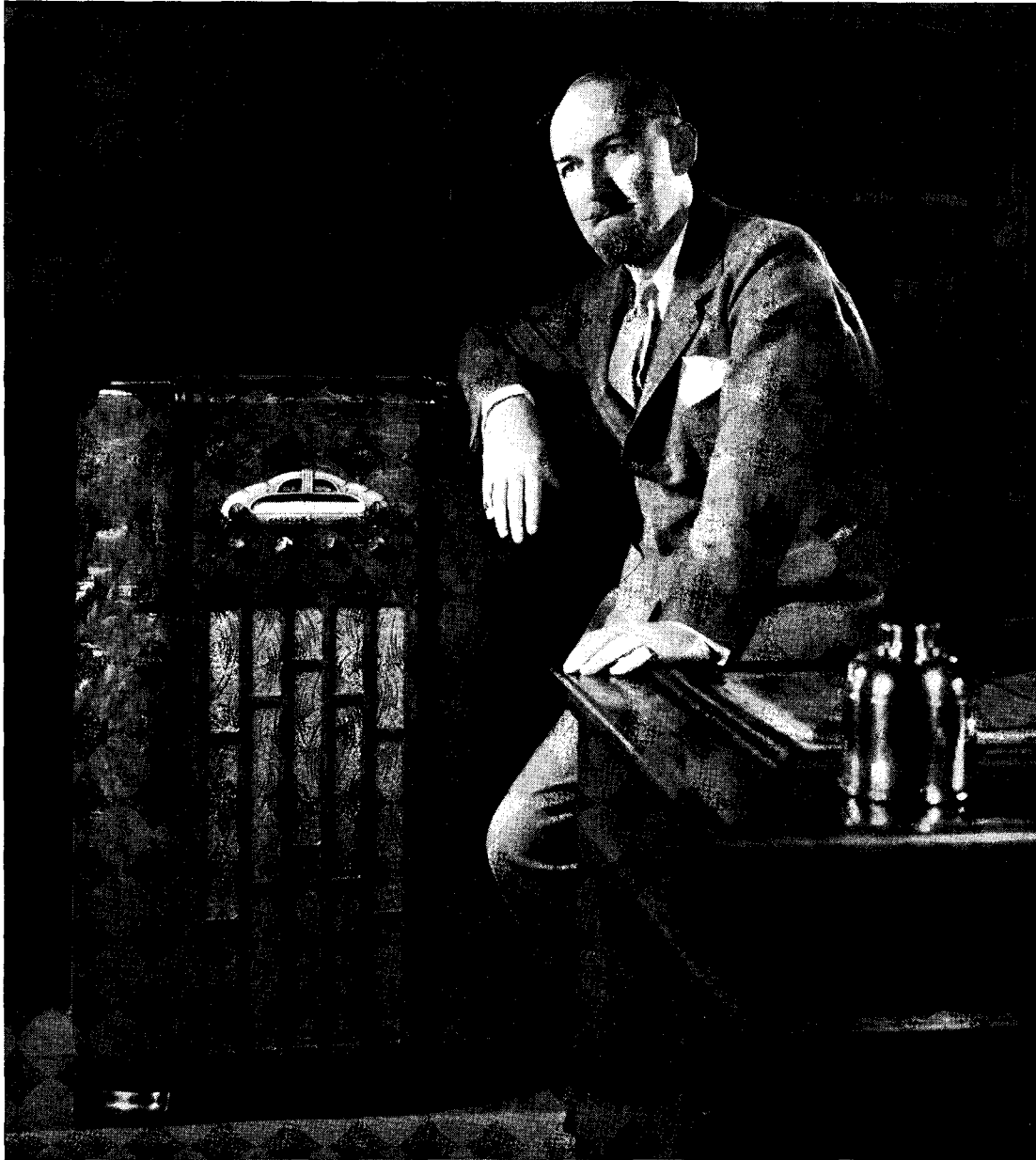
"That was my boy Joe that threw that pass," he announced to the world at large at the top of his lungs.

And fifteen rows below him, old man Hutson leaped up with the rejoinder: "And that was my boy Don that caught it!"

I understand they met after the game and became very well acquainted.

It didn't seem like such a long ride home, to Tuscaloosa. Not even with the boys dropping around every now and then to ask me if I thought they could come from behind.

When you can thrill *S. S. Van Dine* ... that's *NEWS!*



We asked S. S. Van Dine, author of the famous Philo Vance detective stories, to listen to the New General Electric Radio, and to write his impression of it. He did... and wrote:

"When I first turned the dials of this new G-E Radio, I was confronted with a new and fascinating mystery.

"First: My library suddenly became a concert hall, resonant with a beautifully tone-balanced orchestra and the clear brilliance of a singing voice that was a living personality.

"Second: Stations as close as the next second on the dial, seemed as far apart as the stars, for there was not even a whisper of interference.

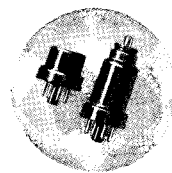
"Third: Although I strained my ears, I could not detect any sign of the crackles or hum which I had long accepted as inescapable evils of radio reception.

"Fourth: No matter where I wished to be, no matter how remote the spot, I could whisk myself there—to Europe, Africa, or wherever my fancy led.

"Here, indeed, was a multiple mystery; and, although I strongly suspect the answer lies in the tremendous advance that radio science has made in this new G-E Radio, I am not going to call upon Philo Vance to solve it. It is too perfect just as it is."

S. S. VanDine

NEW METAL TUBES— THE INSPIRATION FOR THE NEW G-E RADIO



Invented and perfected in the G-E "House of Magic"... prompting the creation of an advanced radio that is signally

new — new from base to top.

All 1936 G-E Radios are completely equipped with metal tubes—even those priced as low as \$34.50.

(All prices F.O.B., Bridgeport, Conn., and subject to change without notice.)

This new 1936 G-E Radio will thrill you, too ... and here's why

Sired in the famous G-E "House of Magic", the new G-E Radio has fallen heir to five notably new radio developments:

NEW METAL TUBES... strong and clear in signal, supremely quiet, untiring and dependable—the greatest forward step in radio progress since the introduction of the all-electric receiver.

G-E SENTRY BOX... controlling as many as five separate broadcasting bands... permitting only one of a thousand and one radio waves to pass—the wave you're dialed to hear.

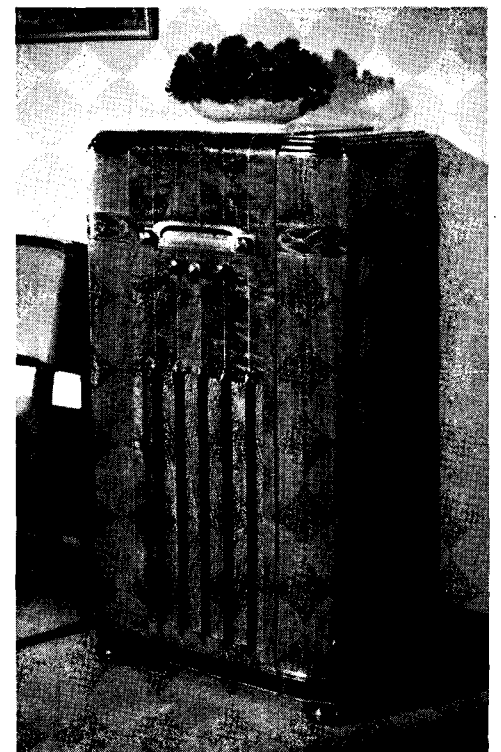
G-E PERMALINER... maintaining the original alignment of the set... keeping the radio always at "concert pitch", year in and year out.

G-E STABILIZED SPEAKER... reproducing speech and music with amazing fidelity—with every shade of tonal color.

G-E SLIDING-RULE TUNING SCALE... softly illuminated, showing only one tuning band at a time... listing all stations in a straight line—as easy to read as a ruler, whether you're sitting or standing.

The radio that came out of the "House of Magic" is now on display at your nearest G-E Radio Dealer's—in a variety of consoles and table models. See and hear them... then try to find their equal if you can.

The 1936 G-E Radio was designed to give you a thrill. And it will—if you use an antenna equally fine—the new G-E V-Doublet All-wave Antenna at \$5.95.

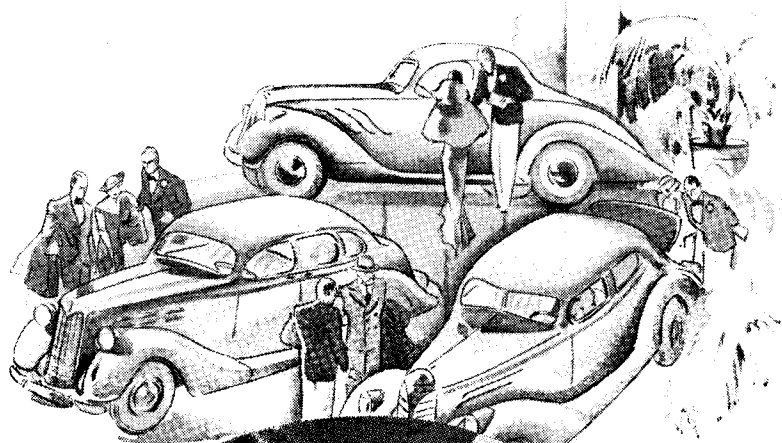


One of many impressive new G-E consoles—Model A-87. Four reception bands... eight metal tubes, walnut cabinet of neo-classic design, \$125.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

New 1936 Radio

Always Simoniz a New Car!



**PROTECTS THE FINISH...
MAKES IT LAST LONGER!**

**SIMONIZING—EASIER
—QUICKER—SAFER**
If your car is dull, you can quickly make it look new again with the wonderful Simoniz Kleener. Then apply Simoniz for lasting beauty and protection. ALWAYS INSIST ON THEM FOR YOUR CAR.

The first thing to do for any new car is to Simoniz it! Simoniz is something the finish needs and must have to stay beautiful. It's more than a wax or a polish. In fact, there's nothing like Simoniz! It gives protection to the finish that weather can't wear off. Makes it last longer and keeps the colors from fading. So give your car this world-famous "beauty insurance" that is saving millions time and money. And do it now!

MOTORISTS WISE

SIMONIZ

THE SECRET OF LASTING MOTOR CAR BEAUTY

Plenty to Worry About

Continued from page 11

leaned forward and endeavored to look Angelo in the eye. The plump little man smiled and evaded him. "What's next?" Tug demanded.

"Maybe," Angelo said, "they prove it on him. Maybe he get twenty-five years in the Big House. Me—I don't think so. When the time comes the witnesses don't show up. Nobody knows where they are."

"Listen, Angelo," Tug said, "the girl who identified Scarfa is my girl."

Angelo cocked his head on one side. "If she was my girl, Mr. Brown," Angelo said softly, "she would take a long trip—maybe Europe; maybe South America; maybe round-the-world cruise."

"And not testify at the trial?"

"Sure not," Angelo said.

"But suppose she thinks she ought to testify. Suppose she thinks it is her duty?"

"You are a man. You are the boss. You tell her what to do and what not to do. She is a woman. She got nothing to say."

It was very simple to Angelo.

"What about the butler?"

"They will tell him to take a ship, quick, for home—and not come back."

"But suppose he doesn't want to go away—suppose he wants to keep his job."

"Some morning in the paper we will read that the body of an unknown man was found in the weeds by the road—full of bullet holes."

"But the police will know Scarfa did it."

"Scarfa! He will be in jail waiting for trial. He will have an alibi."

"They wouldn't dare," Tug said. "You know they wouldn't dare."

Angelo shrugged his shoulders. "If you know better than Angelo," he said gently, "what the hell you come all the way over here for?"

"I came because I thought there was just a chance the girl might be in danger and if she is—"

"You come for me to tell you everything is all right," Angelo said. "Nothing to worry about."

Tug had to smile at that. It was so precisely true.

"You see?" Angelo said. "You laugh. You know you want me to tell you to go home, go to sleep, forget it. I am sorry. I do not forget the time you help me in my trouble and nobody else can help me. I need to get the story in the paper and you do it. I want to do something for you. But I cannot tell you nothing to worry about. You got plenty to worry about."

TUG thanked him and went back to Manhattan. It was two o'clock in the morning when he got out of the subway at Eighth Street. He looked up at Ann's windows. They were dark. He had gathered from Angelo that they wouldn't try to kidnap Ann unless she refused to go away. He set his alarm clock for seven. When it rang, he got up and dressed and found a shoulder holster. The barrel of his pet target revolver was long. But the gun hung well enough under his left arm.

He got coffee in Sixth Avenue and found a taxi driver he knew and drove east on Tenth Street. He told the man to park the cab in front of Ann's apartment and to leave the engine running. Tug sat there waiting. He had to wait more than half an hour before he saw Ann coming out. She was very smart in a black suit. She was smiling. But the smile left her face when she saw Tug getting out of the cab.

He took her arm and pushed her toward the cab. "Jump in," he said. "I'll drive you uptown. I've got to talk to you."

Ann got in the cab. Tug gave the driver the store's address on Fifth Avenue. The cab started down the street. She didn't look at him. She waited with manifest indifference for him to speak.

The cab went round the corner into Fifth Avenue. Tug felt like a fool. Angelo had convinced him the night before that Ann was in danger. Now, in the sunshine, on Fifth Avenue, it seemed silly. He took another look at Ann. She was looking straight ahead. She had a lovely profile. But her nose did turn up a little at the end. He liked its turning up. It made her seem somehow capable of being warm and sweet in spite of her cold manner. At least it helped him to remember how warm and sweet she had been once.

"Ann," he said, "are you going to testify against those two men when the case comes to trial?"

"Yes," she said, "of course. It has to be done."

"Then," he said, "you're in imminent danger of being kidnapped or shot. You've got to have a police escort wherever you go."

ANN turned and looked at him as if he were a small boy.

"You love your melodrama, don't you, Tug?"

Tug could gladly have slapped her.

"I'm telling you the plain truth, Ann," he said. "You've either got to go away somewhere—to Europe for instance—and stay away until the trial is over or else you've got to be guarded. You've got to be followed around by two policemen wherever you go."

"I can't go to Europe now," she said. "I've got a job. And I wouldn't like being followed around by two policemen. I don't feel I rate two policemen. I don't think the police department would feel I rated two policemen."

"I can arrange for the policemen through the Blade."

"But I don't want policemen," Ann said. "I won't have policemen."

"There is one other possibility," Tug said, "and that's to lock yourself up in one of the big hotels and stay there. You could probably arrange to do your work there."

"But I'm not going to do any of those perfectly stupid things," Ann said.

Tug sat there remembering what Angelo had said: She is a woman. She got nothing to say. . . . But it didn't work. Ann wasn't scared. Tug thought and thought until the cab stopped at the store entrance. What could you do? What would Angelo do—if the girl wasn't scared?

"Go home, Tug," Ann said, as she got out of the cab. "Go home and get some sleep. You'll be all right again when you've had some sleep."

She thought he had been out all night. She thought he wasn't himself and she was almost tender about it.

Tug paid off the cab and walked down the street and found a telephone and called up the bureau and asked for Dinty Dugan. They told him Captain Dugan was in Chicago. He wouldn't be back for a week. Tug walked down Fifth Avenue toward home. He stopped at a restaurant and got coffee and sat there thinking. He thought in a circle. He wasn't going to get anywhere until Ann was scared.

He had a cab at the store entrance when Ann came out at half-past five.

"I came to take you home," he said firmly. He was all set to pick her up in his arms and put her in the cab if she refused. But she didn't refuse.

"I'm expecting Forstner to call for me at the apartment," Ann said. "We're driving out to the country somewhere to dinner."

Tug said nothing all the way down to Tenth Street.

"Goodby, Tug," she said, when they got to her door, "and thank you."

"I'm coming in," Tug said.

"I told you I was expecting Forstner," Ann said.

"That's why I'm coming in. I've got something to tell him."

He followed her into the lobby and up one flight of stairs to her studio. Tug marveled at her ability to act as if they had never met before. She couldn't have forgotten the times they had divided their last fifty cents, nor the meals they'd had together, nor the kisses. But now she talked of this and that as if they were strangers, until Forstner Platt came in. He was a tall and handsome man and impeccably dressed. He greeted Ann as if she were something precious.

"Mr. Platt," Tug said, with the snap a New York reporter uses when interviewing somebody he doesn't like and doesn't intend to bother with for long, "there's a man in Brooklyn who knows as much about the underworld as anybody I've run into. I went to see him last night."

"Really!" Forstner Platt said. He spoke in that politely bored tone which makes it clear how little one is interested.

Tug told him what Angelo had said. "How interesting," Forstner Platt said. "But scarcely to be taken seriously, what?"

"Did you read what happened to that chambermaid who was a witness in the Harkins murder?" Tug asked.

Forstner Platt smiled patiently. "Ann isn't a chambermaid," he said. "She is an accomplished artist in the advertising office of an important firm. She has a powerful friend in me. I shall see that she is protected from any embarrassment."

Tug got up and looked for his hat. He was pretty well sunk. But he kept on trying.

"Has it occurred to you," he said to Forstner Platt, "that you might be in danger yourself?"

Forstner Platt smiled. "No," he said, "it really hasn't."

"All right," Tug Brown said. "I'm going to follow you and Ann wherever you go until I can arrange for police protection."

"Just what do you imagine you could do if these people did try to attack us?" Forstner Platt asked.

Tug patted the revolver under his arm. "I've got a gun," he said, "and I know how to use it."

Forstner Platt smiled again; he smiled a most exasperating smile. "I don't mind," he said, "as long as you don't make a nuisance of yourself."

Tug got a cab at the corner and pointed out Forstner Platt's car to the driver, and asked him if he thought he could keep up with it.

"Buddy," the taxi driver said, "you show me a private chauffeur that can lose me in New York traffic. I could drive circles around that guy."

TUG had to wait an hour before he saw Ann and Forstner Platt come out of the house and get into the big car. Ann was wearing an evening dress with a cape. They drove down Tenth Street toward Fifth Avenue. The front fender of Tug's taxi ticked the rear fender of Forstner Platt's car as it turned into Fifth Avenue. Forstner Platt had evidently changed his mind about dining somewhere in the country. His car swung west in Fifty-ninth Street and stopped at the Plaza.

Tug followed them into the hotel. They went into the Persian Room. Tug sat down in the lobby. It would take them two hours to eat the kind of dinner Forstner Platt would order even if they didn't dance. They would probably stay on and dance. Tug had two hours in which to do something and he had no idea what to do. He had told Forstner Platt he had a gun and that he knew how to use it. But he might be taken by surprise. There might be too many of them. The sensible thing was to call in the police. He didn't want to call in the police. He knew that the moment they came in he would be out of the picture.

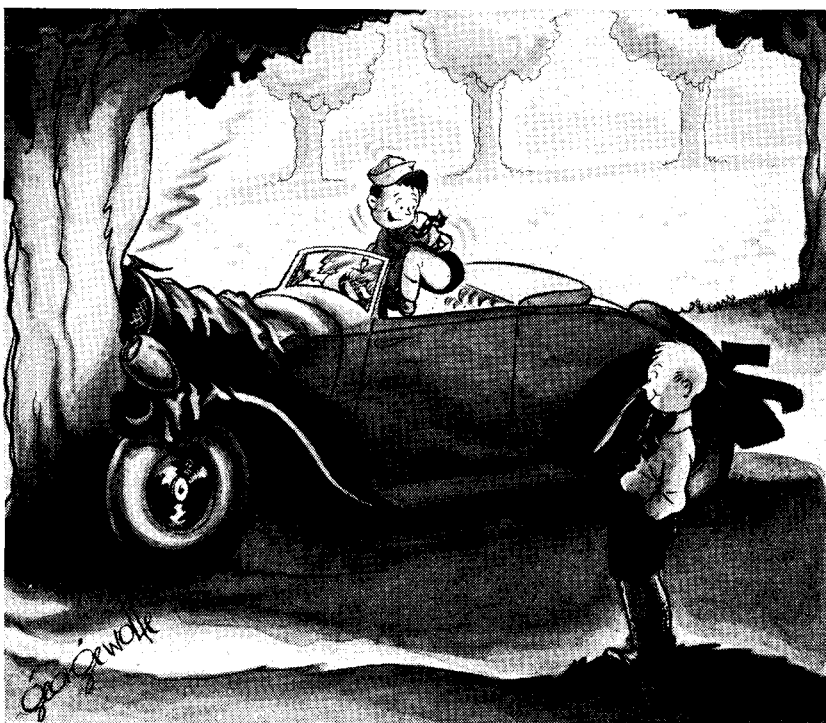
He sat there going over in his mind the people he knew. He hadn't been a reporter in New York for three years without knowing a lot of people who could do things. He wondered just how it would be to get into a gun fight. He knew how it was at Camp Perry when

(Continued on page 38)

You can prove IT'S LIVELIER!

Make the 24-hour test... Open a bottle of Canada Dry's Sparkling Water and put it in your refrigerator. Even without re-corking, it still comes out, 24 hours later, full of lively, long-lasting sparkle. That's because Canada Dry's Sparkling Water is made even clearer than distilled water. And then "pin-point" carbonated.

Now with Canada Dry's Sparkling Water you can enjoy more zestful long drinks...and see how economical it is!



"It's mine! I came running when I heard the crash and a man gave it to me!"

GEORGE WOLFE



"Saw Jim Todd the other day, Mary . . . Poor fellow."

"What's he doing, Henry?"

"Nothing . . . still nothing . . . Nigh on to three years, he tells me. A master painter like him, on relief! He hasn't got a dime, Mary. Jim and me's too old, now, to get a job. People don't hire 70-year-old painters."

"Well, dear, that doesn't worry us any more, does it?"

"No, Mary. We've all we need. Nice little home . . . eighty acres of ground . . . good orchard. Guess we'll clear over five hundred dollars this year . . . We'd have been just like Jim Todd's folks, though, if it hadn't o' been for our Investors Syndicate contracts."

"You know, Mary, when times were good, and I had plenty o' work, I used to think of that old sayin'—'Save the surface and you save all'—Remember? And I says to myself, 'Hank, that's good sense for you. Then, when the stormy weather comes—and it's sure to come—it can't do you no harm.'"

THIS IS ANOTHER STORY FROM LIFE†

Henry Tracy learned *his* lesson from paint. Each month, regularly, he saved "the surface" of his wages—the part he might have spent foolishly . . . And when the storm broke—when even a young painter couldn't find work—he called upon his Living Protection Reserve, and an Investors Syndicate representative put a check for \$2,000 in Henry Tracy's work-scarred hands. He completed the purchase of a small farm in the middle west, and he still has a substantial cash reserve that he hasn't so far required. There isn't a financial cloud on the horizon.

Whose money will *you* live on, when you're too old to work? Fortunately, you can *answer* that

question, today. You may not be able to answer it, "tomorrow." Let an Investors Syndicate representative explain to you a plan whereby a man can figure *exactly* how much he can depend upon, 180 months from today.

He will show you how \$10 a month, regularly set aside, will produce \$2,500—or how \$40 a month, regularly, will build a fund of \$10,000. In the meantime, write Investors Syndicate, Dept. C511, Minneapolis, Minn., for your copy of "A Well-Balanced Program." It contains specific examples of similar funds. Do well by yourself today—you'll be well done by . . . "tomorrow."

†An actual experience related by client. For obvious reasons, both names and character identities are changed.

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Founded 1894

LIVING PROTECTION

Offices in 53 principal cities—Representatives throughout U. S. and Canada. Affiliated Companies: Investors Syndicate Title & Guaranty Company, New York—Investors Syndicate, Ltd., Montreal.

(Continued from page 37)

you came up for the rapid-fire stage of the National Match course.

Tug knew it wouldn't be like that. They'd probably be so close you couldn't miss them. They'd probably be so close it was just a question of who shot first and he ought to have a quick-draw gun, a short and handy gun with the front sight rounded and the hammer spur cut off so they wouldn't catch in the holster as he drew. The cartridges in the revolver under his arm were loaded with the wad-cutter bullets that make the largest possible hole in the target and the largest possible hole in a man. But the barrel was long and the front sight was high and sharp as a chisel where it was cut back so it would not reflect light, and if you tried to draw it in a hurry it would snag in the holster.

Tug remembered Phil Lawrence and wondered why he hadn't thought of him before. Phil Lawrence lived in Sutton Place and made a hobby of public service. He was an assistant district attorney. He called up Phil Lawrence and told him about Ann and what Angelo had said.

"I don't believe they would try to murder her," Phil Lawrence said. "They'll merely try to intimidate her. They'll grab her and put her in a car or a taxi and take her somewhere and scare her into promising to go out of town and then they'll let her go with a warning that if she doesn't go out of town it will be just too bad."

"I don't want that to happen to Ann," Tug said.

"Of course you don't."

"Can't you have her locked up as a material witness?" Tug asked.

"I can," Phil Lawrence said. "But she wouldn't like it."

"What if she doesn't like it?"

"I thought she was your girl," Phil Lawrence said.

"I don't care how mad she is," Tug said. "But I can imagine you don't want to offend Forstner Platt."

He knew that would get Phil and it did.

"You can, can you!" Phil Lawrence said. "Well, I'll just show you. Don't you know all I live for is to have guys like Forstner Platt try to raise hell with me?"

He said he would send two detectives to Tenth Street to arrest Ann. They would be waiting for her when she got home. And if Forstner Platt made any fuss they'd take him, too.

TUG went back to the lobby and waited for Ann and Forstner Platt to come out of the Persian Room. He had to wait two hours. Then they drove to the Stork Club. He had to wait another two hours. It was two o'clock in the morning when they started down Fifth Avenue toward Tenth Street. Tug leaned forward as they turned into Tenth Street to tell the driver to stop well behind Forstner Platt's car. He had given up all hope of getting into a battle to save Ann Reynolds. He was watching Forstner Platt's car as it stopped because he wanted to stay out of the picture until the two detectives from Phil Lawrence's office appeared.

Tug saw a man running across the street toward Platt's car. He could see the man sharply silhouetted against the lights down the street. Tug jumped out of the cab. You can't really shoot from a standing taxi when the engine is running. The whole thing quivers. Tug saw the man hit the chauffeur of Platt's car with something.

Tug tried to remember afterward whether he could see the sights as he shot. He could only remember that he had shot low so as not to hit the chauffeur and that the man went down as the gun roared. He couldn't see the other side of Platt's car from the middle of

the street. He started to run toward the sidewalk. He saw Forstner Platt lying on the sidewalk and a fellow trying to pull Ann out of the car. Tug shot at the fellow's knees. He must have missed. The man ran down the street toward Fifth Avenue. Tug didn't dare take a chance at shooting again. The other man was up and running, too.

"Ann," Tug said.

She was scared. She was so scared her teeth chattered.

"Oh, Tug," she said.

He leaned into the car, and all the lights went out for him.

When he opened his eyes he was lying on a couch in Ann's studio. He put his hand to his head. There was a place that stung. He raised himself up. There were two policemen there and two fellows in plain clothes.

"I'm Marty O'Brien of the district attorney's office," one of the detectives said. "I'm sorry I hit you. I didn't see the first of it. I was in the basement waiting and I heard the shots and I came running out and you had a gun in your hand."

"Where's Platt?" Tug asked.

"They took him and the chauffeur to the hospital," Ann said. "They weren't seriously hurt but Forstner wanted a doctor to look at the cut on his head."

THERE were too many people there. Tug wanted only to find out if it was true that Ann had turned to him and said, "Oh, Tug," in a voice that meant she cared, or if he had dreamed it. And how was he going to find out in front of so many policemen?

"Tug," Ann said, "these men have arrested me. They say they're going to take me to the Tombs."

"I suppose," Tug said, "they've got their orders."

"But, Tug," she said, "couldn't you do something? Couldn't you call up somebody? I'd do almost anything rather than go to jail."

Tug went to the telephone and called Phil Lawrence. He told him briefly what had happened.

"And now I want to ask you this," Tug said. "I want to ask you if you think it's necessary to lock Ann up." He thought then of a way to find out if Ann had turned to him as if she loved him after he had shot at the two men in the street. He could find out even with four policemen in the room. He put his hand over the mouthpiece of the telephone so Phil Lawrence couldn't hear.

"Ann," he said, "your only chance is to marry me first thing in the morning."

He looked at her. She was still a little scared.

"I'd rather marry you than go to jail," she said.

Tug fixed it up with Phil Lawrence. The detectives and the policemen went out. They said they'd wait around downstairs. They said they'd see that nobody got into the building unless he belonged there.

Tug got up and took a step toward Ann.

"You know we'll fight," Ann said. "We'll have the most awful fights."

Tug took her in his arms.

"Yes," he said, "we will."

He kissed her. He kissed her several times.

"I'd rather fight with you," she said, "than be bored to death by a man like Forstner Platt."

"You weren't in love with him?" Tug said.

"No," Ann said, "of course I wasn't. But what could I do when you told me I couldn't see him any more? As if you were the boss."

"But I am the boss," Tug said.

"You weren't then," Ann said. "You hadn't even asked me to marry you."

Jump at this BARGAIN ON SLICED PINEAPPLE while it lasts!

Domestic Economists, Household Editors, Consumer Advisers, Women's Clubs, etc., in their efforts to help American housewives get the most for their money, have repeatedly pointed out the frequent opportunities for economizing by buying food in large containers.

Right now the money-saving
bargain on Sliced Pineapple
is the big (No. 2½) can

- More Sliced Pineapple for your money
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BUY NOW while current low prices still prevail



Welcome
reveille!
Waffles and
bacon with warmed
Pineapple slices

Golden
as a day
at Waikiki:
Pineapple slices with
scrambled eggs
and bacon

Eye
pleaser,
taste teaser—
molded gelatine
& Sliced Pineapple

Meat balls—
glorified! French
fried potatoes—
diced carrots AND golden
brown grilled Pineapple slices

Refreshing
—yes! Appetizing—yes!
Simple—yes! Pineapple
slices on romaine,
with perhaps a
stuffed egg

Left-over
cake, whole
Pineapple slices
—presto! a
shortcake

Plain but
royal—rich, juicy
Pineapple slices
garnished with
mint

MORE fruit for your money—more variety for your table! That's the bargain you get when you buy Sliced Pineapple in the large (No. 2½) can. But, of course, only as long as present prices prevail.

Go to your grocer. Let him show you what a big bonus of extra fruit the large can really gives you. He'll probably go a step further and offer you still more savings on dozen and half-dozen lots. Take him at his word, right then and there, and lay in a good supply—certainly enough to see you through the winter.

Even if yours is a small family, you still can take advantage of the big-can savings. Those 3 or 4 extra slices you don't eat today—tomorrow you'll be glad to have them—to complete a salad, to garnish an omelet, to grill with a chop, or to put the finishing touch on a super-fine dessert. And the slices in the large can are such generous, big slices—the kind you love to serve!

Healthful, too! Vitamins A, B and C. Food-iron for the blood—and copper. Other minerals to increase the alkaline reserve of the body. And natural sugars for quick energy.

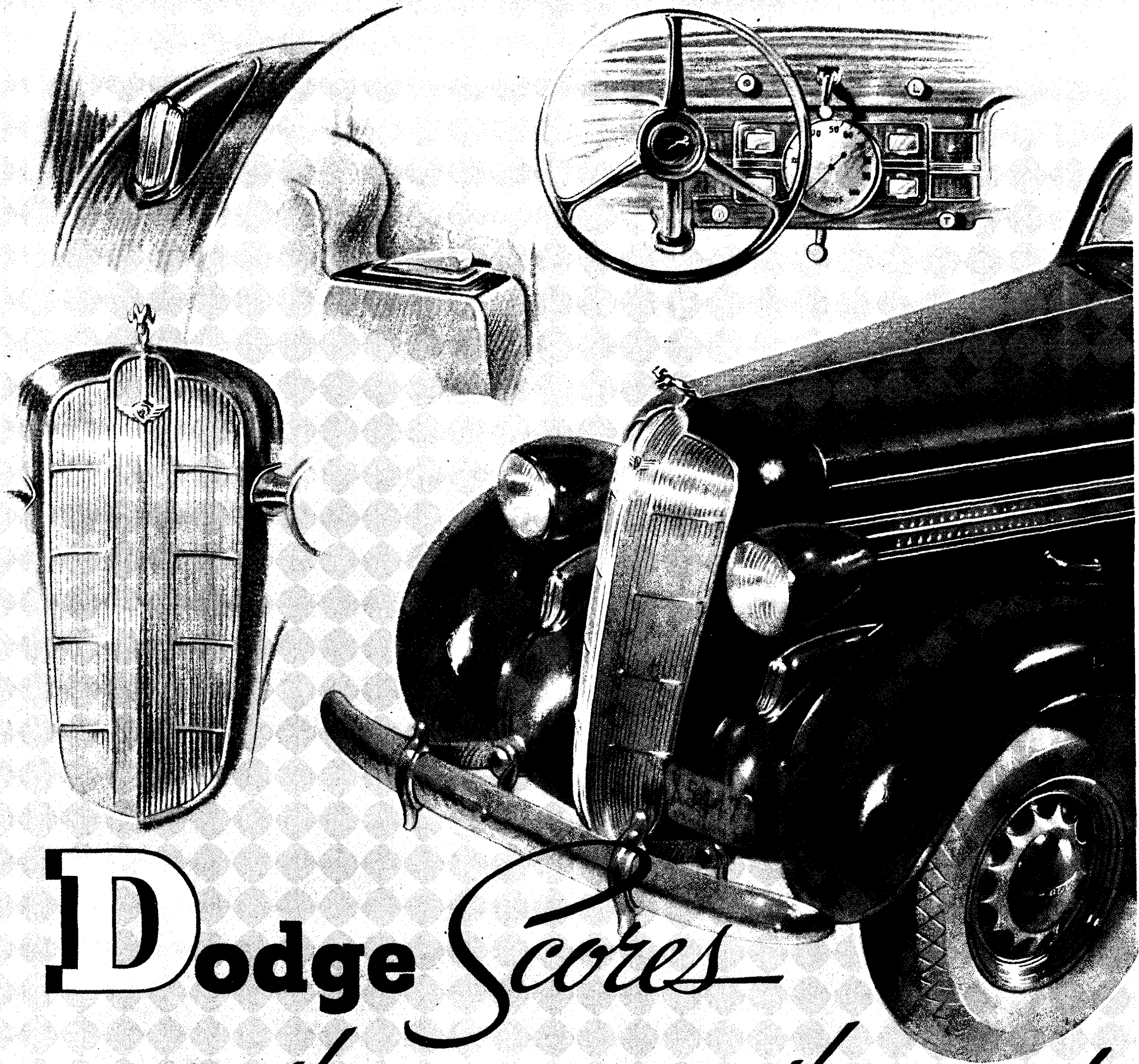
Why, just a single look at the palate-pleasers on this page ought to start you on your way to the store. And, madam, if there's ever a time to load up those kitchen and basement shelves, it's right now while you can still cash-in on today's big-can Sliced Pineapple bargains.

FREE..brand new RECIPE BOOK

You simply can't imagine the endless variety possibilities of Pineapple until you look through this new recipe book. A penny postal card will bring it. Each page classified and perforated ready for your kitchen file, it is further indexed to help you plan your menus by months and by seasons. Address Pineapple Producers Co-operative Association, Ltd., 809 Adam Grant Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

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FAMOUS for safety, sturdiness, dependability and amazing economy of operation, now the new Dodge for 1936 tops it all by sensationally scoring with breath-taking beauty . . . beauty so startling that it has excited the admiration of everyone who has seen it.

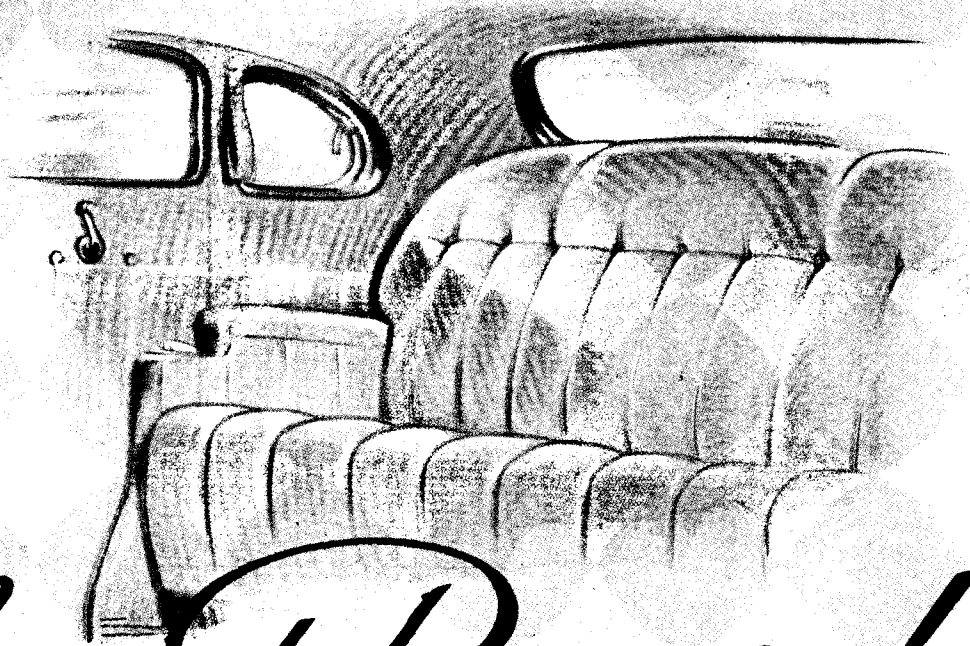
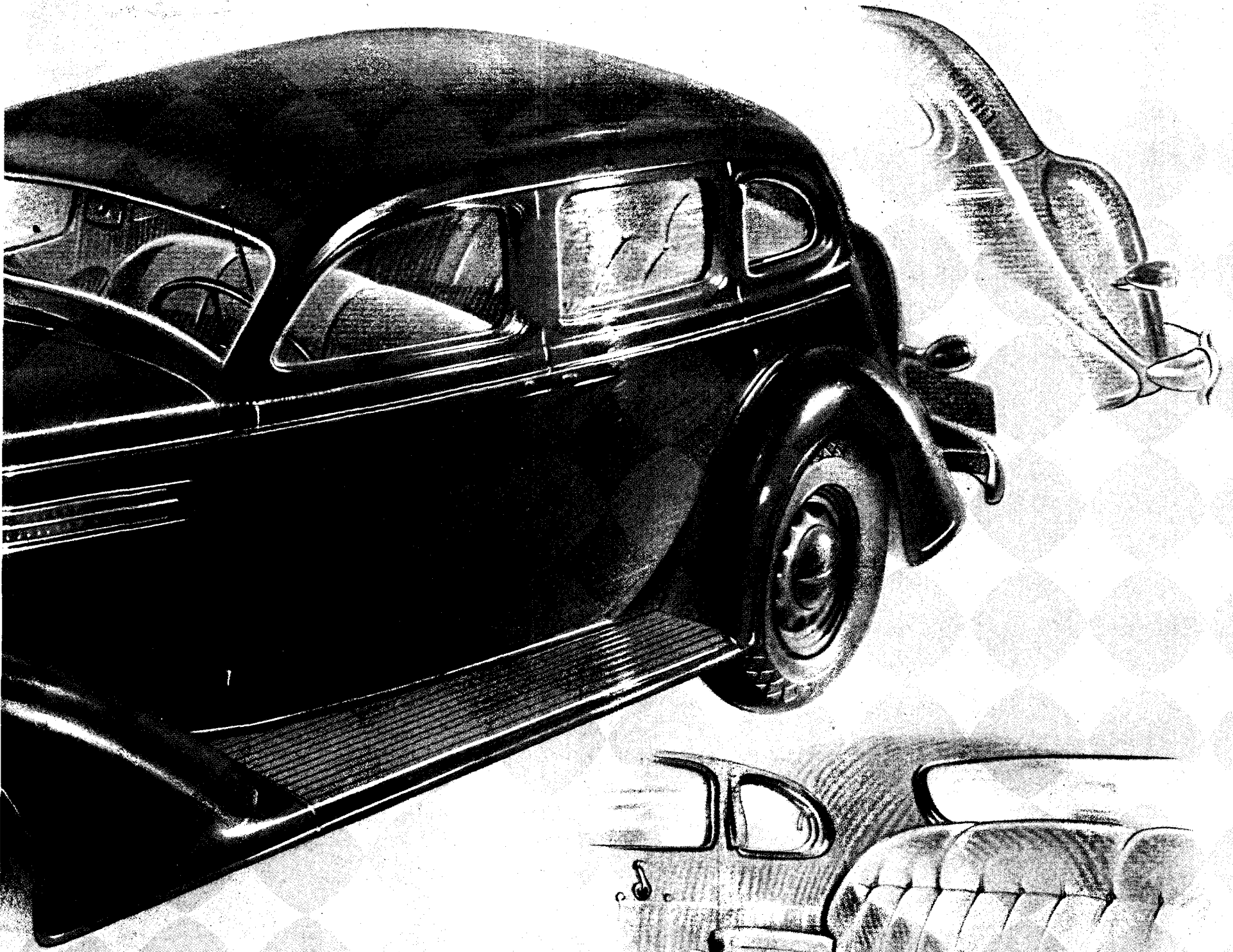
"The smartest and best looking car Dodge ever built," one noted newspaper automobile editor says . . . "A honey!" exclaims another . . . "The most strikingly beautiful of all Dodge cars," writes a third . . . "An eyeful!" is the vote of automobile editors from all parts of the country. "It's easy to see why they call it the 'Beauty Winner'

of 1936," says a famous woman stylist . . . "Its interior appointments will thrill any woman," declares a well-known fashion expert . . .

And no wonder they all rave . . . these men and women who know. At very first sight you'll recognize the sheer beauty and smartness of this new Dodge. Dodge—the car that thrilled all America by setting new records for gas, oil and upkeep savings; the car that has survived the most terrific and tortuous safety tests ever devised; the car that everybody knows is built to "take it."

This "Beauty Winner" of 1936 gives you all the things you should

AMERICA'S BIG MONEY-SAVING CAR...BUILT TO SURVIVE



al new Style and Beauty!

demand of a motor car—the things you are entitled to. It gives you the kind of ride that would thrill you even in the most expensive American or European motor cars, yet with the amazing economy of operation everyone knows Dodge provides.

It gives you the time-proved safety of *genuine* hydraulic brakes... Dodge safety-steel bodies... the finger-tip, toe-tip handling ease of Balanced Driving Control... new, more spacious interiors, trimmed in richer, more expensive materials... and, above all, it gives you the extraordinary economy of the powerful Dodge engine—the engine

which owners are already reporting gives them *18 to 24 miles per gallon of gas and saves up to 20% on oil.*

See this magnificent new Dodge today. Drive it. Compare it point for point with any competitive make priced within \$500 of Dodge. You'll be amazed at how much extra value the big Money-Saving "Beauty Winner" of 1936 gives you for just a few dollars more than the lowest-priced cars!

DODGE DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION
Time payments to fit your budget. Ask for the official Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Plan.

VE THRILLING SAFETY TESTS.. *Beauty Winner of 1936*



Highest Awards have always gone to

JOHNNIE WALKER

Scotch Whisky

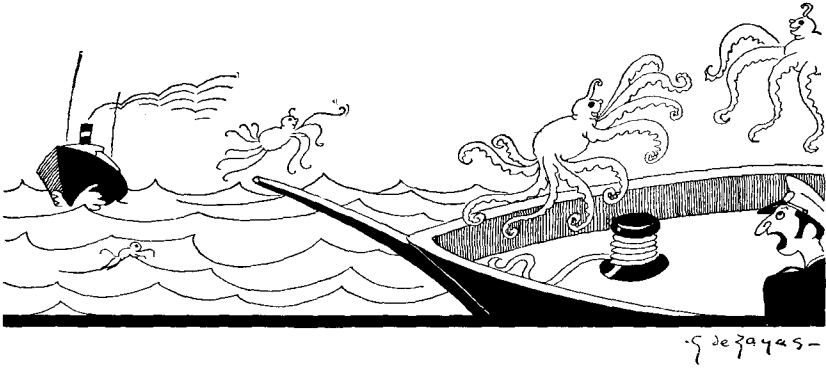


FOUR CONTINENTS have conferred medals at various periods upon Johnnie Walker. It has long been "Scotch by Appointment to H. M. the King." But even more eloquent is the everyday acclaim given Johnnie Walker. Throughout the civilized world, wherever men gather, the genial figure in the red coat stands for Scotch Whisky at its best.

Johnnie Walker Black Label is more than 12 years old. Red Label more than 8. Every drop has been married in the cask . . . slowly matured to develop the full, round flavour and smoothness that make "Johnnie Walker and soda" one of the world's great drinks.

Age for age, value for value, compare Johnnie Walker. There's no sounder whisky than Scotch—and no better Scotch than Johnnie Walker.

CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y., *SOLE DISTRIBUTORS*



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

The flying squid, a ten-armed marine animal about a foot long and closely related to the octopus and the cuttlefish, is the only known creature whose mode of travel, strictly speaking, is a series of leaps on the surface of the sea. In fact, these leaps are so long and high that the animals frequently land on the decks of ships.—By David M. Whipp, Glendale, California.

Three weeks before the first bomb was dropped on Ethiopia, leading travel agencies in Italy were optimistically advertising excursions to the "New Italian Territories in Africa." Advertisements read: "Tourists! In 1936 we are organizing special trips from Milan to Addis Ababa. Return via Eritrea and Libya. Visit the former kingdom of the Negus."—By Mrs. V. F. Dougherty, Gorei, Ethiopia.

Throughout the world, door-to-door salesmen and other itinerant peddlers still sell or take orders for nearly every kind of article and service. In Japan they carry portable shrines which they rent, for a few minutes at a time, to those who wish to say a prayer.—By W. R. Raffloer, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

An improved tear-gas bomb recently invented discharges one third of its gas when it hits the ground and then instantly jumps about 15 feet. This lightning act occurs three times in approximately three seconds, thus preventing its being picked up and thrown back.

Three recently completed experiments on rodents reveal that copper, added in minute bits to the diet of rats, prevents their hair from turning gray, that cancerous tissue implanted in mice causes cancer in some and not in others, and that constant noise retards the growth of rats, after several generations, as much as ten per cent.

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From the 15th to the 20th century England believed in the efficacy of cramp rings—finger rings that would prevent cramps after they had been blessed by the king. Faith in these rings increased so rapidly that the blessing was no longer needed, and millions were sold for other ailments such as rheumatism, epilepsy and fits. As late as 1912, "Genuine Anti-Rheumatic Rings" were advertised in English farm magazines.

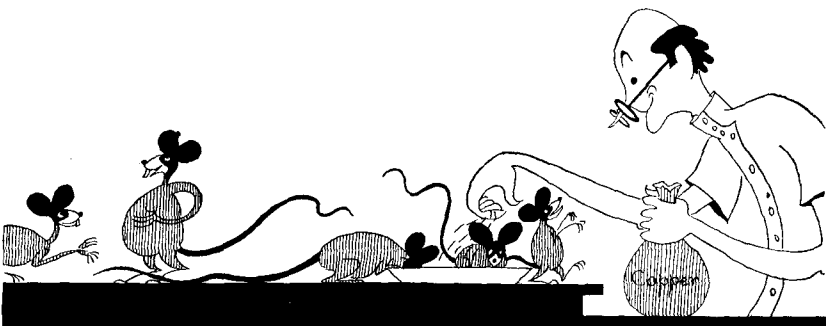
The five holy Mohammedan cities—Mecca, Najaf, Kerbela, Samarra and Khadimain, with a population of 250,000—have for 1,200 years depended almost entirely for their income on revenue derived from pilgrims, for whom they operate rooming and boarding houses, run gambling dens, perform miracles and prepare prayers.

In almost all literature, italics are used for emphasis or to give words a special meaning. But in the Bible they are used merely to designate words that have been added to make complete sense out of the literal translation from the Greek and Hebrew.—By Margaret Tinney, Talladega, Alabama.

A study of the lives of several hundred kings, emperors, czars and other monarchs who have ruled during the past 800 years reveals that their average reign was 20 years, an astonishingly long period considering the fact that the majority lived in constant danger and that about one third met violent deaths.

Although divers seldom find more than one natural pearl in a thousand pearl oysters, some shells have contained a number of these gems. There is one case on record in which an oyster yielded 48 small pearls.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address: Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.



WRAPPED IN A DOLLAR BILL

... and given away *Free!*



yet you can't afford to *USE* this bulb!

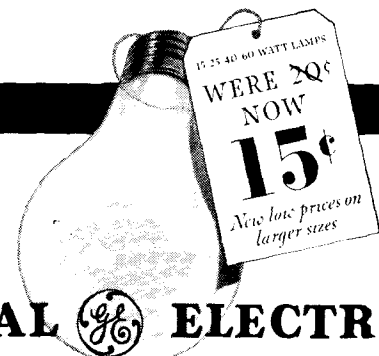
• "Give us a statement," we asked a lighting expert who has tested thousands of lamps—good and bad—under scientific laboratory conditions, "that will show people why they should avoid inferior lamps."

And here is what he said—

"Assume the price of a good lamp—such as a G-E MAZDA lamp—is 15¢ and the price of the so-called 'bargain' lamp is as low as 10¢. On the basis of the same amount of light for 1000 hours, for every dollar spent to burn the good lamp it would be necessary to spend over a dollar and a half to burn the inferior brand . . . or fifty per cent more.

"In fact there are 'bargain' lamps on the market today that you could not afford to burn even if you were given the lamps free and handed a one dollar bill with each one besides."

Here is the mark of a good lamp . Look for it on the end of every lamp you buy. General Electric Company, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.



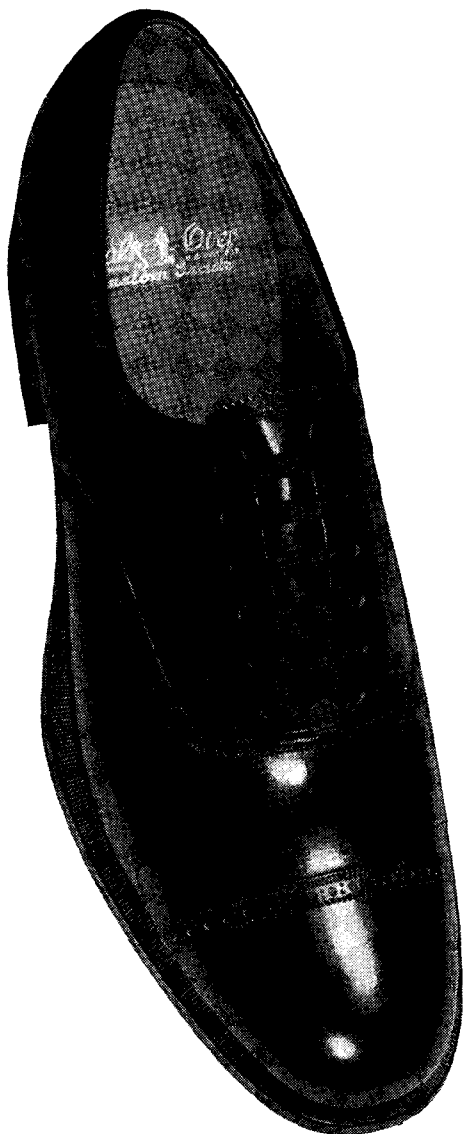
GENERAL ELECTRIC

MAZDA LAMPS

MAYBE IT'S YOUR FEET!



● Pounding hard pavements will do more than tire your feet. It's a constant shock to your entire nervous system... often causes that "all in" feeling. Cushion yourself against these jolts. Step into this shoe.



Shock Absorbing WALK-OVERS

● Shock-absorbing! Just that. Built into this smart shoe is the resilient Main Spring* Arch... entirely cushioned on rubber. Distributes your weight evenly, naturally. Improves your posture. Try on a pair today at any Walk-Over store. Wear them. You'll feel the difference tomorrow. Above: CASINO. Black calfskin. Custom grade. \$8.50. Slightly higher West.

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



GEO. E. KEITH COMPANY
CAMPELLO, BROCKTON, MASS.

Read 'em and Win

Continued from page 20

complete card-reading, at least in tentative form, subject to change if some unexpected development occurred, making the complete deal look thus:

North	
♠ J 9 8 3	
♥ A J	
♦ A 9 5	
♣ J 9 4 2	
West	
♠ x x x x	
♥ K x x x x	
♦ None	
♣ 10 8 7 6	
East	
♠ 10	
♥ Q 10 9 8	
♦ K 10 8 7 2	
♣ Q 5 3	
South	
♠ A K Q x	
♥ x x	
♦ Q J 6 4 3	
♣ A K	

The "x" in each case represents a card as small as the seven or lower. If the club nine is played on the first trick, East begins to act at once upon his card-reading by resisting the temptation to cover with his queen and thus set up the jack for an early heart discard.

Each Trick is a Tip-Off

Not once in thousands of hands can so much be figured out so early. Generally the card-reading is of a progressive type, the situation becoming clearer with each succeeding trick. That is what the declarer would do with this very hand. After winning the opening trick and playing his ace of trumps, the drop of the ten would mark four spades probably in the West hand. If the king of clubs is now played, the fall of the five from East would be highly informative. Being the last club lower than the original lead, South would know West did not have the top of a doubleton or trebleton and, unless he was false-carding, held four. The club jack therefore can be set up for a heart discard anyway if East has the queen. A small heart to the ace could be followed by a club ruffed with an honor, then a small trump to the faced hand and the jack of clubs for a heart discard in South. Now the jack of hearts can be ruffed with the queen of trumps, and there remains no way that the defenders can take more than two tricks.

One of the clearest examples of progressive card-reading was given by the late Wilbur C. Whitehead, when six no trump was the contract, with this layout:

North	
♠ A J 7	
♥ A K 3	
♦ 9 7 2	
♣ 10 9 5 3	
South	
♠ K 10 5	
♥ Q 9 6 4	
♦ A J	
♣ A K Q 6	

West led the diamond three, East playing the king and South the ace. If West's three was a fourth-best, the deuce in dummy showed he had no lower ones, so he held exactly four. They were doubtless headed by the queen, for East would not have played the king if he had the lower touching honor. On the second of two club tricks, East's diamond discard showed he had a singleton club and West four to the jack. Continuing clubs would establish the jack.

Three heart tricks followed, West playing the ten on the second one and the third being a finesse of the nine, on which West discarded a spade. Eight

of West's cards being placed in the minor suits, two in hearts, his other three cards were spades. By subtraction, this showed East with a singleton club and four of each other suit. As a next deduction, West undoubtedly did not have the spade queen; otherwise he would not have discarded a spade, unguarding it.

At this stage the fourth heart trick brought a second spade discard from West. The remaining hand patterns are easily read, thus:

North	
♠ A J 7	
♥ None	
♦ 9	
♣ 10 9	
West	
♠ x	
♥ None	
♦ Q x x	
♣ J x	
East	
♠ Q x x x	
♥ None	
♦ x x	
♣ None	
South	
♠ K 10 5	
♥ None	
♦ J	
♣ Q 6	

The spade ace will drop West's last one, the finesse of the ten is marked, then the king leaves everyone three cards. Of course if West discards a club on any of these tricks, South can now take two club tricks to make his contract. West should trash two diamonds, but even then he is helpless, for South can throw him in with the diamond queen and force him to return a club to the combination tenace, giving declarer the last two tricks.

How to Play Your Hunches

The best of card-reading is sometimes wasted unless a player knows the various devices to make use of the information gained, as with this deal:

North	
♠ 5 3 2	
♥ A K Q 9 8 7 2	
♦ None	
♣ K 9 4	
West	
♠ K J	
♥ 4	
♦ A J 9 8 7	
♣ Q 10 8 7 2	
East	
♠ 10 9 8 7 6 4	
♥ 6 3	
♦ 6 5 4	
♣ J 3	
South	
♠ A Q	
♥ J 10 5	
♦ K Q 10 3 2	
♣ A 6 5	

Most North-South pairs in the tournament played it at six hearts, which can be made like rolling off a log, by losing just one spade trick, ruffing another and discarding one club on a diamond. Bottom score went to a South declarer who got into six no trump and was down, and top to a no trump declarer who was a good card-reader besides knowing his squeeze plays. Against both of the no trump small slams, the opening lead was the club seven from West, who had made not-vulnerable bids of both that suit and diamonds along the way, and wound up doubling the six no trump.

The declarer, who made his contract, counted West for at least five of each minor, plus the guarded king of spades, an almost instantaneous card-reading. So he won the club lead in the North hand, played a heart to the jack and put West in with the diamond king to the ace. West fired back his club queen to South's ace, the jack falling from East's hand and making it clear West had the ten as indicated by the first reading.

X-RAY



PROVES:
*big difference in
quality of pipe bowls*

Drinkless Kaywoodie

\$3.50



Super Grain \$5
—Roots from Virgin
Territory — Greece

*Only 4 Out of 100 Bowls
Meet the Standard of*
**Drinkless
KAYWOODIE**

This is the only pipe on the market using X-Ray to make sure of briar quality. Regular serial X-Raying is part of Kaywoodie manufacture. And what a difference it shows, in the quality of briar that pipes are made of! You'll realize it yourself—when you think of pipes you've smoked that were always "ornery" and "strong." Yes, your own eyes can fool you, when you buy a pipe, but no pipe can fool the X-Ray.

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You get no resin-spots, no faulty grain structure in Kaywoodie. Inferior briar is out, in this famous pipe. Just 4, out of every 100 briar bowls meet the Kaywoodie Standard—no hot-smoking, no strong-smoking, no wet-smoking.

Send 10¢ for Actual X-Ray Picture, Catalog, and Specimen of \$5 Super-Grain Kaywoodie Briar

Dept. C4, Kaufmann Bros. & Bondy, Inc. Estab. 1851
Empire State Building New York City

Now all that the declarer had to do was take in his diamond queen, run the hearts and discard carefully down to this position:

North		East	
♠	5	♠	10 9 8
♥	9 8	♥	None
♦	None	♦	6
♣	9	♣	None

West		South	
♠	K J	♠	A Q
♥	None	♥	None
♦	J	♦	10
♣	10	♣	6

On the next heart South threw his club, and West was squeezed, being unable to throw away any of his cards without building declarer's final trick.

Reading the cards is just as important in one position at the table as it is at another. Joseph M. Rothschild used it to good avail when he held the West cards in this situation:

North		West		East	
♠	A J 10 9 5	♠	J 10 8 6	♠	A K Q 7
♥	8 6 5 2	♥	A K 3 2	♥	10 8 7 5
♦	J 7 6	♦	Q	♦	9 7 6
♣	10	♣	J 5 4 2	♣	8 3

West		East	
♠	K 6 4	♠	Q 8 2
♥	10	♥	A 9 7 4 3
♦	Q 9 5 2	♦	8 4
♣	K 9 8 7 6	♣	J 5 2

South	
♠	7 3
♥	K Q J
♦	A K 10 3
♣	A Q 4 3

Against South's three no trump, he had led his seven of clubs, which brought

forth the ten, jack and queen. When the declarer now led a spade, Mr. Rothschild stopped to figure. The bidding had been a diamond by South, a spade by North, two no trump by South, three spades by North and three no trump by South. Reckoning that with three spades South probably would have supported the major suit, and with a singleton would not have tried no trump, he counted South for probably two of the suit. He therefore crashed in with his king on the first spade trick, knowing his partner should have three to the queen. This made it impossible for the declarer to set up any spades and cash them by means of his diamond jack as an entry before the opponents knocked out his last club stopper and then ran their suit. By his acumen, he enabled his side to beat the contract two tricks.

Spectacular work with a freak hand was done by Henry C. Meyer, 3d, on this deal:

North		West		East	
♠	9 5 4 3 2	♠	J 10 8 6	♠	A K Q 7
♥	Q J 9 6 4	♥	A K 3 2	♥	10 8 7 5
♦	J 2	♦	Q	♦	9 7 6
♣	K	♣	J 5 4 2	♣	8 3

South	
♠	None
♥	None
♦	A K 10 8 5 4 3
♣	A Q 10 9 7 6

Playing at rubbers in the famous old Union League Club in New York, he opened that rare two-suiter with a Vanderbilt club artificial bid. West chucked in one heart, North bid one no trump, East two hearts, Mr. Meyer forced with four diamonds, West passed, North bid

(Continued on page 46)

2 Things to Do TO EASE COLD INSTANTLY

*Discomfort and Aches Go Almost
Instantly This Way*



1. Take 2 BAYER ASPIRIN Tablets and drink a full glass of water. Repeat treatment in 2 hours.
2. If throat is sore, crush and stir 3 BAYER ASPIRIN Tablets in $\frac{1}{3}$ glass of water. Gargle twice. This eases throat rawness and soreness instantly.

THE pictured directions above show perhaps the quickest, simplest and most modern method yet discovered to combat cold and sore throat.

Your own doctor will approve this way. Millions of people have discarded "cold killers" and patent nostrums for this modern way. It relieves the average cold almost as fast as you caught it.

Note that all you do is this.

Two Bayer Aspirin tablets with a full glass of water.

Three Bayer Aspirin tablets, crushed and dissolved in $\frac{1}{3}$ glass of water as a gargle. Gargle with this mixture twice, holding your head well back to permit this medicated gargle to reach the irritated membranes of the throat.

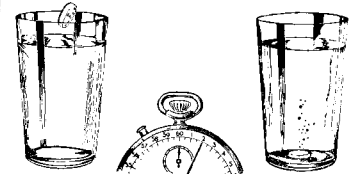
The Bayer Aspirin you take internally acts to fight a cold almost instantly. AND — eases the aches and pains that accompany most colds.

The gargle acts instantly like a local anesthetic to soothe pains in the throat and to ease throat irritation.

Try this way. You will be amazed

Why BAYER Aspirin Works So Fast

Drop a Bayer Aspirin tablet into a glass of water. By the time it hits the bottom of the glass it is disintegrating.



IN 2 SECONDS BY STOP WATCH

A Genuine Bayer Aspirin tablet starts to disintegrate and go to work. What happens in these glasses happens in your stomach — Genuine BAYER Aspirin tablets start "taking hold" of pain a few minutes after taking.

at how quickly you can ease a cold. Be sure, though, to get Genuine BAYER ASPIRIN. They dissolve almost instantly in the stomach. Hence start working almost instantly. And also, dissolve thoroughly enough in water for use as a gargle.

NOW REDUCED TO



15¢



"Any size seven will do, Miss. I just remembered that I didn't wear a hat this evening!"

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Banishes Dandruff

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Only Scalptone
gives you the benefits
of this oil tube

A tube of oil is held in the neck of every bottle of Packer's Scalptone. Pour into Scalptone as much of the oil as your hair needs. Scalptone is adjustable.

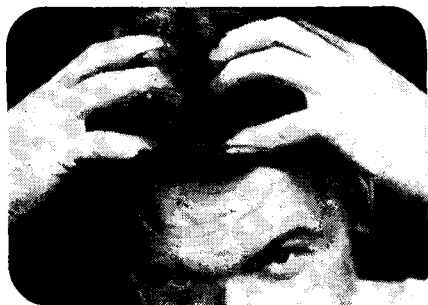


Keeps hair well-groomed

Scalptone gets rid of dandruff within 21 days. Keeps your hair looking the way you want it to—neat, but not greasy or plastered down.

We can promise these results or money back (see below) because Scalptone is not just another hair tonic or "slickum." Scalptone is different—you'll see that as soon as you open the bottle.

Scalptone is a doctor's formula. Like a doctor's formula it meets the needs of your own hair and scalp. Scalptone is adjustable.



CHECK DANDRUFF in 21 days or money back

1. Shampoo once a week with Packer's Tar Soap, the famous shampoo that is used by more men than any other. Recommended by doctors for over 60 years for shampooing and in the treatment of dandruff.

2. Massage once a day with Packer's Scalptone.

After 21 days, look at your scalp and notice the improvement. Keep up the treatments to prevent dandruff's returning.

If, after using your first bottle of Scalptone and cake of Packer's Tar Soap, you are not satisfied, we'll return your money if you'll tell us where you bought and how much you paid.

The Packer Mfg. Co., Inc., 101 W. 31, New York

In the neck of every bottle there is a little tube of oil. Pour as much of this oil into Scalptone as your hair needs (whether it's dry, oily or in-between).

Contains 5 medicinal ingredients

Like a doctor's prescription, too, Packer's Scalptone contains medicaments which stimulate the scalp, help keep your hair healthy—these ingredients are listed on the top of each carton. As you massage with Scalptone, feel your scalp tingle. Day by day notice dandruff clear up. And see how neat-looking Scalptone keeps your hair.

Begin today to help yourself to the healthy, good-looking hair that this personal-prescription hair tonic gives.



NO MORE MUSSY-LOOKING HAIR

Scalptone keeps your hair looking the way you want it—orderly, but not plastered down—because you adjust its oiliness yourself.

PACKER'S Scalptone
NOW IN TWO SIZES: 50¢ AND 75¢

(Continued from page 45)

four no trump, and when that got to him Mr. Meyer leaped into seven clubs to force a choice from his partner, who obviously went to seven diamonds. East doubled this with plenty of glee, but later regretted it.

When the spade jack was led and trumped, Mr. Meyer decided from East's double of diamonds to count West for four clubs. So after ruffing the opening lead, he played a club to the singleton king, a diamond back to his ace, which, to his delight, dropped the queen, then led a small club and ruffed it with dummy's jack. A heart now was trumped, and all he had to do was to lay down his diamonds and clubs. The safety play of ruffing one club, because he counted West for four, made his contract for him.

You Can Be Fooled, Too

From these examples, it is readily seen that some card-reading can be positive, and some can be only approximate, some is almost immediate, some is gradual. It is also well to say that some is absolutely wrong, due to the nefarious machinations of a conniving opponent who strives deliberately to make a good card-reader go wrong. It pays to be wary against players of such skill. One of this type is Whitner Cary of Atlanta, one of the South's greatest bridge journalists. He sat East on this deal:

North		East	
♠	10 3	♠	J 9 6 5
♥	9 6 5 2	♥	J 8 7
♦	A Q J	♦	K 7
♣	9 7 3 2	♣	10 8 6 5
West		South	
♠	8 4 2	♠	A K Q 7
♥	K Q 10	♥	A 4 3
♦	10 9 8 6 4 2	♦	5 3
♣	J	♣	A K Q 4

South was playing at three no trump, West having stuck in a nuisance bid of diamonds, and the six was led. Seeing the dummy's diamond honors, Mr. Cary figured his partner for a topless suit of six cards, thus allocating two to the declarer. Since the dummy lacked side entries, he decided on a bold move to hold the declarer to one diamond trick.

If he won the finesse when declarer played the jack, then South would get two tricks in the suit. So he played his seven spot, blanking the king.

South proceeded then with three tricks in clubs, three in spades and the ace of hearts, giving him eight tricks. Then he led a diamond. The ace was all he needed to make his contract, but the finesse was so clearly marked, with the king surely in the West hand, that the finesse would be bound to win again. He tried it, and the poor, greedy declarer was down when the king won.

Despite these disasters, which must be attributed to the acumen of the defense and not blamed on the declarer, a player to succeed must attempt the best card-reading possible at all stages of the game. Whenever anyone makes a bid, let him estimate as nearly as possible exactly what particular honor cards and exactly how many cards of each suit are held by that player. Let him make the counter deductions about the other hands. Doing so will be important to his later bidding of the hand, as well as to his play.

After the dummy—beg pardon again, the faced hand of declarer's partner—goes down, let him first count up what the lead seems to indicate about the leader's hand, both as to specific high cards and as to suit lengths. After counting the cards in his own hand and dummy, let him then make his subtractions to see what is in the remaining unseen hand. In fact, whenever he settles something about one of the hidden hands, let him immediately settle the question of the balance in the other hand. Then let him watch each card led, played and discarded, and whenever he draws a direct inference from it let him make the indirect inference bearing on the other player's holding. By so doing, his habitual thoughts may run like this:

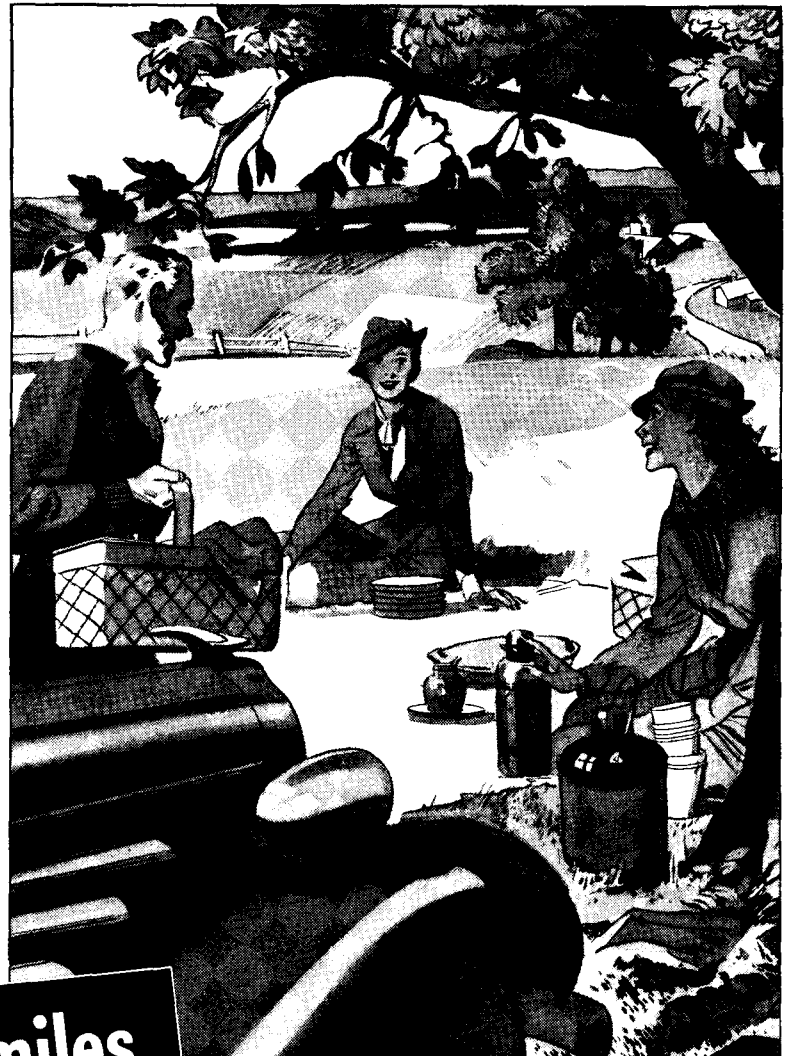
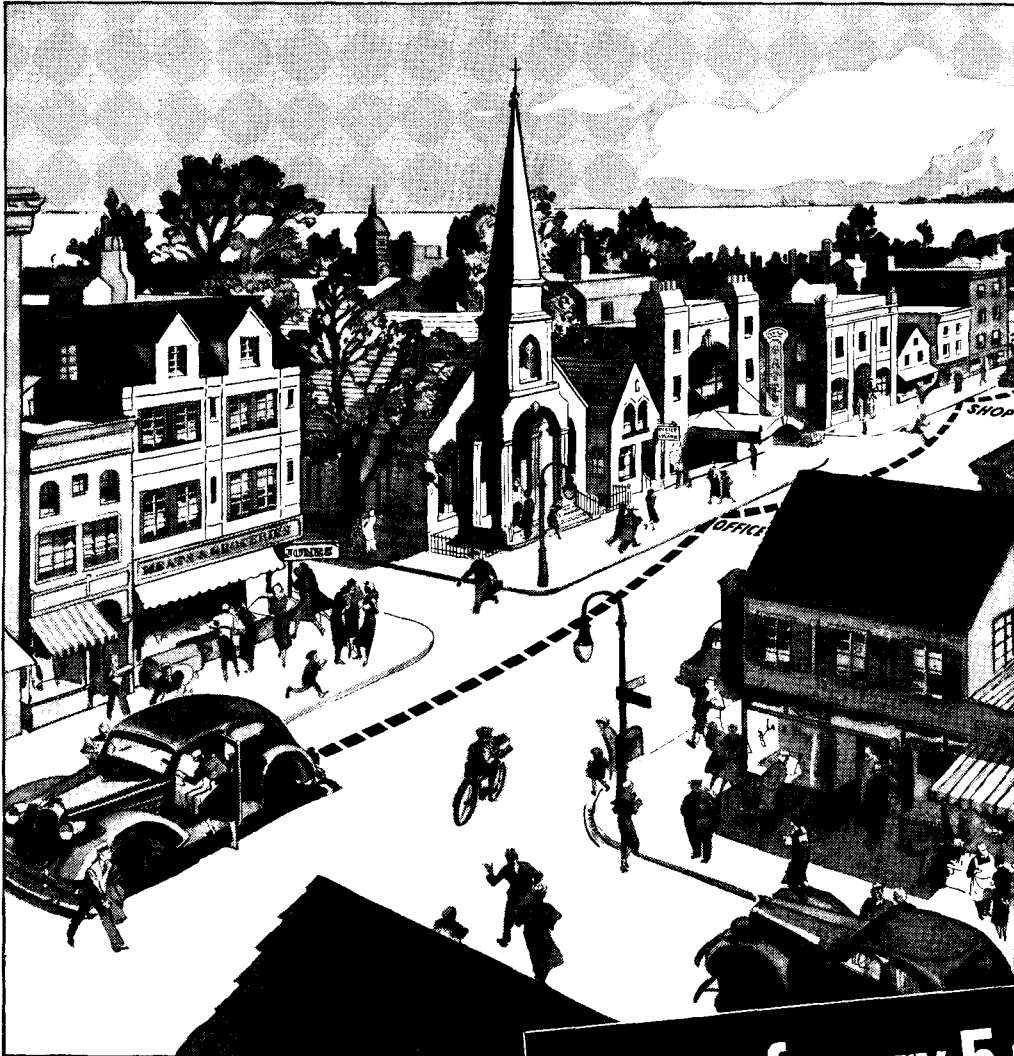
"West rebid his hearts, without either the ace or king, which are in dummy, so he must have at least six of them. Counting what hearts I see, his partner has only two. That leaves West seven other cards. He now shows out on the second trump trick, so he had a singleton there, consequently his partner has three trumps. West now fails to follow suit on the third round of diamonds, so he had exactly two of these, therefore four clubs. This places East with three spades, two hearts, five diamonds and three clubs." Such orderly thinking will pay dividends.



"Yuh gotta quit writin' away fer them automobile an' yacht catalogs or I'm gonna tell the captain on yuh!"

JAY IRVING

Monday's marketing *can use more gasoline* than Sunday's long trip



**4 out of every 5 miles
you drive *are stop-and-go***

**Starting, Shifting and
Accelerating waste money
if your gasoline hasn't these
3 different kinds of Power**

IT'S the *short* trips . . . to the grocer's, the meat market, the drug store, the bank, the department store . . . that eat up your gasoline!

This is easy to figure out when you consider that one "cold" start can use up a "mile" of gasoline . . . and that rapid accelerating can use 33% more gasoline than just rolling along on a straightaway!

To save money on today's stop-and-go driving, you don't want a gasoline that merely **STARTS** quickly . . . or one that merely **PULLS** easily on hills or in shift-

ing gears . . . or one that merely gives good **MILEAGE** on long runs!

You need a gasoline that does **ALL THREE** of these jobs. In short, you need a **BALANCED** gasoline!

Shell engineers now offer you the **FIRST** gasoline of this type . . . the **FIRST** gasoline made for today's stop-and-go driving.

Stop today at one of the 30,000 neighborly Shell stations from Coast to Coast. Fill up your tank with Super-Shell today and see for yourself how it can save you money.

SAVES in 3 Ways—



STARTING—This balanced Super-Shell can save up to a cupful of gasoline on every "cold" start. Even on sizzling summer days, your engine is relatively "cold" after it has stopped running.

PULLING—It can save up to a cupful in 10 minutes of rapid accelerating or hill climbing. And you avoid *knocking* which alone in a few minutes can waste up to 10% of your power.

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Remember, when you save 16 cupfuls, you save a gallon!



*Saves on today's
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"This is indeed a double Thanksgiving"



That's the way you'll feel when you raise to your lips the most memorable drink of all your life . . . your *first* drink made with Gilbey's! Be it a cocktail or a tall, tinkly drink . . . you'll give heartfelt thanks for the great artistry, the rich genius for perfection that has made it possible to produce for you, here in America, the rare, internationally famous flavor that has carried Gilbey's to the far corners of the earth. And you'll give thanks, too, for the *very* moderate price of this gin so long known as one of the world's great liquors.



GILBEY'S *the gin that has a finer taste*

GILBEY'S *the quality gin at a popular price*

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Trail Smoke

Continued from page 9

errand boy. It was the other four lined up side by side against the wall who had the power here. He saw them in brief clearness: the old man with the transparent skin and mild eyes, who chewed silently on his tobacco quid and listened; the fat-bodied one with skin as dusky as that of an Indian; the long and bony and sharp-nosed one, who nodded at each spurt of talk—and this Bill Head, who seemed to rule them.

Bill Head asked: "Want a job?"

But there was an interruption. Somebody came into the office and stood slightly behind Buck Surratt and then the whole atmosphere of the place changed. There had been suspicion and unfriendliness rolling against him. Now it seemed to change direction and strike beyond him, against the newcomer with a greater and more resentful effect. Deeply curious, Buck Surratt looked around and saw the man—tall and lean and restless—smiling back at that obvious dislike with an ironic twist of his mouth. He was redheaded and excessively freckled and his eyes were almost green against a sandy complexion.

BILL HEAD spoke bluntly enough. "This is a private meeting, Torveen."

"So I heard," agreed Torveen. His talk reached Bill Head with a cool and malicious effect. Bill Head's glance burned out his distrust, yet he had nothing more to say to the man. Buck Surratt remembered that, and found this Torveen's glance to be appraisingly and shrewdly on him. Bill Head repeated his question:

"You want a job?"

Surratt said: "Who with?"

"Maybe I'll give you a job."

"I'll think about it."

Bill Head's solid chin stretched forward. "Wait a minute, mister. You're too fast with your answers entirely. Maybe you've got only two things to do—take the job or go to jail."

Surratt said, softly: "Why?"

"Because you were entirely too damned close to that shot last night. I propose to find out more than you've told me."

"I'll still think about it," Surratt drawled. Then he turned without comment and walked from the room.

Below the jail office he stopped and considered the stable across the street, where his horse was. But he understood he could not ride away now and so went on, past the white porch of the hotel and beneath the shade of the overhanging board awnings. There were many people collecting in town—and the smell of trouble definitely lay along the street. He knew it and he understood it, this Buck Surratt who was somewhat of a specialist in trouble. It keyed him up. He came to a stand on the edge of the walk, pipestem bitten securely between his teeth, his mind alive.

A rider—a girl—ran out of the upper trees into town at a steady canter, lifting the thick dust behind her. Buck Surratt looked that way incuriously; and then was curious. She was dressed in a man's blue pants and a man's brown cotton shirt, open at the neck. She rode the saddle in a way that was good to see, her shoulders swinging, her body full of grace. Turning in at the rack across the street, she dropped to the ground with one careless swing and went across the walk toward the door of the dressmaking shop, calling in a quick and even-pitched voice: "Annette." Surratt got one brief view of her face before she disappeared inside; she had looked back and her attention struck him and noticed him, and then the brim

of her wide hat hid her expression.

Without directly watching, he saw Torveen come along the walk at a lazy stroll. Somebody said, "Hello, Sam." Torveen's answer was plain and—as it had been in the jail office—cheerfully ironic. "Don't speak to pariahs like me, Spud." He stopped beside Surratt. He teetered his boots on the edge of the walk and looked out into the yellow dust, his eyes half shut. He said indifferently: "You been offered one job, friend. I'll offer you another."

"What kind of a job?"

"A job," said Torveen, laconically.

Surratt murmured: "I rode into this damned country to keep out of trouble."

Torveen murmured: "That's your hard luck." He was grinning, his lips thin and crooked. Some deviltry in his thoughts kept sparkling through his eyes.

"Thanks for the offer, but I guess not," said Surratt. "Who's that girl?"

Torveen chuckled. "You're an observin' scoundrel. Which girl? Annette? Or the one which just came in? She's Judith Cameron. You saw her daddy in the jail office—the benevolent appearin' old pirate with the white mustache and tobacco chaw. I thought you were tryin' to keep out of trouble."

He turned his head quickly toward the upper end of town. Following suit, Buck Surratt saw a file of riders coming down with a pack horse. There was a burden, rolled in canvas, lashed across the pack horse. Surratt's lips tightened; the pipe shifted between his teeth. He said: "Who've they got?"

Torveen turned and stared at him, for once not smiling. "It's the man that was killed last night in the hills." Surratt saw speculation flickering in those green eyes. "Leslie Head—Bill Head's brother. Maybe a lot of things are plainer to you now."

THE two women had come from the dressmaking shop. They stood in front of the doorway, staring up the street. He saw the drawn expression on Annette Carvel's cheeks and the enormous soberness of the other girl, Judith Cameron. She felt Surratt's glance, and looked abruptly at him; and turned her head away again. Surratt removed his pipe; he bowed his head and remained in this studying attitude. He said: "I'll take the job—for reasons of my own."

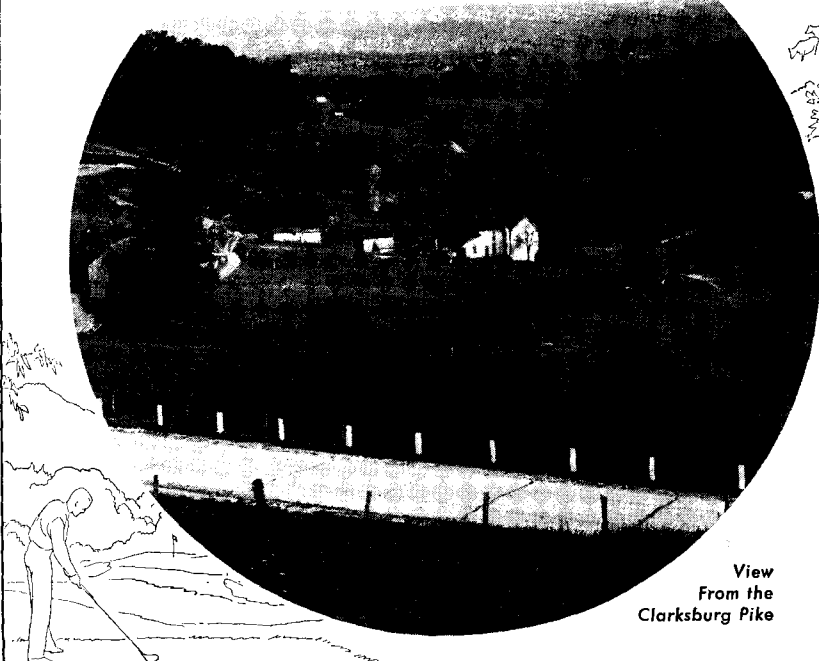
Torveen's grin freshened across the brick-red skin. "I got reasons of my own for askin' you. So we're even. Get your horse and ride up the road three miles till you see a fence. Turn in there." But after a minute he added dryly: "That is, if you can leave town. There may be some argument about that."

Surratt left him, quartering over to the stable. He paid the hostler and went back and got his pony. But he stood a moment by it, before mounting, staring at the blanket roll. It had been pawed apart, and the end of his gunbelt hung out. He withdrew the gunbelt and strapped it on, and lifted the revolver and spun the cylinder before replacing it. In the saddle, he sat motionless, his head bowed a little. His lips made a faintly downward semicircle and his breathing deepened. He turned and rode from the stable.

Bill Head had walked down the street with the others. They were halted by the hotel now, a circle of townsmen forming around them. Sam Torveen loitered against a near-by porch post and seemed indifferent to the scene. Bolder—

(Continued on page 50)

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To help you plan for your retirement years, we have prepared a 32-page booklet which describes and illustrates many "WONDER SPOTS OF AMERICA—Where You Can Enjoy Life on \$100 a Month." It's interesting to learn of the many attractive regions in the United States where you could spend your less active years, and to choose the spot that suits you best. Send us the coupon below, and we shall be glad to mail you a copy.



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WRENCHED HER ANKLE LEAVING RUMBLE SEAT



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JUMPING to the pavement from a rumble seat, Miss R., of Wendell, N. C., crumpled in pain with a badly wrenched ankle.

Her mother, who reports the incident,* immediately applied Absorbine Jr. and continued to do so several times during the night.

Next morning, thanks to prompt use of this effective liniment, the pain and swelling had practically disappeared and the young lady was able to walk to school.

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*Based on actual letter from our files

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Relieves sore muscles, bruises,
muscular aches, sprains,
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(Continued from page 49)

buck noticed Surratt and broke from the circle, walking over and waving his hands negatively. "You'll have to get down—"

Surratt brushed by, riding toward the circle. He slipped from the saddle and walked on to where Bill Head stood. Bill Head had been watching, his big shoulders reared. Surratt's cheeks were thin and his voice slashed against Head with a queer, exciting effect:

"I believe it was your suggestion that sent the marshal down to paw over my blanket roll and look at my gun. Is that right?"

Bill Head showed a sultry surprise. "Certainly."

Buck Surratt's body kinked at the waist. It threw his torso ahead of his hips. He stood this way, stiffly, with both arms hanging straight down. A man behind Bill Head suddenly pushed himself to one side—an obvious move that agitated and shifted the other townsmen. Head looked around, scowling at this change; and then his glance whipped back to Surratt, his attention rigid and full with what he saw. All the group turned dead still.

"I am warning you," said Buck Surratt. His talk struck the silence recklessly, flattening and swelling. "Never touch my things again. Do you understand? Never touch them again."

HE TOOK a backward step, and got into the saddle; and turned and went trotting up the street. Nobody spoke. Sam Torveen, with his shoulders against the porch post, was silently laughing. Judith Cameron saw him doing this, and looked at Bill Head with a deepening wonder, and then watched Buck Surratt rise at the head of the canyon and turn beyond the bend of the road and disappear. Bill Head's cheeks were flushed in angry confusion. Annette Carvel at once whispered to Judith. "Who is he—who is that new good-looking man?"

He rode out of Morgantown at a short trot, as deliberate in retreat as he had been in attack. But when he turned the first bend of the road he set his horse to a fast, reaching canter and held it.

The road kept winding and climbing, with lesser roads angling off at intervals to ranches hidden somewhere behind the trees.

Around a sudden quick bend he came upon a man riding loosely and sleepily, the fatness of his body jiggling to the motion of the horse. A black-brimmed hat slanted over his features and hid them until the sound of Surratt's nearing pony roused him. He hauled himself back in the saddle then and hoisted his shoulders. His eyes were a sparkling black, set close to a gigantic nose that brought the rest of his face to a point. He stopped immediately and Surratt, following suit, saw some kind of an emotion ripple through this vast hulk and straighten the loose lines of a pendulous mouth. Surratt dropped his hands on the saddle horn. Severe and motionless, he watched the man scan him and identify him. He said then:

"You never saw me before, Blackjack. And I don't know you. Do you get it?"

The man's lips spread and became loose again. He folded both arms across his bulky chest and seemed to struggle darkly with his confused thoughts. His eyes dropped from Surratt, and that was all. Surratt went by him. Three hundred yards up the slope he saw a fence and a road paralleling it. This he followed, passing into the semi-darkness of the pines, into a thick, warm silence. Five minutes later the trees dropped away and left him on the edge of a rolling basin surrounded by timber and ridges. A creek slashed its way through the meadow, glistening under the sunlight; across the creek stood a ranch house, long and low and gray, sur-

rounded by the customary clutter of sheds and corrals of cattle land. Surratt went over a plank bridge, lifting a hollow signal of arrival, and circled the house. A dark little man sat on the edge of the porch, oiling a rifle. He looked up with the sharpest and briefest of glances, and returned his attention to the gun. Surratt dismounted.

The man's head instantly lifted again. He said, uncharitably: "Anybody invite you to light here?"

"Torveen's place?"

"Yeah."

SURRATT shrugged his shoulders. He walked to an empty box and overturned it and sat down; he got out his pipe and loaded it. But his nerves were alert, keened by the suspecting unfriendliness of that other man's attention. He was beyond forty, Surratt judged, and gray at the temples; there was a thinness of body and temper about him, a wicked excitability. Something struck Surratt on his left side then, something that had weight but no physical substance. He got a match out of his pocket and lighted it, his glance running quietly along the porch. A sort of ell ran back from the left corner of the house, with four doors opening into what he judged to be kitchen and bunkroom. His eyes slid along the ell and reached a window and stopped. Behind the window was the attentive face of a young man, pallid and prematurely etched by lines of violence.

Surratt ground the burned match into his palm, creating a sooty disk there. He pulled smoke into his lungs, his lips lengthened and tightened. The feel of this place was bad. It rubbed his fur the wrong way, it kept plucking at his senses, it cocked his muscles. A horse scudded out of the trees. Looking up, he saw Sam Torveen wheel around the house and step to the ground. The little man on the porch rose immediately. He stared at Torveen.

"You know this fella?"

"Sure," said Torveen.

The man's wire-edged features snapped to anger. He said something under his voice and picked up his gun and went scowling through a doorway, into the ell.

Torveen's grin streaked angularly across his sandy cheeks. "You may like Nick Perrigo," he said carelessly. "Or you may not. He's my foreman. Come inside." The restlessness of this red-headed man sent him across the porch at a high stride. Soberly following, Buck Surratt came into a long, bare room cluttered with the gear of a cattleman. There was a bunk at one end, and a fireplace, and a desk with a tally book and a pad of writing paper on it, and two chairs. The windows had wooden shutters that closed from the inside; a stand containing four rifles stood near the bunk. Torveen dropped into a chair.

"Want a drink?"

"No."

"You've heard my name mentioned. I don't know yours."

"Buck Surratt."

Sam Torveen bent forward. "What was the idea of that play against Bill Head?"

SURRATT said, gently: "Just to freeze things up long enough for me to get out of town."

"Supposin' the play hadn't worked?"

"It worked."

"Supposin' it hadn't?" insisted Torveen.

"I never figure more than one step ahead at a time," murmured Surratt.

"The hell you don't," countered Torveen. "You're half a mile ahead of yourself, every foot of the way. I been laughin' to myself ever since—the way you framed that." His grin was hard and cheerful. "You're trapped in town but you walk up to Bill Head, give him hell, and ride off before he can get un-

(Continued on page 52)



"I don't mind his sitting in here to keep warm, but he's scaring away all the ducks!"

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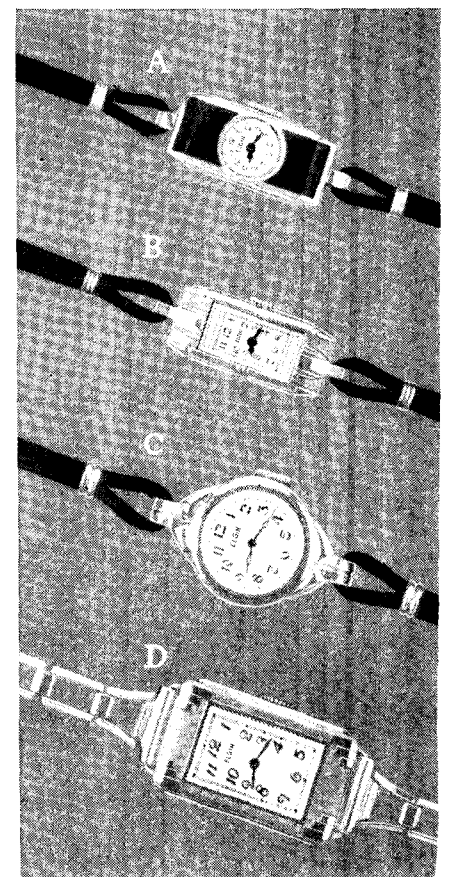
A. 17 jewel baguette in 14 K. gold filled case enameled in black. Black silk cord. Inlaid dial. No. 2639 (natural), 2629 (white). Priced at \$45.00

B. Dainty baguette in smartly styled gold filled case. Cord attachment of black silk. Model 2687 (natural), 2686 (white). The price is \$35.00

C. 15 jewel semi-baguette in distinctive gold filled case. Black silk cord. Raised figure dial. Model 2059 (natural), 2058 (white). Priced at \$39.75

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Trail Smoke

Continued from page 50

snarled from his surprise. If he was a man quick on the recoil you couldn't've made that play stick, friend Buck. But you pegged him as bein' slow. I take off my hat to you."

Surratt's mind reviewed the scene in Morgantown methodically. There was a need in him for information, as there always was. "Who's Bill Head?"

"He runs the Crow Track for his old man, who's a cripple. It's a big jag of land, north of here, up in the hills."

"There was a dark, heavy fellow standing beside him."

"Dutch Kersom, another old-timer with plenty of cattle. I already named you Ab Cameron. The fourth fellow, the one with the bony face, was Hank Peyrolles. They'll account for eighty per cent of the beef in this section."

"The sheriff's not a proud man," reflected Surratt, "and the marshal just does what he's told."

Torveen chuckled broadly. "You're figgerin' again." But his eyes were curious. "Why did you ride into Morgantown, instead of goin' back to the desert? You must've known that shot would get you in trouble."

SURRATT looked at Torveen steadily. Torveen shook his head and made a dry observation. "I'm not sayin' you did the shootin', Surratt. I meant that you're a stranger and pulled into it."

"Where would I run?"

Torveen remarked, very quietly: "So you're here, for reasons of your own. The pay is thirty a month."

"If I stay."

Torveen had a poker expression on his roan cheeks. "You came for a reason. It still holds good, doesn't it?"

"Yes," said Surratt. But his thoughts were on Nick Perrigo and the pallid face in the window and his mind balanced evenly, with no decision. He could not resolve the puzzle. The reflection of it crept faintly into the studying soberness of his cheeks. Slack in his chair, Torveen watched this out of his jade eyes. "Your head," he murmured,

"never stops working. You got this ranch sized up and there's somethin' about it you don't cotton to."

"That's right."

Torveen shifted his body. The smile left him, the corners of his mouth stiffened. He said: "If you stay, you'll find out for yourself. I need help, friend Buck, but I'll tell you no more—and I'm not askin' you to stay."

A steel triangle on the porch began to beat harsh sound across the day. It was noon, it was dinnertime. Boots scraped the porch boards and there was a rider coming in from the meadow. Torveen said: "Let's eat," and rose and led the way to the porch. He ducked through a door of the ell, into a dining-room. Coming in, Surratt found three men already at the table and an enormous Chinaman standing against the wall. Then a fourth man entered and took his place, staring at Surratt with one brief, curious glance. Surratt sat down, silently righting his capsized plate. Torveen said to the crew in his casual touch-and-go voice: "The name of the new member is Buck Surratt. Wang, if you don't quit puttin' so damn many eggshells in the coffee I'm goin' to throw a plate at you."

The Chinaman didn't stir and didn't show a change of expression. Torveen reared his head, obviously irritated. "I meant that," he grunted. But he covered the irritation instantly, nodding his head at the individuals in the crew as he named them for Surratt. "You know Perrigo, the gentle soul. The kid there is Ferd Bowie. Good-lookin' gander near you uses a title called Chunk Osbrook. It may be his real name, I don't know. Last man there answers to Ed."

They looked briefly at him, without acknowledgment. For his part, Surratt went imperturbably on with his eating. But his mind registered them with a camera clarity and their faces told him things they hadn't intended to tell. This Ed was an easygoing misfit in a crowd that had a jarring, explosive note.

(Continued on page 54)



"Ed had to put his mittens on. Her feet are like ice"

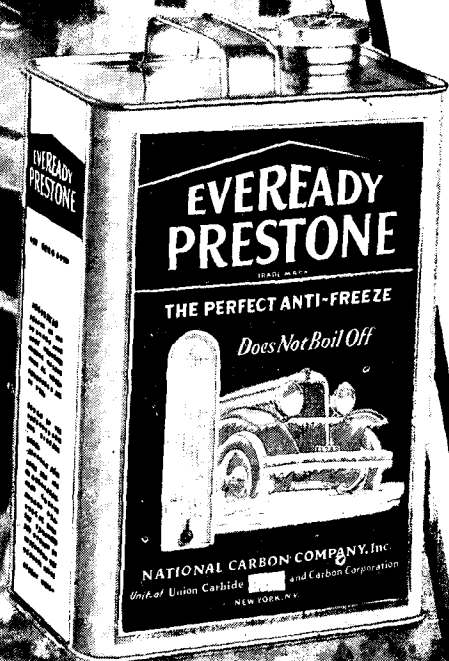
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Trail Smoke

Continued from page 52

Perrigo sat stirring his coffee with a bitter and unpleasant concentration on his dry, drawn features. The kid—Ferd Bowie—was bony and peaked. He still had an adolescent down on his cheeks, but there was a sallow savagery all about his look that told Buck Surratt of wickedness too early learned. Chunk Osbrook lifted a pair of ink-black eyes and seemed to measure Surratt for weight and reach. He was blunt and solid and proud of his strength and Surratt understood then he would never be satisfied until he had demonstrated it.

They ate out their hunger and left the room. More leisurely, Surratt listened to their idle palaver on the porch. When he was through he went out there and packed his pipe and glanced through the soft bright heat of the meadow, not noticing them. Talk had stopped with his appearance and the silence was a morose, alien thing.

He tried another match on his pipe and clenched it between his teeth. Stepping off the porch he walked over to his pony and unlashed the blanket roll. The stillness behind him was hard and continuing and he had no need to turn to see how closely they were watching him. He strolled back to the ell and went along it to the end door. Inside, he saw a dozen double-decked bunks surrounding a stove and a table and four home-made chairs. Heat and stale smoke and the horsey smell of men's clothes lay thick through the room. He dropped his roll on an empty bunk and walked back to the porch.

Nick Perrigo sat on the porch edge, his back bent far forward, his hands on his knees. He glowered at the dust; the nerve-ridden thinness of his face sharpened. He said, idly: "Chunk, you left your tobacco in the bunkroom."

CHUNK OSBROOK rose with a jerk, as though released from enforced waiting. His spurs dragged along the porch. Not looking that way, Surratt heard him strike the flat of his hand against the building wall and go into the bunkroom.

There was a quality of expectancy flowing out from this crew that fanned across Surratt's cheeks; it was an intangible thing other men might not have felt. But for him, trained in the shadings of trouble, it registered on receptive senses and ticked a coolness along his nerves. In the bunkroom something fell to the floor. He turned then and stared at these men. They were looking away from him, motionless against the sunlight—and waiting. There was, he thought regretfully, nothing new in this pattern; it was the pattern of his life and all the running in the world would not help him. He walked back to the bunkroom door, and went in.

It was his blanket roll on the floor, thrown there by Chunk Osbrook. The man stood backed up against the table, his feet braced apart. A slow, deep breathing lifted and lowered the heavy arch of his chest; and his eyes were round and bright and greedy. He said: "Your junk was in my way."

Surratt walked around the table. The space was narrow and he had to pull his shoulders aside to avoid brushing Osbrook. He went on around. Osbrook made a swift wheel and sudden doubt shaded the glitter of his desire. The table lay between them. Surratt put his hands at the edge of the table, gripping it. His thoughts were dismal then, darkened by the going of a hope. The ways of a man's life always caught up with him. Somewhere was peace but

not for him; and this chore had to be done. There wasn't any emotion in his voice.

"The boys wouldn't want to miss this, Chunk."

The sweep of his hands carried the table up against Chunk Osbrook's taut frame and destroyed the rush the man was set to make. Osbrook flung the table aside with a lunge of his arm. Rage came out of Buck Surratt in a rush of breathing and turned his face white. He threw himself against Osbrook, the point of his shoulder driving Osbrook across the floor to the doorway. Osbrook struck against the casing and ripped up a jabbing blow that caught Surratt wickedly in the belly. They fought and heaved and wrestled around the doorway, using their knees and their elbows. But Surratt dislodged Osbrook from the casing and drove him to the edge of the porch. Osbrook fell off backwards, landing on a shoulder.

SURRATT jumped down to the dust and leaped aside. Osbrook, on his knees, made a dive for Surratt's legs and missed. He rolled on and lunged up to his feet and charged, his knees driving him, his shoulders low and crouched. Surratt met him savagely. He broke up that lowering, bull-like rush. He knocked away those flogging arms and reached Osbrook's turning temple with one sledging smash. It exploded through the man's head and he saw Osbrook's eyes mirror the streaked craziness it produced. It took the power out of Osbrook's fists; they sagged and struck without aim and then Surratt crashed his temple again and sent him down into the dust. Osbrook was blind, he was half knocked out, but the attacking instinct still held him together and he reared back on his knees and made another grab for Surratt's legs. Surratt kicked the man's hands aside and tramped a half circle around Osbrook. He reached down and got Osbrook around the neck, hauling him up that way. There wasn't any pity in him as he battered that broad and dogged face at will. Osbrook's lips began to drip and spread formlessly and when he fell he rolled a little and his hands reached vainly for Surratt; and then he was through, his legs squirming involuntarily.

Surratt walked backward; he turned. The crew hadn't stirred. They didn't stir now, but the color of Ferd Bowie's eyes was deep and hating and the wildness of his disappointment burned bright spots on his starved, consumptive cheeks. Nick Perrigo stared at his feet, bitter and biding his time. The other man, Ed, rested his body on the building wall and seemed afraid of all this. Sam Torveen remained in the doorway, an obscure smile on his face; he was behind the crew and they didn't see him raise a hand toward Surratt in a half saluting manner.

There were three of them here, Surratt understood, who respected nothing but the whip—Perrigo and Bowie and Chunk Osbrook. Pity or generosity they didn't know. He cast a quick look behind him to where Osbrook had risen uncertainly. He looked back to the porch again, the temper in him still pitched to kill.

He said: "Is that all—or is there some more?"

They had nothing to say. He hadn't felt Osbrook's blows and hadn't been aware of being struck. But suddenly his body began to hurt where those blows had landed.

(To be continued next week)

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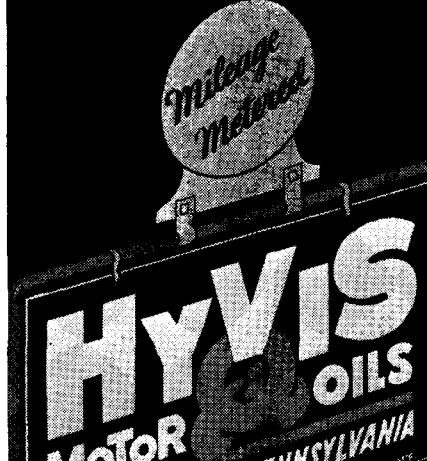
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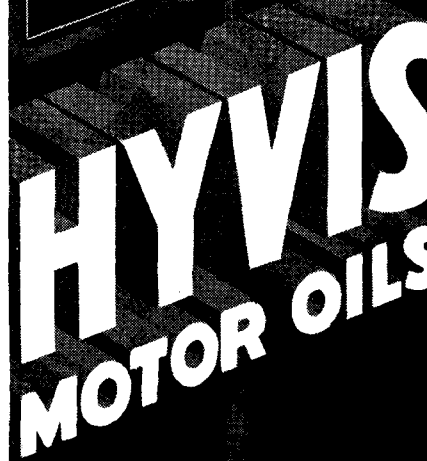
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Strong Boys from Italy

Continued from page 21

Italy; of the occupation of factories by Communists; of daily skirmishes between them and the adherents of Fascism, then in its infancy. De Bono soon became an ardent Fascist at heart, but his position in the regular army prevented him from joining the fiery cohorts of Benito Mussolini, who, even at that early date, was the acknowledged chief of the Fascisti.

Finally, De Bono could stand humdrum garrison life no longer. He asked to be retired from active service; and, as soon as his request was granted, enrolled himself in the Fascist ranks as a humble private. But he was not allowed to stay long in obscurity. Mussolini, far too capable a leader to neglect the possibilities of such a distinguished recruit, promptly put him in command of his Black Shirt militia regiments, and set him to training them for the great events which he knew were impending.

The Last of the Big Four

In 1922, he appointed De Bono—along with Italo Balbo, De Bianchi and De Vecchi—one of the "quadrumviri," or "Big Four," who, under his direction, were to lead the Fascist march on Rome. And it was as a "quadrumvir" that De Bono, with his trim white beard and kindly blue eyes, marched into the Eternal City, on the 30th of October, 1922, by the side of the imperious overlord of Italian Fascism. Of the other members of the Big Four, De Bianchi is dead, De Vecchi has been relegated to a post of comparatively minor importance, and Italo Balbo, most daring of Italian airmen, having incurred the icy disfavor of Mussolini, is eating his heart out in Libya, far from the fighting in East Africa. But Emilio De Bono, as leader of the Fascist march on Ethiopia, proved this autumn that he still stood as high in the good graces of Il Duce as he stood on that autumn day thirteen years ago, when he helped lead the Fascist march on Rome.

At the time of the notorious Matteotti murder, in the early days of Fascism, De Bono came in for heated criticism. Accusations against him ranged all the way from gross carelessness to actual complicity. So great was the storm that Mussolini, who had made De Bono Director of Public Security soon after the march on Rome, relieved him of that important post. For a while it looked as if his star had set. Soon, however, it rose again, more brilliant than ever.

After being officially cleared of all connection with the Matteotti case, he was appointed Governor of Italy's African colony of Tripolitania. There he again engaged in military operations against rebellious natives, with such conspicuous success that he got yet another medal, which entitled him to call himself "Grand Officer of the Military Order of the Royal House of Savoy."

Off to Africa

In 1932 he became Minister of Colonies in the Mussolini Cabinet. Mussolini and De Bono now resolved to end, once and for all, the resistance of the Senussi of Libya to Italian domination. For this purpose they entrusted General Rodolfo Graziani, who had already distinguished himself in African campaigns, with the chief field command in the Cyrenaica region, where the Senussi were engaged in sporadic fighting with Italy's forces.

How Graziani fulfilled the task entrusted to him will be told a bit farther along. As for De Bono, despite the fact that he was nearly seventy, he went personally to the Cyrenaica front. He bene-

trated even to the remote desert city of Cufra (which Graziani had captured) in the course of a whirlwind aerial tour of over 3,000 miles—from Rome to Cufra and back—in seven days. When subordinates tried to persuade De Bono that the trip was inadvisable for a man of his age, he exclaimed impatiently: "Nonsense! If I die, I die!"

De Bono is a man of much personal charm. He speaks English well and likes Americans. With his pointed beard and benevolent eyes, he somewhat resembles Don Quixote; but, unlike that renowned Spaniard, he is anything but an impractical dreamer.

"De Bono is a typical Italian of the Garibaldian era," said one who knows him well. "He loves adventure, like Garibaldi, yet at the same time, he is well-balanced. He is a rare blend of enthusiasm and common sense."

Despite his age, he remains very much of a dandy. His uniforms are always immaculate, his hands beautifully manicured. His beard is carefully trimmed, and—in strange contradiction to his undeniable toughness as a soldier—it is always sprinkled with perfume!

When he was Minister of Colonies at Rome, the door of his office was always guarded by a very black little boy, from one of Italy's colonial possessions, who wore a bright red fez and puttees. Bowing respectfully, this youthful African would usher visitors to the ministerial threshold, beyond which, at the other end of a lot of very Oriental carpets, beneath a very Oriental painting, sat De Bono.

Introduction to a Harem

Always polite, his politeness rose, if the visitor happened to be female, to the topmost pinnacle of gallantry. One young American woman, who called upon him a couple of years ago, still waxes lyrical in describing how he leaped to his feet when she entered the room, how he walked gallantly to the door when her visit was over, how he raised her hand to his lips and held it lightly against his perfumed mustache and beard.

Incidentally, in talking to this same visitor, De Bono showed his deep knowledge of Oriental character. She told him that she was en route to Tripoli (where he had been governor) and wished, above all things, to be shown through a genuine harem. De Bono at once gave her a letter of introduction to a distinguished old Tripolitan sheik, who had one of the most extensive harems in the world.

"Now, don't be shocked," he cautioned her, "if, immediately after being introduced to you, he commands you to stand up, walks all around you, and remarks: 'My dear, you have lovely curves!'"

"Nonsense! He won't do that!" laughed the American.

"Wait and see," said De Bono.

At Tripoli, she called upon the distinguished owner of the extensive harem. He commanded her to stand up, walked slowly all around her, and remarked: "My dear, you have lovely curves!" Whereupon, as soon as she was back at her hotel, she rushed off this telegram: "To General Emilio De Bono, Minister of Colonies, Rome. You were right about that old sheik!"

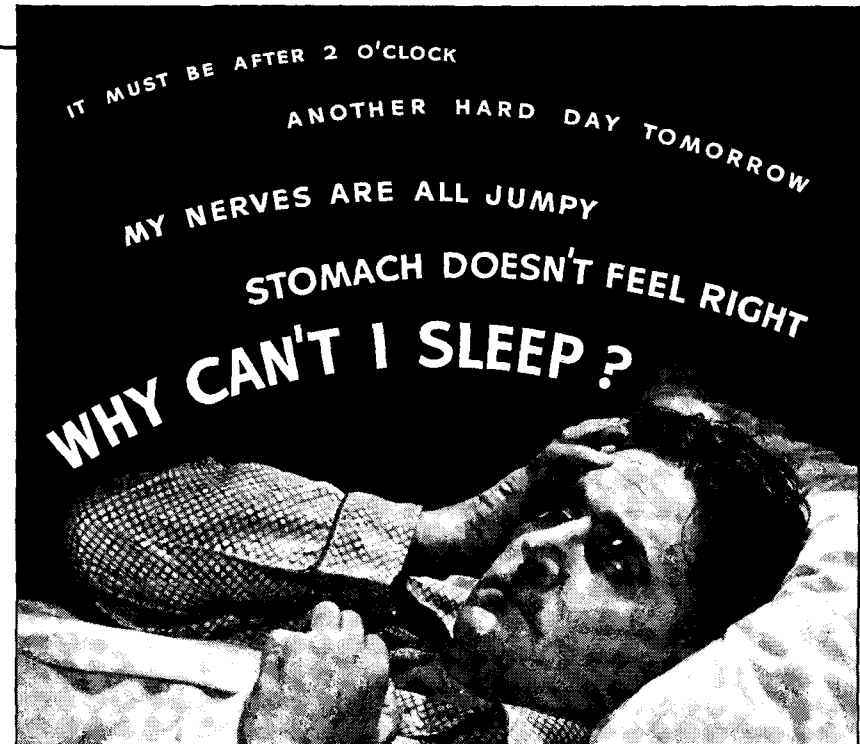
General Rodolfo Graziani, who is expected to divide with De Bono the lion's share in conquering Ethiopia for Mussolini, would be recognized anywhere in the world as a soldier first, last and all the time.

He has clean-cut features, reminding one of pictures of the leaders of Ancient Roman legions, a firm jaw, straight-

(Continued on page 56)

What To Do If You Can't SLEEP

At Night—A Natural, Drugless Aid



Thousands Report New Energy, New Vitality Next Day

SLEEPLESS nights—overwrought nerves—and fagged out, heavy-eyed mornings . . . What endless havoc they can work—how they sap both energy and strength!

But now there is a remarkable aid that is helping thousands to get to sleep quickly every night entirely without drugs.

It is a delicious food-drink called Ovaltine, originally created in Switzerland as a strengthening food for invalids, convalescents, and the aged. Then physicians found that, when taken as a hot drink at bedtime, it also acted surprisingly well as an aid to sound, natural sleep.

You simply take it mixed with hot milk before you go to bed at night. And thousands report they fall asleep "almost as quickly as their heads touch the pillow"—to awaken in the morning vastly refreshed, nerves calmer, mind clearer, by far.

How It Acts

First:—As a hot bedtime drink, Ovaltine tends to draw excess blood away from the brain. Thus mental calm is invited—the mind is "conditioned" for sleep.

Second:—Ovaltine, on account of its ease of digestion, gives the stomach a light digestive task to perform. Thus helping to do away with that hollow, restless feeling that keeps so many people awake.

Third:—Ovaltine not only helps to bring sound sleep quickly but, in many cases, helps to improve the *quality* of sleep. That is why so many users report they awaken in the morning so greatly refreshed—looking and feeling like different people as the result

of the sound and restful sleep they've had.

See For Yourself

Don't judge Ovaltine merely by what users claim for it. Disregard, if you wish, the fact that Ovaltine is approved by thousands of physicians—and used in 54 different countries today. Try it and see for yourself.

Phone your druggist or grocer for a tin of Ovaltine now. Mix 3 to 4 teaspoonfuls of it with a cup of hot milk and drink it just before you go to bed tonight. See if you don't fall asleep more easily and naturally than you have, probably, in weeks and months.

In the morning when you awaken, take stock. See if you don't feel fresher—and look more rested, too. During the day, note how energy seems to "stay with you"—how much steadier your nerves. Phone your druggist or grocer now.

MAIL FOR 3-DAY TEST

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180 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your test package of Ovaltine.
(One package to a person.) 3580

Name

Address

City.....State.....

(This offer good in U. S. A. only.)

OVALTINE

The Swiss Food-Drink—Now made in the U.S.A.

LOOK FOR NEW LOW PRICES

AT DRUG, GROCERY AND DEPARTMENT STORES

What do you get when you buy MINERAL OIL?

Do you get the type of mineral oil which is best for internal use? You should, and you should use no other.

Make sure the mineral oil you use has two qualities. First, it should give *heavy lubrication*. To do this it must have what physicians call "high viscosity."

Squibb Mineral Oil has the highest viscosity of any known type of mineral oil for internal use.

Mineral oil should also be as free as possible from impurities. The purest type of mineral oil for internal use has a pure naphthene base—and this is Squibb Mineral Oil.

The natural mineral oil which has both these important qualities in the highest degree is found in one known place in the world—in California. Squibb Mineral Oil is refined from this oil exclusively.

Squibb Mineral Oil is pure, colorless, tasteless, odorless, crystal clear. It will not increase body weight or body heat.



SQUIBB MINERAL OIL

*The Priceless Ingredient of Every Product
is the Honor and Integrity of its Maker*

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"TO ARMS FOR PEACE!"

Presented by E. R. Squibb & Sons
in cooperation with World Peaceways
Thursdays, 9:30 P.M. (E.S.T.)
Columbia Network
Coast to Coast

(Continued from page 55)

lipped mouth and typically Roman nose. His eyes are piercing, like those of an eagle; and the wrinkles gathering in their corners are the only sign on Graziani's face that he is more than fifty years old. He is over six feet tall, tough as steel and hard as nails.

"What is it that strikes you first about him?" I asked an Italian who is well-acquainted with Graziani. Without a moment's hesitation, he replied:

"Strength."

Justice on Wings

At the very outset of his military career Graziani tasted fighting in Africa. And he has continued to taste it, with short intervals, until this present year, in the course of which Mussolini expects him to initiate a military job bigger than any he has tackled before.

Born in 1882 at Frosinone, in central Italy, close to Rome, Graziani went to Italy's African possessions soon after being commissioned a lieutenant, and plunged right into rough-and-tumble combat with the fierce nomads of the desert. There the World War found him. Recalled home, he saw hard fighting on the Italian front, was twice wounded, and won the rank of major for distinguished service.

Soon after the Armistice, he was sent back to Libya. In 1923 he was made a brigadier-general and, in 1930, vice governor of Cyrenaica. In 1932 he was appointed commanding general of an army corps for exceptionally meritorious work both as a soldier and as an administrator.

One of the most remarkable innovations introduced by Graziani into his colonial domain was his "flying tribunal." Owing to the scarcity of roads and railways in the region over which he exercised civil and military control, it was extremely difficult to administer justice in the inland towns, where prisoners were often held for weeks and months without trial. So Graziani hit upon the idea of dispatching from the seacoast to these places a couple of airplanes, with a judge in one of them, and, in the other, some court clerks and interpreters.

As soon as they reached their destination, the judge put on his robes, set up his court—often under a clump of palm trees—and then and there proceeded to listen to evidence and pronounce sentence on those brought before him. After they had all been disposed of he would discard his somber vestments, pack them into his plane and fly away again with his satellites to the shores of the Mediterranean.

So efficacious was the work of Graziani's "flying tribunal" that, a few years ago, within a period of three months, it tried no less than 147 prisoners, in a whole string of desert villages, of whom thirty were sentenced to death and forty-seven to imprisonment.

A Job for the Hard-Boiled

Graziani's subjugation of the rebellious Senussi of Cyrenaica is already a legend among his fellow countrymen. He went at the job with grim thoroughness. He organized his campaign to the last detail. He strung along the borders of the region in which the Senussi were operating hundreds of miles of barbed-wire barriers, which effectually prevented smuggling of arms and ammunition from neighboring districts. When all was ready, Graziani and his troops swept forward far into the desert, plodding beside their long trains of pack-horses and camels. They fought battle after battle, under the broiling sun of Africa; and, in order to strike terror to the hearts of their foes, they occasionally hanged a captured sheik to a palm tree and left his body dangling there, as a hint to other rebels of what they might expect.

Finding that the Senussi warriors pitted against him were obtaining food, arms, ammunition and recruits from the inhabitants of the Cyrenaican desert, Graziani transported the entire population of the region to the Mediterranean seaboard, many miles away, and placed them—eighty thousand men, women and children, with thousands of head of cattle and all the rest of their worldly goods—in concentration camps just outside the seaports. There they stayed, carefully guarded by Italian soldiers, for many weary months, while, in the deserts to the south, the rebels, robbed, by this drastic blow, of invaluable aid, battled desperately against hopeless odds.

One native chieftain after another was put out of action until, at last, only a venerable and determined sheik named Omar el Muktar remained in the field against the Italian troops. He, too, was captured one day. At once he was brought, in handcuffs, before Graziani. In a book, written by that commander himself, he gives a dramatic description of his cross-examination of the captured chieftain.

It was conducted in the open, deep in the desert, through a native interpreter. Fixing his piercing eyes on the prisoner, Graziani asked:

"Why did you fight so hard against the Italian government?"

"Because of my religion."

"Did you ever hope, with your few men and scanty means, to drive us out of Cyrenaica?"

"Never. That was impossible."

"Then what did you propose to accomplish?"

"Nothing. I fought. That was enough. The rest was in the hands of fate."

Graziani then taxed the bearded old Arab with having broken an agreement which he had signed with the Italians.

"By doing that you forfeited all claim to mercy from the Italian government," he informed Omar el Muktar.

The captive bowed his head.

"So be it," he murmured. "It was written in the Book of Fate."

"Omar el Muktar," Graziani now said, in solemn tones, "all through your life you have been strong. I call upon you now to be strong still, in whatever may befall you."

The old man understood only too well the purport of those words. Again he bowed his head.

"Inshallah! So be it!"

As he shuffled away, writes Graziani, he tried to reach out his hand to his captor, but, since it was weighted down by the handcuffs, he could not raise it.

"And, anyhow, I should not have grasped his hand!" adds the Italian general.

Soon after that grim scene in the desert, Omar el Muktar was condemned to death by an Italian military tribunal. He received the news of what was in store for him with Oriental calm.

"We come from God and to God we return!" he murmured.

A few days later, with Italian soldiers drawn up around him and with thousands of natives looking on in silence, Omar el Muktar was executed.

The Military Angle

The report of his execution sent a shock throughout Mohammedan lands. On all sides, in those lands, he was hailed as a patriot and martyr, worthy to rank with Abd el Kader, who struggled so valiantly, one hundred years ago, to keep his native Algeria from French domination, and with Abd el Krim, who, only a short time before Graziani's campaign in Cyrenaica, had desperately defied Spaniards and Frenchmen in the rocky strongholds of the Riff.

But to Graziani there was nothing of the hero about old Omar el Muktar. In his book the Italian commander is merciless toward the man whom he fought, captured and killed.

"He was not like other chiefs who surrendered," he writes. "Instead, he remained to the very end a rebel. Omar el Muktar was nothing but a brigand."

Emilio De Bono and Rodolfo Graziani. In these two, Mussolini certainly picked two iron instruments for the realization of his dreams of African conquest. These two, according to his grim calculations, are men who would exact full revenge for the Italian rout at Aduwa, crush Ethiopian resistance without pity, and turn over to Italian rule a bleeding, broken and submissive Ethiopia.

Philbert

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

By FRANK OWEN



"If you've got to teach him to flip coins, you could at least tell him how to turn loose!"

"I'LL SAY THEY'VE
CHANGED"

How L C SMITH has changed the typewriter picture! . . . It's hard to imagine, but "writing-in-sight" was once a fighting phrase! And all along . . . from the first "writing-in-sight" machine . . . the first "ball-bearing" machine . . . the first "Floating Shift" machine . . . L C SMITH has pioneered. Today, it's the first SILENT machine of standard construction. Today, for the first time, you may have a scientifically silenced typewriter without sacrifice of any standard quality . . . just as fast, just as dependable, and even more rugged than before. It starts Silent . . . it stays Silent! Ask us—

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As Eola gained the deck, there was a scramble against the rail

Easy Pickings

By Roark Bradford

Another romantic adventure of Bugaboo Jones and his friend, Iron Man, who holds stoutly to the opinion that mules and ladies are pretty much the same

THE forward main deck of the steamboat John D. Grace was piled high with corn and hay, and Bugaboo Jones was sprawled upon the highest pile of hay, watching the levees of the Mississippi River slip by and thinking absolutely nothing.

Near the big roustabout lay his companion, Iron Man, whose sad and lonesome thoughts were being breathed dolefully into the reeds of a harmonica. Scattered about in the cooling breeze were other freight toters, idling away the time as the boat churned upstream. And back under the canopy of the boiler deck, tethered to hog irons and stanchions, were twenty-five big mules that Captain Cooley was hauling all the way from New Orleans to Greenville, Mississippi. Heretofore, the Grace had always stopped at Vicksburg, and Greenville was new territory to Bugaboo.

"Iron Man," Bugaboo asked, apropos of nothing in particular, "is you ever been up at Greenville?"

Iron Man removed the harmonica from his lips, batted it against the palm of his hand and stuck it into his pocket before replying.

"Sho," he said.

"How is hit up dar?" Bugaboo asked. "Flat," Iron Man grumbled. "Ain't

a hill in town, like in Natchez and Vicksburg."

"I don't mean how de country is," Bugaboo insisted. "I means how de ladies is."

"Bad," Iron Man stated flatly. "Dey totes ice picks."

"Which?"

"Said dey totes ice picks when dey goes wawkin' about, and efn dey gits mad at dey mens, dey up and stobs 'em."

Bugaboo laughed. "Stobs dey mens, hunh?" He rolled over and faced Iron Man interestedly. "Tell me some mo' about dem good-lookin' gals. Stobs dey mens wid a ice pick! Man, you's killin' me!"

"I wouldn't speak wid no lady in Greenville," Iron Man advised, "unless she was swingin' bofe arms when she wawked. Cause when you sees a lady wawkin' 'long, holdin' one hand close to her side, she bound to have a ice pick hid in de folds er she dress. And she'll stob you efn she don't like yo' looks."

Bugaboo was so tickled he had to sing:

*"Captain, Captain, don't you see,
Dese Greenville ladies is killin' me!"*

Iron Man rubbed a scar on his neck reflectively. "You likes to git stobbed?" he suggested.

(Continued on page 60)

*A Favorite in all parts of
the civilized world!*



BOTTLED IN BOND

IN CANADA

AGED SIX YEARS

IN THE WOOD



*Hiram
Walker
& Sons,*
PEORIA, ILLINOIS
WALKERVILLE, ONTARIO

extends from the top of the levee to the water's edge. There was not a soul in sight, though by the time the headline was made fast and the roustabouts had started to tote the feed from the forward deck, one or two idlers from over town wandered up and stood shyly on top of the levee.

The sun was hot, and the particles of hay which fell on Bugaboo's neck as he toted bale after bale on his head didn't help matters any.

"Man," he grumbled to Iron Man, "you didn't tell me dis town was like dis."

"Hit's worser'n dis," Iron Man promised. "Jest wait to you see de womens."

"I don't mind de ice picks," Bugaboo growled, "efn dey brang some ice along, too. I swear to my soul I'm so hot I'm makin' steam."

AS THE work progressed, more idlers came to the levee top and watched, and by the time all the hay had been toted off, and the roustabouts had begun on the corn, two or three dozen people were assembled and were chattering among themselves.

Bugaboo sized up the assemblage but was not impressed. So he sang:

*"Captain, Captain, don't you see,
Dis cawn an' hay is killin' me."*

"You's a mighty big-lookin' man to go singin' a tired-out song like dat," a tall black woman called to Bugaboo.

Bugaboo dropped his sack of corn and grinned at her. She returned a pleasant-looking smile. "Le's see kin you swing dem long arms er yo'n," Bugaboo suggested.

"I bet I c'd swing my arms 'round yo' big ol' neck," the woman retorted, "efn I had you on my mind."

"And stob you in de back wid a ice pick," Iron Man warned under his breath. "Man, you ain't never had nothin' hurt you so bad to a lady stobs you wid a ice pick."

"Well," Bugaboo called to the woman, ignoring Iron Man's warning, "efn yo' name is Eola, you might jest as well git me on yo' mind."

The woman laughed. "You knows Eola?" she countered.

"Naw; does you?"

"Sho', I knows her," the woman replied. "She my sister."

"Whar Eola at?" Iron Man interrupted.

"She over town," the woman answered.

Iron Man sighed with relief, but Bugaboo wanted to know more. "Well, efn you's Eola's sister, den what's yo' name?"

"De same thing, and mo' like hit," the woman laughed again. "You kind er fast, ain't you?"

"Dey don't come no faster," warned Bugaboo. "And de womens f'm hyar to N'Awlins goes about braggin' jest cause dey know me."

"Well, ax some er dem braggin' womens what my name is," she challenged.

"Gal, you's killin' me," Bugaboo declared. "You must be Eola's sister, sho' 'nuff."

"My friends," she offered, "calls me Lena, cause my sho' 'nuff name is Made-lena."

"Well, Lena," Bugaboo suggested, "le's see kin you hold bofe er yo' hands up in de air at de same time."

Lena complied, and Bugaboo noted that she carried no concealed ice pick.

"Quick as us gits dis boat onloaded," he promised, "I aims to speak some wid you, gal. But whilst I'm workin', efn you wants me to love you real good, you go over 'cross the levee and see kin you rustle me up some victuals. You ought to be able to git me a hunk er catfish and some bread."

"Who feed you when you ain't hyar?" Lena asked.

"My womens," Bugaboo told her. "Womens is too glad to feed a big steamboatin' man like me."

Lena retired, walking in long, easy strides, and swinging her arms freely as she stepped.

"Bugaboo," Iron Man told his companion, "you's beggin' for trouble. Dat gal'll pop a ice pick in yo' heart jest as sho' as you gits dat close to her."

Bugaboo laughed. "How you know Lena fixin' to stob me?"

"She bound to," Iron Man was positive. "Jest sho' as you gits to speakin' wid her she'll stob you. She gonter bring you some fish, right now, and quick as you got time she aim to speak wid you. Ain't no man kin speak to suit dese Greenville ladies."

When the last of the corn was ashore, and the main deck cleared, the business of leading the young and skittish mules off the stage came next. The driver, wise in the ways of mules, determined to keep them quiet enough to prevent a panicky charge, and, at the same time, keep them too excited to balk on the plank and start kicking. Bugaboo and Iron Man were assigned to lead off the first mule which, tied apart from the rest, was the big sorrel that had bitten Bugaboo's shoulder earlier in the day.

"Git on each side er his haid," the driver ordered, "and don't stop wawkin'. Jest lead him offn de boat like hit wan't nothin' else for him to do."

As the pair of roustabouts and the mule approached the foot of the gangplank, they saw Lena coming over the levee top, carrying a plate of food. With her was another tall, willowy woman.

"Yonder come my Lena," Bugaboo told Iron Man, "all loaded down wid dat catfish."

Iron Man looked. "Yonder come Eola, too!" he exclaimed. "I'm gonter hold my haid down so she won't see me."

EOLA spotted Iron Man at that point and screamed out, "Yonder he!" She made a dash toward him and Iron Man noted that only her left arm was swinging freely as she ran.

The sorrel mule wheeled, flinging both roustabouts back onto the deck, and bolted to the opposite rail, where he stood trembling in nervous excitement.

"Stop dat yellin' and goin' on!" the driver shouted. "Git back on de bank, woman, you's skeerin' dat mule."

"I ain't stud'in' no mule," Eola snorted. "I'm huntin' dat no 'count man."

"Git back, I'm tellin' you," the driver repeated, swinging his stick menacingly. "Take away, or I'll stob a hole in yo' heart," Eola threatened.

As Eola's feet touched the gangplank, Iron Man scrambled to his feet and ran to the outside rail where he stood close to the frightened mule.

As Eola gained the deck, there was a mighty scramble against the steamboat railing. A moment later there was a splashing and churning of water. The sorrel mule was well out in the mile-wide river, swimming straight toward the Arkansas side, with Iron Man swinging to the mule's tail with his hands, and kicking the water steadily with his feet.

"Hold him, Iron Man!" the driver shouted. "Efn dat mule git away f'm you, don't you come back!"

After a momentary flurry, the business of getting the other mules off the boat was resumed. Every one realized there was nothing to be done for Iron Man. The mule, himself, calm in the swirling water, struck a diagonal course through the current which would land him a mile down the river. The mate dispatched the mud clerk across the river on the ferry boat with instructions

(Continued on page 62)



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736 Notre Dame St. W., Montreal)

Tune in on "Strange as it Seems", new Ex-Lax Radio Program. See local newspaper for station and time.

(Continued from page 61)

to return with the man and mule, and everybody waited.

Bugaboo guided Eola and Lena to a shaded spot on the after main deck and sat down between them. "How come," he asked Eola, "is you so mad at my friend?"

"I got plenty cause," Eola declared angrily.

"Whyn't you friend wid him, like Lena do wid me?" He demonstrated his standing with Lena by giving her a bearlike hug, which set her to giggling and squirming.

"Man!" exclaimed Lena. "You 'bout to bust my ribs in!"

"You wiggles like a catfish gittin' pulled outn de water," Bugaboo told her fondly.

"I wisht I was pullin' a big old cat outn de river," said Lena. "I ain't been fishin' in so long."

"I wisht I was pullin' dat Iron Man outn de water," Eola said bitterly. "I'd stob him plumb in de heart."

BUGABOO gazed at the swimmers. In the distance, it was hard to distinguish them from floating rubbish, but they were going easily and steadily.

"I'm fixin' to read yo' mind, Eola," Bugaboo told her. "Now you jest set hyar wid Lena, whilst I gits me a fishin' line and some bait, and den when us does a little fishin' offn de side er de boat, yonder, I'm gonter read yo' mind."

"Humph!" Eola snorted.

Bugaboo took a ball of twine, tied hook and sinker to one end, and baited the hook with a piece of salt meat from the galley.

He twirled the sinker end of the line around his head and flung it far out in the river. "Now, whilst us is waitin' for dat cat to start messin' wid de hook, I'm gonter tell Eola somethin'."

"You ain't got hit in you," Eola challenged.

"I shet my eyes and sees in my mind," Bugaboo began, "dat you love Iron Man good."

"You sees wrong," Eola stated flatly. Bugaboo concentrated and made mysterious passes with his hand. "But hit seem like somethin' holdin' y'all apart. Hit look like a sack to me. Wid a long string on hit."

"Maybe," Eola admitted.

"My mind tell me," Bugaboo went into detail, "dat Iron Man tuck yo' nation-sack f'm around yo' waist, and dat's what made you so mad."

Eola was visibly impressed.

"Hit was some money in de sack, too," Bugaboo went on. "My mind see some loose change."

"You's gittin' right, boy," Eola declared admiringly. "He tuck a dollar-fawty f'm me. I made dat money pickin' blackberries and sellin' 'em, an' dat nigger stole hit."

"And you stobbed him."

"But I didn't git my money back, neither. And I'm gonter stob him ev'y time I sees him to I gits dat dollar-fawty back."

BUGABOO'S imagination had reached its limits. To put on a mind-reading act with the knowledge he had acquired from Iron Man was one thing, but to pacify an irate woman who wanted a dollar and forty cents, when Bugaboo did not have a penny in his pockets, was something else. He sat quietly and held the fishing line.

The ferry boat made two round trips across the river, and Iron Man and the sorrel mule had disappeared around a bend on the opposite side.

"I wish," declared Eola plaintively, "us'd catch a big ol' catfish."

"Always gits bad luck when you gits mad," Bugaboo reminded her. "A mad woman put a ju-ju on a fishin' line."

"I can't he'p hit efn he tuck my

money, and dat makes me mad, kin I?" Eola demanded.

"Dollar-fawty ain't hardly no money," Bugaboo derided. "I makes dat much ev'y day and Sunday, too. Lena, give Eola a dollar-fawty, and see kin you change us's luck."

"Aw, I ain't hardly got—" Lena protested.

"Go 'head, gal," Bugaboo said gruffly. "How I'm gonter catch a catfish, wid Eola settin' hyar, mad about dat money?"

Lena made complicated movements beneath her apron, and presently brought out a tobacco sack that was attached to a long cotton string. She opened the sack and counted out a dollar and forty cents in small change, and handed it to Eola.

"Now, you take dat money over town," Bugaboo ordered, "and bring I and Lena a bottle er red soda pop and some victuals. And don't go 'round pokin' out yo' mouf and givin' us bad luck wid we's fishin'."

Eola obeyed because she could think of nothing else to do, and Bugaboo and Lena sat contentedly on the boat edge and waited for a fish to bite.

"I ain't had me so much fun since I don't know when," Bugaboo told Lena gallantly. "Jest settin' by a good-lookin' gal like you and fishin'."

"Ain't cotched no fish, yit," Lena reminded him.

"I cotched you," Bugaboo said, "and you look as good to me as any catfish ever pulled outn de river, might' nigh."

Lena giggled and squirmed closer. "Man, you say de beatinest things!" she exclaimed. "You vexes me might' nigh to I don't know my mind."

Bugaboo patted her on the shoulder. "I knows yo' mind, baby," he told her.

The ferry boat made another trip across the river and back before Eola returned from the town. When she came she carried three bottles of red

soda water and a paper plate piled high with food.

The three ate and drank and made good-natured small talk. And then suddenly there came a yank at the fishing line. Bugaboo yanked back and hurriedly drew in the line. "I got him," he announced jubilantly. "I knowed efn a fish messed around dat hook he'd git somethin' in his mouf he couldn't spit out."

"Lemme pull," Lena squealed. "I bet hit's a grinner."

"No, lemme pull," Eola begged. "He bite like a mudcat."

"Hit's a yaller-bellied channel cat," Bugaboo said confidently. "And I do's my own pullin'. Now, y'all ladies stand back, so's he won't stob you wid his top fin, when I gits him out."

The fish was jerked from the water to the boat deck where it wriggled and flopped.

"Look at him!" Lena yelled. "Just a-wigglin'!"

"Purty, jest like you, baby," Bugaboo said affectionately.

EOLA was more practical. With one swift swing of her arm she pinned the fish to the deck by driving an ice pick through its head. "Git some ashes outn de engine," she told Bugaboo, "and I'll rub de hide offn dis scound'el, right hyar. And den I'm gonter fry him up and feed him to Iron Man, quick as he gits back wid dat mule."

"You ain't mad at Iron Man no mo'?" Bugaboo asked.

"Naw," Eola said. "How kin a lady stay mad wid a big ol' scound'el like him? Any man big enough to jump in and pull a mule smack across de river is big enough to suit me."

By the time the fish was dressed, the ferry brought Iron Man and the mule back to the Greenville landing. The mule was delivered to its owner, and

(Continued on page 64)



"MY DEAR, THIS BEER IS SIMPLY DELICIOUS"

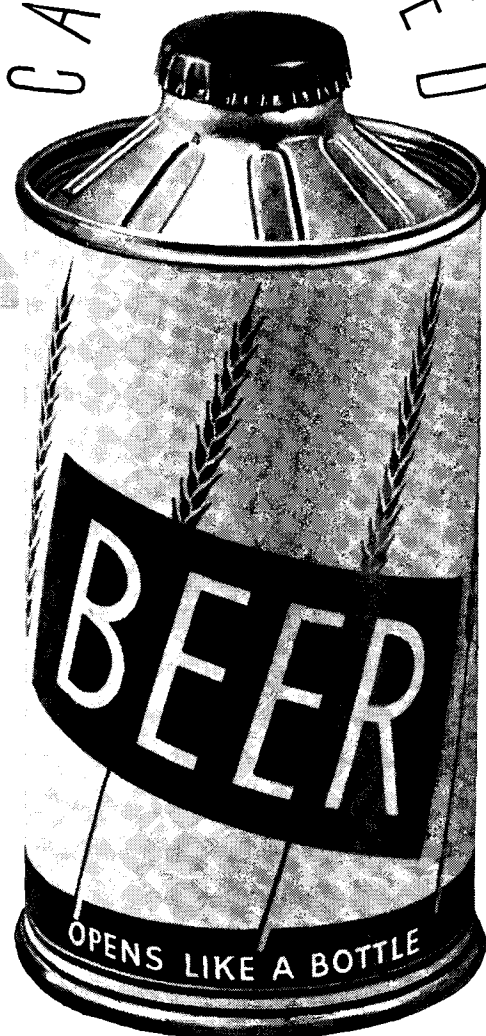
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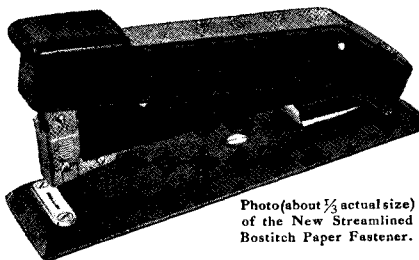


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 FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

Easy Pickings

Continued from page 62

Iron Man returned cagily to the steamboat, and immediately sought seclusion back of the boiler.

He picked the same spot that Bugaboo and the two women had selected four hours earlier.

"Hello, darlin'," Eola greeted surprisingly. "You sho' looked mighty big and stout, wrestlin' wid dat mule in de water."

Iron Man gulped and swallowed. He saw the ice pick sticking in the fish's head, and that Eola was "swinging both hands."

"Sho' did," he grunted. He eyed her. "Twan't much of a job," he added modestly.

"Listen at him!" exclaimed Eola. "Boy, I'm gonter go cook dis fish right now. I bet you's powerful hongry."

Iron Man looked from Eola to Bugaboo and back to Eola. "Un-hunh," he admitted. "I'm is a little hongry. An' tired, too. I'm gonter set and rest whilst y'all ladies go cook dat fish. Den y'all call I and Bugaboo."

"Yeah," urged Bugaboo. "Y'all go cook de fish." He did not know what was in Iron Man's mind, but the proposal sounded reasonable, and he was in favor of it.

The women had scarcely reached shore when the captain ordered the gangplank hoisted and the lines cast off. He had been delayed four hours and there was cargo to be picked up down the river. The boat was swinging into the channel before Bugaboo realized that he was leaving Greenville, and he was disappointed. But Iron Man was so happy that for once in his melancholy life he laughed long and heartily.

"I sho' fooled Eola dat time," he declared. "I was too skeered to jump in de river by myse'f, and I knowed dat mule c'd swim hit. So I just twust his tail, right sudden, and he jumped, and me right after him."

"You made him jump?" Bugaboo could hardly believe it. "You sho' knows a heap about mules."

"Mules and ladies," Iron Man explained, "is all de same."

"But I tawked Eola outn bein' mad wid you," Bugaboo informed Iron Man. "She was fixin' to stob you, quick as you comed back. Efn hit had been me, and I'd 'a' made de yuther side er de river, I'd 'a' stayed dar."

"Me and dat mule," Iron Man told Bugaboo, "landed right smack in old Man Low-rance's levee camp. And dem razor-th'owin' ladies over in dat levee camp'll chop a man's head off. Hit'd be a pleasure for Eola to stob me, alongside er dem levee-camp ladies."

THE boat, by now, was in mid-channel, hurrying down the river. The long concrete ramp at the Greenville landing was but a blur in the distance. Iron Man took his harmonica from his overalls pocket and blew on it until he found a reed that the water had not spoiled. Then he settled down to breathing a sustained, mournful wail on the single note.

Bugaboo listened for a few minutes. "I c'd love Lena like dat, too," he said dreamily. "Dese Greenville womens might' nigh burnt me out. Lena, you's killin' me. Efn I wa'n't so sleepy, I'd sing you a song, right now, baby. All about dis and all about dat, and all about Lena and dat big ol' cat!"



"Professor Snodgrass, I'm afraid you're slipping!"

J. M. ANTHONY

Only the Tough

Continued from page 15

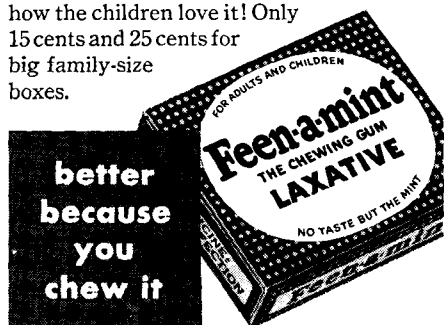
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"All right," Terry went on, "then you turned into Seventy-first Street."

"Yeah."

"He started walking up the street and he remembered this wallet, so he patted his pocket and it wasn't there. He lets out a yell after you but you were already a block away. . . . I'll talk, Hebert. . . . There was a cop across the street. He came running over to see what's up. Konning tells him he left the wallet in the hack and the cop tries to whistle you back but you don't seem to hear. The cop says, 'Maybe it's in some other pocket.' So Konning goes through all his pockets; turns them inside out; the cop helps, see? There's no wallet. They look over the street and it's not there either and there's nobody around who could have picked it up. This is only a minute after you left."

"That's what he says," Joe said.

"Yeah, and that's what the cop says. I just saw him."

"How about the package?"

"The cop thought of that. He looked it over. Now this Konning is a pretty big shot—a steady rider—worth about fifty dollars a month to us. There's no doubt he drew the money out at the bank—I checked on it. There's no doubt he had the money in the hack after you left the butcher; you admit that yourself. And there's no doubt that he didn't have it when he left the hack. That comes close to proving it was in your hack."

"How can he prove it if it wasn't there? I tell you there wasn't even a plugged dime behind the back seat."

"You looked there, too, eh?"

"You bet I did."

Terry looked him over steadily.

"Well, Hebert, here is the dope. You get until tomorrow noon to turn the pile over to me personally, see? If you don't the company will put it up and you'll pay it in installments until you make it up."

"Listen, Terry, I tell you there was no wallet in the hack, see?"

"Well," Terry said grimly, "you'd better think it over tonight before you decide to do anything foolish. See me tomorrow at my office just before noon, and this guy will take \$550—you can have the other fifty, see? Never mind, you tell me tomorrow. Here, give me that meter sheet. I'll check you out. Here's your receipt. Now go on—and think it over. And don't try to take a lam. I can find you."

FOR a minute Joe looked as if he thought he could prove his case better with his fists, but Terry calmly shoved him out of the private door, out into the street.

As he got off the street car on the corner, Joe tried to look as happy as Lucy expected him to be. Lucy took his arm.

"Let's go through the park," she suggested.

"All right," he agreed.

"Did you have a good day?"

"Sixteen bucks."

They came to a bench and Lucy pulled him down.

"Mr. Stanley told me today I could take my vacation starting two weeks from Monday," she said. "I was a little worried about it but it's all fixed now."

"Good," Joe murmured.

Lucy turned and looked at him.

"What's happened, Joe?" she asked sharply. "You haven't got fired?"

"No, everything's all right. I'm just a little tired, I guess." He tried to sound as if he meant it.

Lucy kept watching him.

"Joe, what happened?" She pressed his arm tighter.

Joe debated mentally whether to tell her and finally, knowing that she would

find out sooner or later, he told her. She listened quietly.

"Oh, Joe," she exclaimed at the end.

"But I didn't, hon," he said sharply.

"I know you didn't, Joe."

They sat in silence, staring at the statue of somebody or other.

"What would happen if you didn't pay up, Joe?"

"First they'd tie a can to me. Then if this Konning was tough—and he looks like the kind of guy who would be tough about it—the company would pay up. And then . . ."

"Yes, Joe, what?"

"Then they'd run me out for a nice long vacation in Joliet."

"But how could they?"

"With Konning, the butcher and this cop to testify against just my word for it, how couldn't they?"

"Oh," Lucy breathed, leaning back.

THEY stared some more at the statue. "And if you pay up, Joe, will you lose the job?"

"No. There Terry's system gives the driver a break, if he's got a good record. Terry knows drivers. I guess if he found a wallet like this he'd take a chance on holding it back. But this way, he's got the driver sewed up nicely. The driver can either return the money or whatever it is and Terry will laugh at him and tell him it don't pay, see? Or the driver can keep the thing, claiming he's being framed, but pay up out of his pay and save his face. Or he can take a chance on getting by a court."

"But if he's really innocent?"

"Well, if he can prove it in court he might hold his job. But I never heard of a driver trying it."

Lucy dropped his arm and sagged a little on the hard seat, working her purse nervously between her fingers. Then she straightened up, took his arm and spoke rapidly.

"We can't lose the job now, Joe, especially since they might railroad you to jail and after that you couldn't ever get another job. I guess it must have fallen on that step and dropped off on your way back to the stand. Maybe someone found it and will return it."

"Hot chance," Joe said bitterly.

"That's what I think. So the only thing you can do is to pay up with a protest—"

"But if I pay it each week I won't have enough left to live on."

"I know, Joe—" She opened the purse and took out the bank passbook. "We'll take it out of this account, Joe."

He stared at her.

"It's the only way. We've got to be practical about it. We can either stand on principles and you'll probably go to jail, or we can figure that a job and a clean record is worth the money. Please, Joe, let's be sensible about it. After all, it's a lot better to assume the blame, especially since Terry and the company won't hold it against you, than to insist you're innocent and lose your job, go to jail and ruin all our chances. You keep saying that you have to be tough in the cab business. Well, that's the only thing we can do, Joe, be tough."

Joe continued to stare at her.

"Please, Joe," she said, squeezing his arm. "I know you didn't, and that's all that matters. It's very bad luck, but I guess if we could wait two years we can wait another six months or so."

"Do we have to, honey?"

"Yes, Joe. I said we wouldn't marry until we had fifteen hundred and I won't until we do. We can wait."

"I know, honey," Joe agreed. "Only I

(Continued on page 66)

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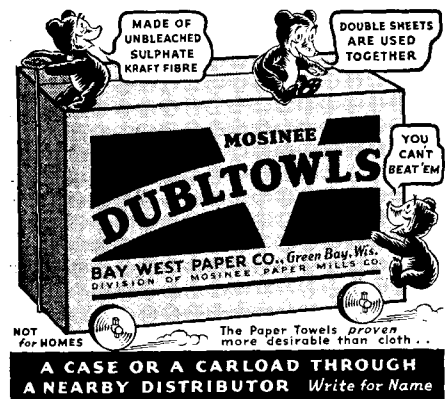
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(Continued from page 65)

think it's a lousy deal. I didn't do it, so—"

"It's the best way, Joe."

Joe smoothed her hands for a moment. "I guess you're right at that—like always. Only it will come out of my share."

"No, Joe; that would take too long and I just can't wait too long. It's—well, you know, Joe."

Joe knew.

They walked across the park, hand in hand. At the other corner they stopped in the darker shadows of the hedges and Joe took her in.

"Good night, Joe. Meet me tomorrow at noon and we'll get the money."

He watched her walking rapidly up the street, feeling a little sick. It was a damned lousy deal! He dropped onto a bench and sat there staring down the Drive as the dusk settled. Konning, he thought bitterly, was no doubt eating chicken with that skirt at the Towers. There was justice for you! He and Lucy were no angels but by anybody's catechism there was a lot more virtue to them than to the Konning setup. And yet tomorrow Konning would have Joe's and Lucy's five hundred dollars to tie with a string and pay the rent for this skirt. String... String? Why string?

He sat up straight and followed the line of street lamps as they came on. Why would a guy like Konning use a piece of string to tie around a wallet?

Suddenly he stood up, a muffled exclamation on his lips. Then he began to walk—very fast.

JOE was waiting for Terry at his office before nine the next morning. Terry grinned at him sardonically when Joe pulled the wallet out and slid it across the desk.

"So you decided you did find it after all?" he asked.

Joe nodded.

"Yeah. This morning at four o'clock at the Towers. I hung around outside till he come out after his date. The street was deserted and I stepped up behind him and let him have it with a persuader. I took a chance, sure—but I got away with it and that's all that matters."

Terry stared at him.

"What?" he almost shouted, rising.

"Yeah, you heard right, Terry. I hit him over the head, just easy, see? And was I surprised to find it in his pocket, string and all?"

Terry kept on staring. Finally he grinned again.

"I'll bet," he said grimly.

"Uh-huh. Now let me show you something, Terry. Just watch closely."

Joe unwound the string from the wallet—it was about two feet long—and the end was still fastened to the wallet. The other end had a little loop. Joe pulled down the band of his trousers and slipped the loop over one of his suspender buttons. Then he took the wallet, shoved it down his trousers, wiggled his leg a little and said:

"Now, get a cop to search me."

"Oh," Terry exhaled and kept on staring. Then he grinned again. "A good enough story, Hebert."

"Sure; and just as solid as the lump on Konning's head."

"I'll ask him about it."

Joe laughed.

"Swell idea, but I'll give you a better one, Terry. He isn't going to admit it, is he?"

"Well, is he?"

"No, Terry. Look at it his way. If he does, it would prove he didn't lose the wallet in the hack after all, wouldn't it? Sure. Well, before this he stood to make a graft of a half G and it wouldn't be so serious if he didn't get it. But now he stands to lose six hundred if he doesn't get some dough from you. So is he going to report the stick-up? You look like a pretty smart guy after all—now. So, I'll

tell you what you do, Terry. He expects to get the wad without the wallet, see? Now you pass over the wallet and all."

Terry grinned again.

"That is a better idea. I'll try it, Hebert. I'll call him up and ask him to come and get it. But first let's take out the fifty he said the driver could keep, and while we're at it I'm going to take out two hundred besides."

"How come, Terry?"

"Well, Hebert, about six months ago this Konning lost two hundred out on the North Side. A driver just finished paying for it. That was one reason I was so sure his was a straight story—the other driver didn't squawk at all."

"Maybe he had a smart girl friend, too," Joe murmured.

"What's that got to do with it?"

"Nothing. You call him up."

A little later, through the crack of the door to the adjoining room, Joe watched as Terry greeted Konning. Joe grinned when he noticed that Konning kept his hat on.

"Mr. Terry," Konning said, "I am losing patience with your drivers. This is the second time, you know, that a driver has failed to turn in a wallet I lost in one of your cabs."

"Oh, no, Mr. Konning," Terry replied suavely. "This time the driver turned it in right away, but you see he got a load out to the North Side right after he dropped you off and so he couldn't turn it in until he checked in and that was after you left."

"Well, I'm glad to hear it, Mr. Terry. That takes a great load off my mind. As I told you yesterday, as things stand I can't afford to take so much of a loss."

"Yes, I can appreciate it, Mr. Konning. Now then"—Terry opened his drawer—"here you are, Mr. Konning, *wallet and all*."

Konning stared at the wallet, his face grew quite red, his hand reached involuntarily toward that part of his head where the bump was.

"So it was—er—turned in," he said.

"Yes; I have subtracted the reward you offered. Here's a receipt. Sign it, please."

Konning's eyes glared at Terry. Joe couldn't see Terry's face but he rather guessed it had that slight, grim smile.

Konning signed and then took up the wallet, counted the money.

"But there's only three-fifty," he objected.

"The receipt says five-fifty, so you must be mistaken. . . . Well, good day, Mr. Konning, and I would very much regret hearing that you lost any more wallets in our cabs."

TERRY rose and opened the door; Konning continued to glare as he walked out.

"By the way," Terry added, "the driver found something else with the wallet."

He put his hand in his pocket and, pulling it out, extended a blackjack. Konning purpled, turned and walked out very rapidly.

Terry turned to Joe.

"Hebert," he said, "it looks like you lost us a good rider."

"The boys at the Sixty-fourth Street stand are going to miss him, especially Big Jeff."

Terry sat down.

"I think I could use a tough guy like you."

"Yeah?"

"Sure. How about it at fifty a week?"

"And Sundays off?"

"Sure, we don't work Sundays."

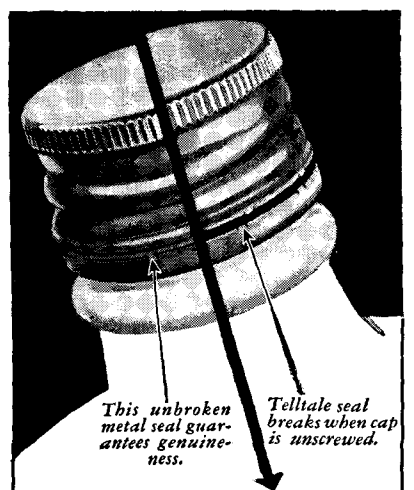
"Can I start in a month?"

"Right away if you want to."

"No. If it's all right with you, I'd rather start in a month."

"You're hired."

"Okay, I'll report the day after Labor Day and—say, how would you like to be a best man?"



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See advertisement . . . Page 48

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Odds Against Honor

Continued from page 25

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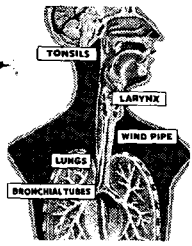
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Pertussin stimulates these glands to pour out natural moisture. Phlegm loosens. Your throat is soothed. Then—quick relief!

Pertussin, by the "moist-throat" method, checks coughs safely.

Over 1,000,000 doctors' prescriptions for Pertussin were filled in 1 year, according to the Prescription Ingredient Survey issued by American Pharmaceutical Assn. Buy a bottle!

PERTUSSIN
"MOIST-THROAT" METHOD OF
COUGH RELIEF

and-shut case—nothing to it that can't be explained in a half-hour."

"Exactly—so what have we to fear from an open hearing?"

Gates looked about. He saw that the others were inclined to agree with the suave dean, master strategist in the college councils.

"Dean Cormack," Gates said firmly, "you might as well know that you're not going to throw this kid to the wolves."

"But, Joe—"

"You'd like to get those fellows in here and put on a great show. You know what they're looking for—scandal. It's red meat. They'll be looking for headlines. And you'd help them get them."

The dean looked appealingly at the president. Jim Bailey was smiling. Spike Adams' small eyes were glittering approval. The president cleared his throat.

Joe Gates went on: "And how would it wind up? As it always does when the going gets tough. The kid is tossed to the wolves as a sacrifice, the coach is rawhided and football comes in for another going over. That's what you want, Dean—that's what you always want—but this time you are not going to get it."

THE big man was coldly calm now. "All I want is the truth, Gates. Of course, if you're afraid of it—"

Gates smiled savagely as he leaped back with sharp, ringing sentences. "I'm not afraid of it. I'm going to give you some right now—then, when I'm finished, if you want to call in your jury it'll be okay with me."

Dr. Lowden interrupted. "We seem to be digressing." Most of the other members of the board seemed to think so, too. But Dean Cormack, smiling and calm again, suggested: "I think we should hear Joe, Doctor."

The antagonists were now on the icy ground of intelligent hostility. Joe Gates snarled: "The dean wants to hear more because he thinks he has nothing to lose."

"Right, Joe."

"Okay, we'll see." He turned to the other members of the board. "Gentlemen, we have a stadium over there. We still owe some money on it. We have a great program of minor sports. We also have a fine new law building. Football has paid for all of them—and more."

"This university is in the football business for one reason—because it pays. I'm in charge of athletics here for one reason—because I make football pay. There's only one way to make football pay—and that is to keep the supply of raw material at a high level. There's only one way to do that—and that's the way all successful football colleges do it. Go out and get 'em." He clipped his words.

The members of the board were listening with the expressions of men whose curiosity overcame their pain. Dr. Lowden's graven face was attentive. Dean Cormack's eyes were narrow-slitted beacons.

"The competition," Gates continued, turning to the professor of economics, "is terrific. We must meet it. We must do certain things, as all business executives must do, certain little things which we do not put in the minutes."

Joe Gates, an effective speaker from long practice at his trade, was going about his task with thorough satisfaction. "I've been in charge here for six years. We've met many times, talked about many things. These little things we haven't talked about. It was sort of

understood that we didn't talk about them. But now the dean wants to hear about them. He may even want the newspapermen to hear about them—because the dean is an honorable man and thinks he has nothing to lose."

The coach bowed slightly to the professor of literature, who acknowledged the literary allusion. Dean Cormack smiled blandly. "Very good, Joe, very good—you must be a wow in the locker-room."

"Certain little things. They are against the letter of the amateur law but we think the law is a dead law and so we interpret it liberally; all, that is, except the dean of law."

He paused. "I, gentlemen, am a sort of speakeasy proprietor. The public which pays at the bar are our customers—and one thing remains. We must have our bootleggers to bring in the stuff. Tony Scotti is one of ours. I do not say mine—I say ours—because we are in business together—you are the silent partners."

"But we have not authorized—we have not known—"

"Save that for the newspapermen. This board is responsible for athletics. You're not blind, Dean. You don't want to know officially so that, when something like this blows up, you can lay it on the coach and the kid and get out from under. Well, that's out. I don't enjoy this deception, neither do the boys. Hereafter, everything I do in football I'm laying in your laps."

The members of the board were exchanging shocked glances. "I'm sorry, gentlemen, to have to talk this way," Gates turned to the dean of law. "But I just want to let the dean here know that, from now on, I'll put in with him. Maybe I should have seen danger in this gambling and barred Tony from the place—but I'm going to tell you something else you didn't know. Tony was here before I came. I'm not responsible for him—neither is Clark."

There was a moving of chairs, a restless movement. Joe Gates waited for quiet. "Just one more thing. This boy, here, is as clean as any man in the room. I know you've got to investigate to answer the papers. Before you do, I wanted you to know that it is not Clark Jenkins nor Joe Gates who is on trial here but the system which makes a big business out of an amateur sport—the square peg in the round hole."

He sat down. President Lowden cleared his throat, looked at him over the top of his glasses and then spoke sonorously:

"I think, gentlemen, that Mr. Gates has spoken courageously. In due time we will sit with him again and go into his suggestions."

"Any time you're ready, sir. There's nothing wrong with football that can't be cured by a little common sense. Whenever the faculties are ready to go to town you'll find the coaches and players more than willing to go along."

Dean Cormack came to Joe Gates with outstretched hand.

IN THE morning there was a letter from Clark's mother. She wanted to know what it was that the neighbors were asking her about all the stuff in the papers about him.

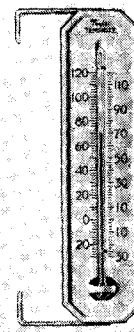
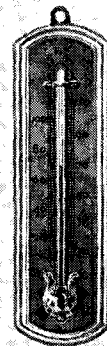
His father had had one of his spells but was all right now. Both of them knew he had done nothing wrong but would he please write and tell her what to do and what to tell the neighbors. A newspaperman had been to see them but she had only told him how good a
(Continued on page 68)

a Gift of

**HEALTH
COMFORT
DECORATION**

that lasts for years

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INDOOR WALL THERMOMETER, walnut, ebony or ivory finished back, Permacolor tube, \$1.*

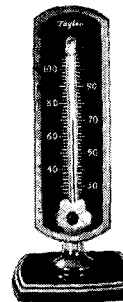
TEMPRITE OUTDOOR THERMOMETER with mounting brackets, white enamel, black figures, \$1.*

**THE THERMOMETER OF
TESTED TAYLOR ACCURACY**

SHOULD the children wear coats? Is the living room warm enough? How hot is it today? All the year through, these accurate Taylor Thermometers will answer questions like these. That's why they make such acceptable, useful gifts at Christmas—and a constant reminder of you every day in the year.

Many other Taylor Instruments, too, will bring loud cheers at Christmas... Stormoguides that forecast the weather, \$7.50 to \$60... Humidiguides to measure the moisture in the air, a big help in warding off colds, \$3.50 to \$18... Compasses that know the direction always, 75¢ to \$7.50... But be sure to look for the name **Taylor**. Then both you and the receiver of the gift will know it's scientifically accurate, and the best that money can buy. If your dealer cannot supply you, write direct to Taylor Instrument Companies, Rochester, N. Y. Offices also at Toronto, Canada.

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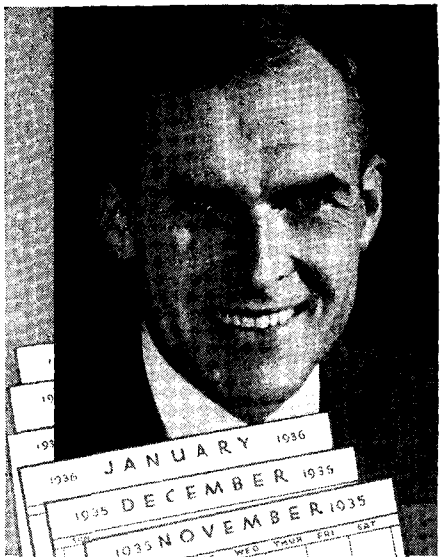


*Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies and in Canada

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INSTRUMENTS

IN INDUSTRY, other types for indicating, recording, and controlling temperature, pressure and humidity.

• Tune in—"To Arms for Peace!" Presented by E. R. Squibb & Sons in cooperation with World Peaceways. Thurs., 9:30 P.M.E.S.T.—Columbia network



It's such a sensible way to prepare for winter

Building good general resistance!

Many people have come around to a practical view of common winter ills. They've found that they're most likely to be affected when their *general resistance is low*.

The peak season for these conditions are the mid-winter months when many people have used up whatever reserve forces they may have stored during the summer. During January and February, winter ills occur most frequently and hang on longest, indicating that good general resistance is not only needed to prevent them but also to help get over them quickly.

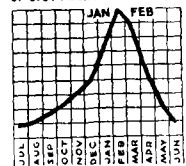
Since it may prove an invaluable asset during the rigorous months just ahead, now's the time to begin building good *general resistance*.

One excellent help is offered by *Squibb Adex*. It provides necessary vitamins from three important sources—halibut and cod liver oils and Viosterol.

The Vitamin A supplied by Adex—3,300 units a tablet—aids in building good general resistance. Each tablet also provides not less than 660 units of Vitamin D.

People who start with Adex now should keep it up regularly every day, throughout the winter. It is available at any reliable drug store. Made exclusively by E. R. Squibb & Sons, manufacturing chemists to the medical profession since 1858.

The increase of common ills during the winter months is graphically portrayed by this chart prepared from figures of U.S. Public Health Dept.



ADEX
TABLETS and CAPSULES
SQUIBB

(Continued from page 67)

boy Clark was and how he worked hard to send them money.

Cal Calhoun was stirring in his bed when Spike Adams came in with a copy of the *Globe*.

"Well," Spike said, "I don't suppose you've read your pal Anthony yet?"

The story was still on the front page. Clark read:

"Atlantic University yesterday absolved Clark Jenkins, varsity quarterback, of any blame in the gambling coup resulting from his injury in the Midwest game but neglected to answer two important questions.

"The whitewashing issued by President Lowden after the meeting of the faculty board contained a statement by Dr. Leonard Noulton, the team physician, who vouched for the authenticity of Jenkins' injury.

"The university admitted its embarrassment over the association of Tony Scotti with its athletic affairs but refused to accept responsibility for his actions or to hold Jenkins implicated. "Scotti, along with Pete Jenkins, brother of the football star, who also cleaned up at the expense of Atlantic students by betting on Midwest, has been barred from further association with Atlantic athletics.

"The university deplored the alarming growth of gambling on college football games, forbade its students to bet on these games in the future under penalty of expulsion and urged alumni to cooperate with the school in an attempt to wipe out this latest evil of the grid-iron sport.

"In its whitewashing of Jenkins, the statement failed to answer two important questions: If Clark Jenkins did not tell Tony Scotti about his injury, information which was relayed to the racketeers with the resultant coup, who did?

"Where does Jenkins get the money which permits him to support himself, his father and mother, pay for his schooling and permit him, in his leisure time, to associate with wealthy people?

"It is rumored that he is engaged to Margaret Bailey, debutante daughter of Jim Bailey, millionaire real estate man of New York and well-known owner of the Bailey stable of race horses. Miss Bailey is a student at Atlantic. Jim Bailey came to the aid of Jenkins yesterday and attended the meeting of the Atlantic faculty board.

"Neither Bailey nor Joe Gates, athletic director and head football coach at Atlantic, would elaborate upon the statement issued by Dr. Lowden.

"It was significant that Captain Tom Vavra and Cal Calhoun, other stars of the Atlantic team, attended the meeting. Captain Vavra also refused to talk. Calhoun told a reporter that he had no idea why he had been asked to attend. It was thought that, as Clark Jenkins' roommate, he might have heard conversations between Jenkins and the gambler. Calhoun declared, however, that while Scotti frequented the room, that he had never taken part in their discussions."

CLARK laid the paper down and looked at his roommate, who was stirring sleepily.

Cal awoke and sat on the edge of his bed. Spike, eying him scornfully, turned away.

"What's the matter with you, newsboy?"

"Read the paper and find out."

Cal read the paper. The room was heavy with silence. Suddenly he threw it to the floor. "I told that guy not to mention me."

"It would be the first time you ever told a reporter not to mention you."

"Why should I want to get mixed up in it?"

"Always thinking of somebody else."

Cal stood up and moved toward the little man. "I've had about enough of you. One more crack and I'll knock your head off."

Spike jumped up, bristling. "Say—you lay a finger on me and I'll write the real story of the Midwest game."

"What're you talking about?"

"They all want to know who told Tony—well, I'll tell 'em."

"Why, you little—" Spike stood his ground. Cal turned to Clark, "So you had to rat, did you?"

"No, he didn't rat. You did. You sat in that meeting and let him take the rap—" Spike was bristling.

"Wait, Spike." Clark faced Calhoun. "I've only got one thing to say to you. From now on, in my book, you're the perfect louse."

Cal stiffened: "Oh, yeah?"

"I have to live with you and play with you—but don't ever talk to me—and don't ever get in my way."

Violent hate poured into the room from their eyes, inches apart.

Cal turned away. "Okay, pal, if that's the way you want it."

"That's the way I want it."

CLARK wrote his mother a long letter, told her that everything was all right now and that they should pay no attention to anything that might appear in the newspapers. He asked her to tell Pete to stay away from the team and not to bet and to have Pete explain to Tony that he would only get Clark in more trouble if he talked to reporters or came to the games.

He saw Coach Gates, thanked him for what he had done and asked him what to do next.

"Just sit tight. If it doesn't calm down by tomorrow I'll threaten to blow a libel suit at 'em and that'll take the wind out of the clouds. We could hang

'em right now but we don't sue news papers."

The next morning Clark heard from his mother again. She could not have received his letter in time to have answered and he opened the envelope quickly. It was a calm note. She had heard from that nice Bailey girl and if she said it was all right, then it was. She had sent Pete to see Tony, as the nice girl had asked her to, and Tony said he wouldn't do anything more. Tony didn't understand it at all. He thought everybody had gone crazy.

That afternoon Clark waited outside of Biology 1. She smiled at him in a way she had never smiled before. She wore a white pullover sweater that somehow seemed to accentuate the perfection of her delicate figure.

"It was nice of you to write Mother. I was so busy Monday I didn't get a chance."

"I knew she would be worrying. How's your father?"

"He had a spell but he's all right. Your letter helped him, too. Mother said Pete had talked to Tony and he'll be all right. Your letter probably kept him from talking more."

They walked around the lake. She didn't talk much. This was a new mood for her but he liked it.

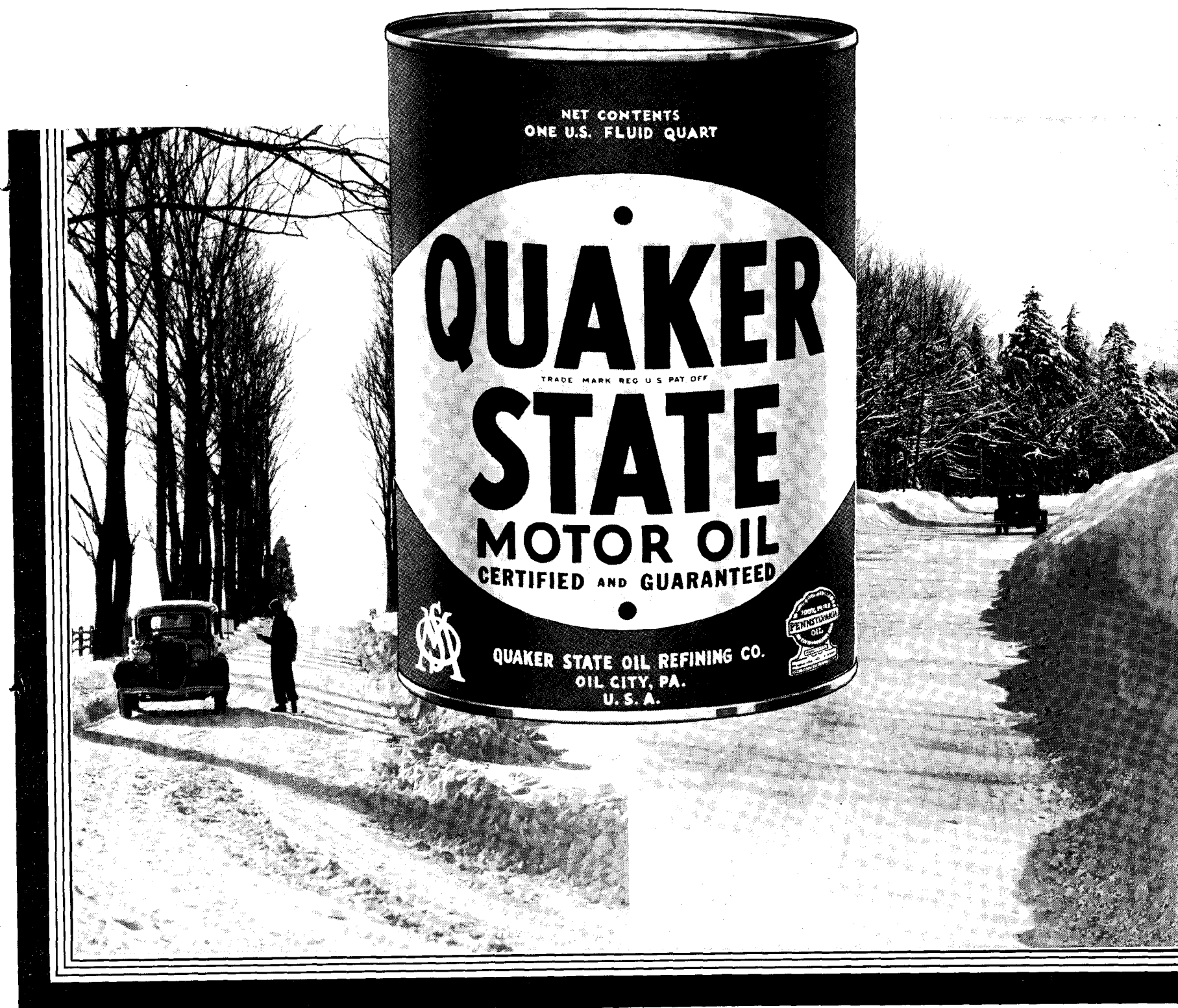
Finally he said: "I'm sorry for what was in the paper."

She glanced roguishly over her shoulder as if this were what she had been waiting for. "I thought it was nice. If you knew how many girls would like to read that they were engaged to a big football star! I never suspected it could be such a thrill."

They didn't talk any more about it. . . .

There could be no doubt in the minds of even the most skeptical about the intentions of the Atlantic squad in its
(Continued on page 70)





There are glorious motoring days ahead. Clear, bracing air. Familiar landscapes in Winter dress. Get out and enjoy them. Winter driving is so easy nowadays. Roads cleared. Cars warm and snug. And mechanical worries left behind you *when you use Quaker State Winter Oils and Greases*. These marvelous cold-weather lubricants are the real key to care-free Winter driving. They permit quick starting, and assure safe motor protection when the mercury does a nose-dive.

THIS WINTER-DRIVING LESSON COST H. E. CODY OF ASHTABULA, OHIO, \$12.50. HE OFFERS IT TO YOU FREE

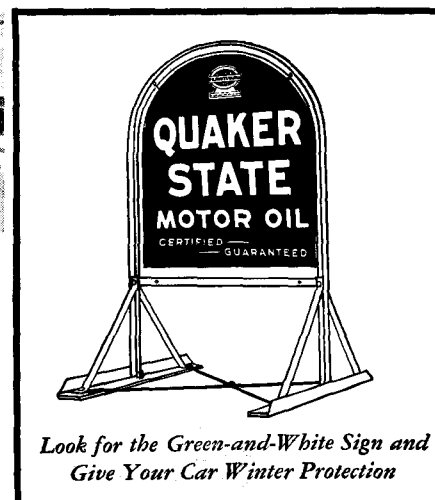


1. "One day last Winter, I let myself be talked into buying a different motor oil... 'just as good as Quaker State' for less money."

2. "Next day it dropped to zero. I had trouble starting because oil had hardened. Drove five miles... wham! Two bearings burned out."

3. "The cost? \$12.50 in cash, plus a lot of inconvenience. But it taught me to stick to Quaker State Winter Oil in cold weather."

"First choice of Experience"





\$8⁷⁵
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We've never been satisfied to make the best-looking shoes. We insist that Florsheims be as good as they look—give performance even better than their promise—give the lowest cost per day of wear. *Illustrated, The WOODCLIFFE, \$-549, with the hinged Feature Arch, \$10.*

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"GO 'WAY—my head feels like a boiler factory"

I'D LIKE TO DROP MY HEAD ON THE FLOOR AND NEVER PICK IT UP! GIVE AWAY MY STOMACH, TOO!

MR. JONES TOLD ME THIS WOULD CLEAR MY HEAD IN NO TIME

FOR CRYING OUT LOUD—DON'T YOU KNOW WHAT TO TAKE? SAY...

YES, SIR! BROMO-SELTZER WORKS FAST—AND IT SOOTHES YOUR STOMACH AND NERVES, TOO

YEP, THANKS TO BROMO-SELTZER, I GOT THROUGH A FULL DAY'S WORK

BEST THING IN THE WORLD FOR THOSE NEXT-MORNING HEADACHES. STOPS PAIN FASTER—LEAVES YOU PEPPY!

DOCTORS are proving by actual tests that Bromo-Seltzer works *faster*—does more for you. Settles upset stomach, soothes touchy nerves, reduces excess acid in the blood caused by overindulgence.

Bromo-Seltzer
makes you feel fit faster

Odds Against Honor

Continued from page 68

next games. Hurt by the suspicion cast upon them, sobered by the bitter feeling, on and off the field, between their two backfield stars, grateful to their skipper for the way he had defended them before the athletic board, the players threw themselves at every enemy with a ferocity which knew no mercy.

They ran up big scores on first-rate opponents. They never seemed to have enough. Priming them was no task—they were self-priming.

They were driven by the realization that the season must be completed without possibility of even the most innocent failure which might bring disaster rushing upon them. Atlantic was on probation, unspoken but definite.

The sensational sweep of the team through its November schedule electrified the gridiron world. Football fans visioned a dream game which would result if Atlantic and Midwest could meet again. It was not possible under schedule conditions but, unexpectedly, a dream game was to be realized.

Erie, undefeated, upset Midwest with a terrific display of scoring power.

Atlantic and Erie were scheduled for Thanksgiving Day.

The far-seeing gridiron gods had arranged a feast which attracted more hungry ticket-seekers than the Atlantic stadium could satisfy. The game was a sell-out two days after the Erie victory.

The rivalry between Clark Jenkins and Cal Calhoun was now a national subject. The Midwest center had taken the spotlight from Tom Vavra and was "in" as an All-America candidate.

It would be Calhoun or Jenkins, romanticized in the press as Damon and Pythias.

On Thanksgiving Eve, Clark and Margaret had dinner at an unfrequented tearoom where he would not be annoyed by the sensation-mad crowd which had swarmed into town. His mother, at Margaret's invitation, was coming the next day. She was due by bus at eleven o'clock. Clark wouldn't see her until after the game. Pete, faithful to his promise, was to stay home and listen to the radio.

They walked to the pep meeting.

"One more day," she said warmly, "and you'll be out of football. Make it a good one. Good luck."

He was vividly conscious of the warmth of her hand, the sparkle of her smile, as he climbed the steps to the stage where the pep meeting was to be held. Visiting sports writers were there. Brad Anthony sat with the diplomatic Joe Gates.

There were songs, cheers, speeches.

WHEN Clark Jenkins was introduced, the two thousand students let go with such a roar as the ancient gym had never known. They seemed to scream directly at Brad Anthony. It finally became so apparent that the sports writer arose, went to Clark and shook his hand as the students shouted approval.

"Sorry, son," Anthony said. "We have to do some tough things in our racket, too—but all those kids out there can't be wrong."

Cal Calhoun was in bed early that night. The morrow was the pay-off day for All-America and he was going to be ready.

Clark, unaccustomedly nervous, sat

(Continued on page 72)



"Now weren't that swell of the cook. He remembered me boithday in baked beans"

LAURENCE REYNOLDS

The Better Things in Life



There is a vast difference
In the price of a ticket
To a master musician's concert
And a nickel dropped into
The slot of a mechanical piano
Yet in each case you pay
To listen to music

It's that way with
Old Overholt
Straight Rye Whiskey



Of course Old Overholt
Costs more
It's Bottled in Bond
Under U. S. Government
Supervision

And aged and mellowed
Before it reaches the bottle

The lore of more than a century
Goes into Old Overholt
And the same knowing formula of
Rye, barley malt and hill water
Is used today
As in 1810

Old Overholt's distinctive
And century-favored flavor
Subtly informs your guests
You acknowledge their
Appreciation
Of the better things in life



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A GOOD GUIDE TO GOOD WHISKEY

Odds Against Honor

Continued from page 70

Preferences differ as to
**TASTE...all agree as
to MODERATION**



If you would get true enjoyment from the liquor you drink...be moderate...be moderate and insist on quality.

For more than a quarter of a century...I have studied the distillation of legal liquors as to their taste...their bouquet...their quality. Thus, as a distiller, I take great pride in the perfection of the production of the James Clark Distilling Corporation. With us this is a traditional art where quality precedes everything else and substitutes can find no place.

For example, the liquors mentioned here, taken from our complete collection, are all products of this rich and mature distilling experience.

OVERLAND Straight Whiskey is an exceptional, genuine Kentucky Bourbon. 95 Proof.

PATRICK HENRY is a Blend of critically chosen Straight Whiskies...assuring a fine product. 92 Proof.

D & B BLACK LABEL is a Blend of Whiskies combining 3% 17-year-old whiskey, 17% 4-year-old whiskey, 40% 1-year-old whiskey, scientifically balanced and blended with 40% of fine neutral spirits made from specially selected grain. 90 Proof.

JOHN L. Straight Bourbon Whiskey is our volume favorite because of its popular whole-some appeal. 90 Proof.

I am sure that you, too, will most heartily approve these products, which are endorsed and procurable wherever legal liquors are available.

Samuel Ungerleider, President
James Clark Distilling Corporation
Executive Offices—26 Exchange Place
Jersey City, New Jersey

with his diagrams, studying the new formations, going over the strategy.

At eleven o'clock he went to bed. All was quiet, except for Cal's heavy breathing.

But Clark's brain was a theater where the football game was being played in advance...

The phone outside was ringing. He was on the floor and hurrying to answer it.

Cal Calhoun swore at the noise which had disturbed his sleep. He waited to hear the name of the culprit.

But Clark called no name. He was talking very softly, so softly that Cal could only hear phrases and parts of words:

"—can't leave—how much—listen, can't you—no—don't do that—keep him—well, hold him—I'll be—what number—okay—twelve—all right—now don't let him—twenty minutes..."

When the door opened, Cal was rolled in the covers, facing the wall.

Clark was dressing... The light went out... The window up...

Cal Calhoun, sharply awake, lay thinking, breathing hard.

Then he fell among dreams peopled with those he loved best—beautiful girls, old grads with green money, pictures of handsome Cal captioned "All-America."

He was awakened by a firm knocking at the door. It was daylight and people were stirring. Cal yelled: "Yeh—who is it?"

"Telegram for Jenkins."

Cal looked at the upper berth. It was empty. "Okay—put it under the door. He's at breakfast."

The yellow envelope slid under the door. Cal was up, inspecting.

Clark hadn't come back. Telephone calls... telegrams...

Cal bolted the door; very carefully he opened the envelope. He read the wire:

SOMETHING UP TONY DOWN HEAVY ON
ERIE COMING WITH MOM CAREFUL
PETE

Cal sealed the envelope again and placed it on Clark's desk table.

Speculatively, he watched it.

That telegram might mean anything. Perhaps Pete was going to get down on Erie. Perhaps Clark—

He had thought that Clark had gone downtown to get his screwball brother out of a jam.

But his brother hadn't been downtown.

That telegram might mean anything. Cal yawned and smiled.

"Okay, pal," he saluted Clark's bunk. "If that's the way you want it—I don't know a thing."

AS CAL walked to breakfast he ignored salutations, didn't seem to hear good wishes. Those who were passed up thought it reasonable. Cal was thinking about the big game.

At the cafeteria he bought a paper, got his tray and silver, and walked slowly along the line.

He had to make a decision—to figure things out.

The thing to do was to take it easy and protect himself as he went along so that, whatever happened, there could be no kickback at him.

So far, he was in the clear. He had been asleep. He hadn't heard the phone. He hadn't seen Clark go out. The last he knew was that he had heard Clark go to bed around eleven. He was positive about that.

This morning when he awakened the bed was mussed. It had been slept in. He figured Clark had been up early, and had gone to breakfast.

The telegram had come. Cal didn't know what was in it. He had told the delivery boy that Clark was at breakfast and had laid it on the desk, figuring that when Clark came in, he would find it there.

Okay; that checked.

Up to now, he was in the clear.

If he reported Clark out all night, the mob would be on him. That would be ratting. A roomy wasn't even supposed to tell the rest of the mob.

Cal's lip curled. Well—he would be a pal!

Spike Adams came by with his tray. They had never quite cooled off from the episode in the room; but Spike had served as a useful means of communication at times. This spot was perfect.

"If you see my roommate," Cal said, "tell him he has a telegram."

"Where is he?"

"I don't know. When I got up he was gone. I supposed he'd be over here."

"Maybe he's gone downtown to meet his mother. She's coming in. If I see him I'll tell him. Looks like a nice day."

"Just right for me."

SPIKE went on to another table. He would tell them what Cal had said. They would laugh and call him cocky. Today he would show them and ram it down their throats. This was his day.

A headline caught his eye:

BETTING ODDS SWING TOWARD ERIE

That telegram might mean anything. Whatever it meant, Cal Calhoun was staying out of it.

Due at ten, the big bus pulled in a few minutes ahead of time. Margaret mixed with the impetuous crowd. It was too bad that the little old lady never got to town except in the middle of a traffic jam.

A young man accompanied her. His top coat was open, his woolen scarf two ways in the wind and his soft gray hat was pushed up in front. His eyes were nervous.

"Pete just had to come," Mom explained.

"Hello." Margaret's smile was meager, her voice taut and her eyes forbidding.

Pete looked about. "Where's Clark?" "Oh, he wasn't to come. He couldn't, this morning."

"I wired him."

Margaret was losing patience. "We are across the street. Bring the bag, please."

Pete hesitated in the hotel lobby. "Well, Mom, I've got to go. I'll see you tonight at the bus station, huh?"

"All right, Pete—now be careful and don't get into any trouble."

"Don't you worry, Mom."

"Wait, Pete." Margaret followed him. "Now what do you mean by coming up here to bother Clark again?"

"Listen, you ain't my boss, sister."

"Don't evade. I should think you've caused him enough trouble already—you and that Tony—"

Pete objected: "Hey, wait a minute."

"You were supposed to stay away—"

"I know—but I came to help him."

"How can you help him?"

"I dunno yet. I gotta bum around first. But I didn't come here to get him in any jam—don't you say that."

Margaret softened. Pete was hurt. She smiled. "All right, Pete, I'm sorry. Now what is it?"



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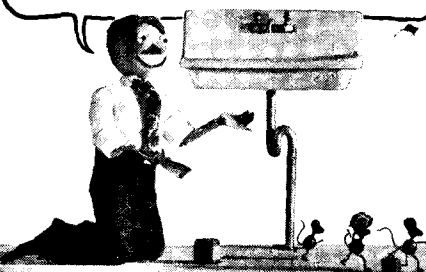
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He looked over her shoulder, would not meet her eyes; but his voice was earnest. "I dunno yet. I got to find out. I got to see. I know certain ways, certain people—"

She shook her head impatiently. "I haven't the slightest idea what you're talking about; but Clark is supposed to call us around eleven. If you have anything to tell him, be there then—but don't you go out to school and bother him."

He looked as if he would like to tell her a few things to relieve his feelings but her eyes checked him and he merely asked: "What room you in?"

"Twelve-eighteen. Can you remember that?"

"Sure. I got a certain easy way to remember it."

She hesitated: "Pete—if there's anything my father can do—you know that he knows certain people, too."

He said: "Don't say nothing to Mom." Then he left.

Upstairs, in the Bailey suite, Clark's mother carefully inspected the furnishings and frankly marveled at the comfort which money could buy. Margaret followed her about, answering her questions. She complimented the old lady on her new clothing. The flattery was wine, which brought life to her blue eyes and color to her face.

She said proudly: "Clark got me the coat and hat—but do you know who bought me the dress? Pete!"

"Well, that was good of him."

"Sakes, the change that has come over him since that time all the stuff was in the paper. He's working—in the mine—and he never would before."

"That's good news. How's your husband?"

"He's doing right well since all that fuss. I always say that Clark's picture in the paper is worth more to him than all the doctors." She hesitated. "Margaret, that's all right now, isn't it?"

Margaret patted her arm. "Sure—it was all a mistake, anyhow. You know how some people are when other people do well?"

"I know—jealous-hearted. They were the same way at home. The ones that had praised him the loudest changed the quickest. I'll be glad when he's finished this old football and I know he's all right."

The door opened. Jerry Bailey walked in, tossed his coat on a chair and smiled cynically.

"Well, my darling sister, prepare thyself to weep."

"What are you talking about?"

"Remember the Midwest? Well, the odds are melting right now and if what I hear is true, one of our noble stars will break a leg or something again about the second act—and—"

"Jerry—this is Clark's mother!"

Jerry was nice to her.

PETE walked so fast that his coat tails, flat behind him in the wind, might have been rudders, steering him in and out with little regard for the rights of other pedestrians.

The narrow streets of the town had already begun to swell with traffic distention. These were mostly people who had driven far. Some of them, on the road all night, would not sleep until they reached home again.

There was a hopeless rush for tickets. Scalpers, carefully gauging the feverish demand, nursed their supply so that it would bring the most attractive prices. The weather was bright and crisp—and this, at ten in the morning, was a scalping paradise.

Pete hurried in and out of small openings in building fronts; he visited poolrooms where the gamblers had set up headquarters. In each place he asked for Tony and listened to the gossip.

They were all laying Erie and there was a rush to get aboard.

Commissions were going out to other towns—New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Chicago—even the cities of the Far West, football-minded and gambling crazy. The news had been slow to reach the West Coast. Atlantic was still a favorite out there and the boys were hopping to get "down" before the tip arrived. This was to be no mere clean-up at the expense of Atlantic students, but an enterprise of magnitude, of national proportions. These were gamblers betting each other just as they did at the world series, a big fight, a track derby or any other major betting event.

This was a good thing and the insiders moved fast to stake their claims. When their own funds were "down" they would guardedly pass the information of the gold strike to their favored "connections." A national net was thus being cast for that great sea of suckers who played form and would not suspect that an "angle" had finally been found in a big college football game.

THE trail to Tony finally led Pete back to where his search had begun—to the hotel where he had left his mother.

He knocked quietly at the door marked 1802. A cautious guard opened it just enough to talk. Pete asked for Tony. The door closed and he waited. After a few minutes he was admitted.

It was the sitting-room of a suite. Men sat around, tight-faced, awaiting orders. The phone rang constantly. When the phone in the bedroom rang, a call for one of the tight-faced men followed. There was no confusion, no waste.

In a corner, Pete muttered: "What's it all about?"

Tony spoke in a low, excited voice: "You got any dobies, get in. This is hot."

"What's the magog?"

"Erie can't miss. Yesterday eighta five; 'smorning sixta five; now—threeta five."

"What's the mahoskus? How the doing it?"

Tony shrugged his fat shoulders. "I dunno—anyhow, Blackie say it's no good if it gets around."

"Got any idea at all, Tony?"

Tony whispered confidentially. "I hear some boy from Atlantic no play."

"Who?"

"I dono."

"Somebody hurt again?"

Tony looked about cautiously: "I hear he ain't hurt. I hear he just won't play."

"You mean he's takin'?"

Tony shrugged his round shoulders, screwed his fat features into a gelatinous formation of suspicion and doubt. "I dono."

"Who do you think?"

"I dono."

"Who's in the other room?"

"Blackie and Harlow."

"I want to see them."

"No. Can't go in there now. Dis big stuff. I betcha we lay one hundred thousand right here dis morning."

The door from the bedroom opened and a thin man with tight-fitting clothes swaggered out. His eyes were keen and sharp, his face deeply lined and blue-bearded. He strode through the room like an emperor, ignoring obsequious salutations. He whispered to a henchman. As he was about to reënter the bedroom he called: "Tony." He did not turn.

"Okay, Blackie." Tony hopped.

He was back in less than a minute. "Come on, Pete, we take a walk. Blackie wants me do somethin'." Tony waved ostentatiously at the others. None of them answered. Some of them didn't even change expressions.

(To be continued next week)

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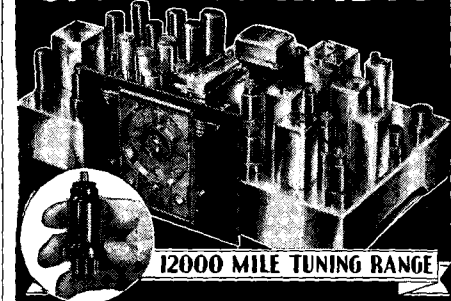
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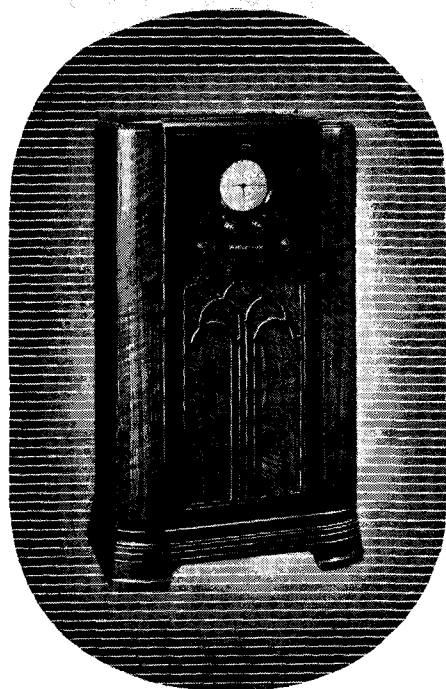
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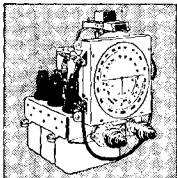
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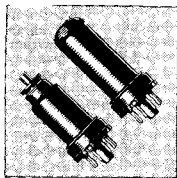


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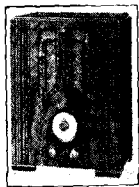
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"Sim Sime," says she, "you'll give them dogs away like the jedge says, or I'll pizen every last one of 'em! My eyes is opened, at last. There's fifty human bodies in Coon Holler an' they'll starve out sure if'n the government don't feed 'em. I reckon they're a heap more important than fourteen dogs."

Sim Sime he turned white around the gills when Missus Bowcock said "pizen." He seed thet fer the fust time she'd got her dander up good.

"By gosh, I reckon there ain't nothin' fer a man to do," he says, a-talking to the dogs as if he was apologizing, "but it's mighty hard on a man when the government don't leave him only four dogs."

I seed Sim Sime was going to be up to tricks, so I said: "I'll send a truck for thirteen dogs this evenin'. Reckon I'll attend to giving them dogs away pussonal. You write out a list of folks—none of 'em to live in Prairieville Township—and I'll see to it thet the dogs are delivered safe and sound."

Sim Sime acted like I wasn't there. He kept looking over them seventeen dogs and talking out loud like a daft one. He run on about maybe Uncle Silas Burton would give Adolf a good home and Bob Pete Houser might take Preacher and Clarence off his hands.

I went on back to Eolia. Joe McTeague, thet I sent with a truck fer Sim Sime's dogs along about sundown, come back with word thet Sim Sime begged for another day's time. I'm a tolerant man, and I agreed. The next evenin' come, and still Sim Sime allowed he wasn't ready. I and Joe McTeague went over to Coon Holler loaded fer bear.

SIM SIME was in the front yard. He had each one of them seventeen dogs tied with a separate rope to the rail fence. He was a-walking along the line talkin' to hisself.

"Howdy, Jedge," he said, sadlike, when I come up. "It won't take me another five minutes, by gosh. I know ol' Preacher he's got to go. He may turn blind on me an' his nose can't find single birds no more. An' thet Oliver dog—he's got to go. He whupped a coon, but he 'lowed a nigger dog to chase him."

All them Sim Sime children was huddled together on the back porch a-watching. Missus Bowcock she come piling outter the smokehouse.

"Sim Sime, you make up yer mind," she says, mighty peevish. "We ain't got no vittles fer supper hardly, let alone tomorrer. It's hard, Sim Sime, but I reckon it's fair." Then she says to me: "He's been walkin' up an' down thet line sinct yestiddy. Got up twicet in the night to change his mind."

"Thet Clarence dog—he oughter go, dern him. He's sassy, he's shirky an' he's snappish—"

"We ain't got all evenin'," I says, sharp. Missus Bowcock didn't say nothing more. She jest turned and made fer the kitchen. Sim Sime, he says right quick: "Take 'em helter skelter, Jedge. She's gone fer the pizen." Then he turns away and walks straight off toward the woods.

Well, son, I and Joe McTeague picked out a bird dog, a rabbit dog, a coon dog and the Gideon dog and left 'em fer Sim Sime. The tothers we loaded, scratching and snapping, into thet truck. But when we got 'em loaded, Joe McTeague, he says: "I don't hold with this, Jedge. A man's dogs is his dogs. You take charge from here on!" And derned if he didn't make me drive thet truck away from Coon Holler.

Well, son, I might as well admit it now and shame the devil. I told Joe McTeague I was heading out the gravel

You Gotta Have Dogs

Continued from page 19

road for Louisiana. But I never done it. I snuck around Eolia and drove thet truck up in back of my house. "I'll get me a bite of supper 'fore attending to them Sim Sime dogs," says I to myself.

Whilst I was eating, who should come raring onto my front porch but Sim Sime hisself. He was lugging a basset hound under one arm and leading the Gideon dog with tother.

"Jedge, please, suh," he says, panting, "have yer give my dogs all away yit?"

"Nope, Mr. Bowcock, I'm aiming to tend to it arter supper," says I.

Sim Sime he gets water in his eyes and ducks his head.

"I'd thank you kindly to swap Clarence and Gideon fer ol' Preacher an' Oliver, Jedge. It's all the same to you, ain't it? Jest so you got thirteen dogs?"

"What's the idee, Mr. Bowcock?"

Sim Sime sets Clarence down and drags Gideon close.

"Ol' Preacher's apt to go blind, Jedge, an' couldn't take keer of hisself away f'm home," says Sim Sime. "Whilst Gideon he kin take keer of hisself any place. An' as fer young Oliver—he whupped a big coon, a mighty big coon. An' I jest found out he run f'm thet nigger dog 'cause the nigger dog was skunked. Young Oliver he ain't a coward, Jedge, and I done him a big injustice. So I'm letting him come home in place of Clarence. Please, Jedge?"

Thet kind of got me, son, and I says curious: "You talk like dogs was people, Mr. Bowcock. Thet's agin God an' nature!"

Sim Sime set down to rest hisself an' tried to take Gideon on his lap—like fondling a half-grown shorthorn calf.

"I ain't no 'count, Jedge," he says, "an' everybody but them dogs of mine knows it. Why, Jedge, my own children finds it out soon as they're big enough to go to school. They admire their Maw an' it's fitten they should. But me—by gosh, they git plumb ashamed of me. They don't look me in the eye no more. But ol' Gideon here—why, Jedge, he's the best fishin' dog a man ever raised. Jest sets on thet bank with one eye on me an' one eye on the bobber. An' when I ketch me a ketfish ol' Gideon he allus smells it an' looks at me like I done somethin'. Makes a man feel mighty good. Makes a man—"

Sim Sime he kind of choked up and dug his dirty fingers into Gideon dog's fur. I couldn't stand no more of it.

"MR. BOWCOCK," says I, "I reckon I've got to do my duty as a loyal Democrat and make a man's-size effort to reduce the number of the dogs you keep. So I'm taking them dogs mighty near to Clarksville arter supper. But I figger it's agin the Constitution of these United States to give them dogs away without due process of law. So I'll jest turn them dogs loose—"

Sim Sime jumps up, tears of joy in his dern' watery eyes.

"Bless yer, Jedge! Them dogs'll know the way home f'm Clarksville!"

Yep, son. Thet's what I done. I told it around Eolia, next morning, thet I'd reduced Sim Sime's dogs to four, according to the county supervisor's order.

Joe McTeague, he heard me bragging in front of Gooch's store.

"Look over yonder, Doc," says Joe McTeague. "Ain't thet one of Sim Sime's dogs?"

Sure enough, here come ol' Preacher dog, a-trotting down the plumb center of the road. He never looked right nor left, but kept a-heading fer Coon Holler. The boys around town joshed me right smart; and Missus Turner and

Charlie Wammill had it on me fer fair. But I stuck Sim Sime and his family on the relief roll, dogs an' all.

Well, sir, everything went along quiet fer about two weeks. Then, all of a sudden, Mr. Satcher, the government man, takes a notion to make a tour of inspection.

MR. SATCHER comes raring inter my office jest afore lunch, with the seat half outer his pants and his left hand bandaged fresh. The kindest way I can describe the feller is that he don't like dogs and dogs don't like him.

"Dr. Fraser," says Mr. Satcher, formal, "are you responsible for placing Sim Sime Bowcock and twenty-one dogs on the relief list?"

"Reckon I am," says I, "but it was seventeen dogs, wasn't it?"

"Twenty-one," says Mr. Satcher. "I counted them. Half a dozen of the brutes attacked me. I have informed Mr. Bowcock that he has been stricken from the list."

"Sim Sime has a wife and eight children, Mr. Satcher," says I.

Mr. Satcher snorts, nasty.

"The federal government can't undertake to support twenty-one worthless curs. Furthermore, I have ordered a general reduction of dogs among Coon Hollow families to a maximum of two dogs. The other dog owners quite naturally say that they won't reduce so long as Sim Sime Bowcock keeps his dogs."

I says, apologetic, "Sim Sime did git all but four of his'n away, but they broke loose and come home."

"Bosh!" says Mr. Satcher. "I'm not deceived for a minute. The only way to get rid of dogs is to shoot them." Then he turns on his heel. "The Bowcock family gets no relief until they shoot nineteen of those curs. I shall make another inspection in two days. It may be necessary to drop all the Coon Hollow community as a matter of discipline."

I stopped him.

"Hold on," says I, "ain't thet pretty hard lines fer the U. S. government to lay? Sim Sime he loves them dogs and the tother Coon Holler folks they love their dogs."

Mr. Satcher's eyes flash self-righteous. "Great heavens, man, this is war," says he. "We're trying to keep people from starving. We can't allow bathos to destroy common sense and discipline among our relief cases. Those dogs must be shot, or I'll drop every case in Coon Hollow!"

"I'll go see Sim Sime pussonal," says I, meek, "and would you be so good as to hold off dropping them Coon Holler folks fer three days?"

"I want to be fair," he says, with good grace, "but the regional supervisor is tightening up all along the line. We can't waste relief funds on cur dogs."

I made haste over to Sim Sime Bowcock's cabin. Sim Sime and his dogs was asleep on and around the front porch. Missus Bowcock was b'iling clothes in the back yard. All them Sim Sime children was stationed about with elm switches to keep flies off Sim Sime and the dogs.

"Wake up, Paw! Here comes Jedge Fraser!"

My nerves wasn't none too good, though I didn't reelize how nigh I was to the jumps and twitches. The sight of Sim Sime and his dogs a-sleeping so peaceful kind of irritated me.

"Howdy, Jedge!" says Sim Sime, stretching. "You, Gideon, say howdy to the jedge!" It seemed like Sim Sime had told them dogs what I done fer 'em.

(Continued on page 76)

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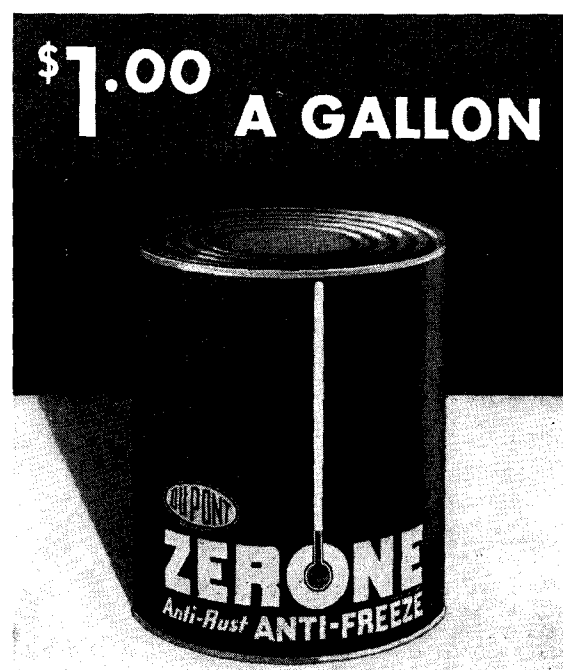
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"THE NEW THROAT ANTISEPTIC IN LOZENGE FORM"

You Gotta Have Dogs

Continued from page 74

Old Gideon he like to knock me over and all them tother dogs sat up and grinned real friendly fer Sim Sime dogs.

"How many dogs you got now, Mr. Bowcock?" says I, sinister.

"Fourteen, Jedge," says he. "Ain't thet the number we counted tother day?"

"Mr. Satcher says he counted twenty-one dogs this mornin'."

Missus Bowcock had started around the corner of the house. Sim Sime he says right hasty: "Them extry dogs was friends Clarence and Oliver and Mer-shon picked up on their way home f'm Clarksville. I'll run 'em off." So he borrows an elm switch from Concertina Bowcock and starts lashing at Clarence and Oliver's friend dogs. But he don't reely hit them dogs, and they jest per-tend it's a game.

"What's wrong now, Jedge?" says Missus Bowcock, her voice a-trembling. "Is the government goin' ter sue us on account of Jube and Preacher bit the law?"

I told her jest what Mr. Satcher had said.

Sim Sime he still pertends to be whup-ping them extry dogs off.

Suddenlike, Missus Bowcock sees a lit-tle she-dog amongst the lot.

"You, Sim Sime!"

"Comin', honey love."

"Ain't thet a she-dog over yonder?"

"I don't see no she-dog."

Missus Bowcock takes off her apron.

"I see her," she says, "and thet set-tles it oncet an' fer all, Sim Sime." She turns to me: "Jedge, when Sim Sime was sparkin' me, I knowed he was a mite foolish about dogs. But he promised on his bended knee thet I'd never have to put up with no she-dogs. Now, he's bruk his word—"

"Angel darlin', Clarence done it. He brung her with him f'm Clarksville—"

"Jedge Fraser says the government orders us to kill all but two of them dogs. I'd've stood out agin the govern-ment if'n you hadn't bruk your sacred sparkin' vows." Missus Bowcock looks at a ten-year-old Sim Sime child. "Mil-ler Ben Bowcock," says she, "fetch me thet rat pizen!"

Poor Sim Sime knowed thet the jig was up.

"All but two, Jedge?" he says, sick.

"Thet's the order," says I.

HE DON'T pay no attention to Missus Bowcock. He goes into the house and comes out with his squirrel rifle and a fistful of ca'tridges.

"Needn't bother with thet rat pizen, Missus Bowcock," he says. "I reckon my dogs deserve a bullet apiece."

He didn't look at them dogs. They thought another squirrel hunt was on and they all kept bouncing on their legs, a-pleading to go with him.

"Reckon it's best thisaway, Jedge," he says. "I'd never rest satisfied to give no dogs of mine away. I'd allus be wor-ried about 'em. Reckon it's best to shoot—"

"Which two are ya gonna keep, Pop?" says Miller Ben Bowcock.

"Keep none of 'em, sonny. 'Twouldn't be fair."

Well, son, did you ever face the pros-pect of shootin' twenty-one dogs? Dogs like Gideon and Preacher and young Oli-ver and ol' Jasper and Jube and Clarence and Trumpet—each with a Sim Sime child a-hangin' on its neck and sayin', "Don't shoot Jasper, Pop. Oh, please don't. . . ." I sneaked a look at Sim Sime's face. Fer the first time in his life it seemed like a real man's power had come to him.

"Don't try to tackle it yourself," I

says, "I'll hire a couple of niggers to do it."

Sim Sime he shakes his head, stuffing ca'tridges in the magazine of his rifle.

"Nope, Jedge, I thank you kindly, but I reckon them dogs need a rifle shot. No niggers is a-going to botch it." Then, he tries to shake loose from young Oli-ver, but he keeps pawing at Sim Sime's pants leg. Sim Sime, he th'ows a ca't-ridge into the chamber.

"Come 'long, young Oliver," says Sim Sime. "You tothers stay back. Stay back!" Young Oliver he yelps like any puppy would to be taken along all by hisself.

Miller Ben Bowcock, he runs and th'ows hisself on top of young Oliver.

"You ain't gonna shoot him fust, Pop. Not fust. . ."

"Git up, sonny."

JEST then, up the hill rattles Joe Mc-Teague in the hog-body truck. He jumps out jest as Sim Sime and young Oliver starts toward the black oak woods back of the cabin.

"Hold everything, Sim Sime!" yells Joe McTeague. "You don't need to kill them dogs!"

"Be ye daft, Joe?" says I.

"Daft nothin'. The order from Wash-ington jest come through. No more di-rect relief fer able-bodied men. They're all gonna be put on work relief. An' thet means Sim Sime can keep his dogs!"

But Sim Sime, he shook his head when we explained it to him.

"Work? Shucks now, Jedge Fraser, I ain't no good fer work. No sane man would hire me. Don't reckon it'd be fit-ten fer me to tell the U. S. government I could work. 'Twould be plumb deceit-ful."

I looked at Sim Sime and I looked at Sim Sime's dogs. I knowed he spoke the Gospel truth. We'd survived one cree-tical pi'nt only to be met with a wusser dilemma. Sim Sime he never had worked an' he was too old to start in now. Sim Sime wouldn't work, no matter what the U. S. government said about it. He was jest plumb opposed to work.

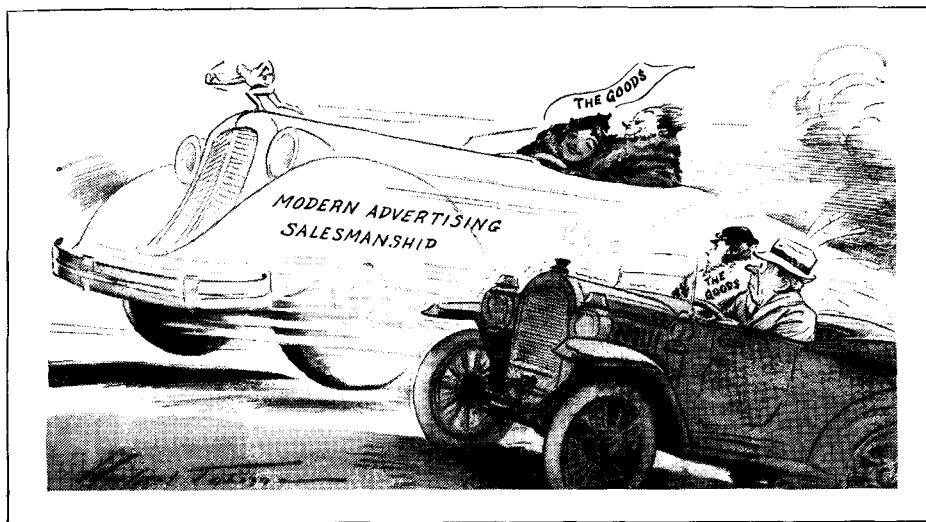
"Anyway, you can hold off on killing them dogs," says I. "Maybe I can figger out a way to switch you over to work relief."

Well, son, I studied an' studied about thet problem. Four days an' four nights I studied. Them doctors tell me now it was the confinement an' the continual concentration on Sim Sime and his twen-ty-one dogs thet put me in danger. I didn't know it then.

Finally, I struck upon the right idee. I wrote it all out and bulldozed Missus Turner and Charlie Wammill inter okay-ing it. They wouldn't dast go to Bowl-ing Green with me to lay my idee afore the government. Well, sir, when I got to Bowling Green I found thet Mr. Satcher had been transferred and the new government man was a perfessor named Murchison.

"What's this?" says Perfessor Mur-chison. "The Pike County, Missouri, Hound Dog Improved Breeding Experi-ment Station? H'mn. Well, that's sound, that's sound. Washington will like that. Good stuff. But—my dear man—what's this? Only the minimum of twelve-fifty per week for Sim Sime Bowcock, the director? Oh, no—he rates the maximum salary of eighty-one-fifty a month!"

Yep, son, it was right then and there thet the jumps and twitchers overtook me. They told me arterwards thet I jest started laughing and couldn't stop; and in the wust depths of it I barked jest like a Sim Sime dog. Fact.



Good automobiles take *people* places Good advertising takes *products* places

*Despite astonishing refinements each year,
the basic concepts of both remain the same*

A PIONEER in the automobile field first defined motor cars as "Transportation." And this definition revolutionized the world's motor industry. For up to that time, the adolescent industry had described its wares as "Pleasure Cars." Its scope was limited.

In those days, some 30 years ago, advertisers held the same short-sighted views of advertising. It was considered as no more than "General Publicity" and "Keeping the name before the public." It, too, was limited. Like the motor car, it was identified by the display noise it made, rather than by the distance it would carry an advertiser.

Advertising First Defined

Just as one man revolutionized the concept of the motor car by being the first to define it as "Transportation," Lord & Thomas were the first to lift advertising out of its early narrow groove by defining it as salesmanship-

in-print. "Give the consumer, in an interesting way, the Reason-Why he should buy your wares." In 30 years, no better definition has challenged it. In 30 years, no comparable list of clients have profited so proportionately by the hard application of this principle, as practiced by Lord & Thomas. We speak from experience gained in placing over \$500,000,000 in advertising in the past 63 years—\$180,000,000 of it in the last five years of the depression.

New Models on Old Principles

While manufacturers never departed from the basic principle of transportation which brought good cars within the reach of most, each year brings refinements. The modern streamlined marvels which pick their sleek way through today's traffic would choke at the sight of a high-hipped old pioneer model chugging along. Yet the same combustion concept runs them both, unchanged.

Advertising Shows New Accessories

In the same way, Lord & Thomas are forever refining our original concept of advertising as salesmanship-in-print. In new art, more intense research, copy testing and radio showmanship, Lord & Thomas exhibits continue to draw the crowds. Yet the basic concept remains. Nor will it change, despite new models, colorful sales appeals, and the subtle consumer campaign attractions.

Is your Advertising Appeal Outmoded?

Check your advertising for its value as salesmanship-in-print. Is it taking your product places? Perhaps its running costs are high—it may be knocking from the wrong kind of Reason-Why fuel. Perhaps it needs one or two 1936 sales accelerators. Some of our greatest sales trips are being made these days with products in which others failed to find the winning Transportation Idea.

LORD & THOMAS • *advertising*

There are Lord & Thomas offices in New York; Chicago; Los Angeles; San Francisco; Toronto; Paris; London
Each office is a complete advertising agency, self-contained; collaborating with other Lord & Thomas offices to the client's interest



The Hard Task of Staying Neutral

SO FAR as foreign relations are concerned, Congress hamstrung the President before it adjourned.

It is a curious fact that the same Congress which voted almost unlimited discretion to the President in domestic matters took from the President practically all discretion in foreign affairs. The Nye neutrality resolution laid down a program which, unless repealed, the President must follow at least until February 29th, regardless of what happens in the world. By act of Congress the President is unable to exercise judgment.

This conflict over the conduct of foreign affairs is, of course, not a new development in this country. The Constitution divided authority. To the President is given power to make treaties and appoint ambassadors. But the power may be exercised only by and with the consent of the Senate and provided that two thirds of the Senate concurs.

Two thirds of the senators present are reluctant to concur with many of the ideas of any President on foreign affairs. Washington got a taste of the dish set before nearly every succeeding President when he tried to make a treaty settling up the confusion left by the Revolutionary War.

The row over the Jay treaty with England was hardly less bitter or less far-reaching in its consequences than Woodrow Wilson's historic fight with the Senate over the League of Nations.

In the present situation the Nye neutrality measure did not forbid President Roosevelt to do anything he gave evidence of wanting to do. Neither was the President commanded to do anything he opposed doing. All that Senator Nye and the Senate did was to write a program which the President has to follow regardless of the consequences and of world developments. The President urged Congress to permit the exercise of discretion. Congress refused this request.

The excuse for fixing a rigid policy at least until February 29th next was that Congress

wanted to keep the United States out of war whatever happens in Europe or Africa or elsewhere. Nobody quarrels with this purpose. Nobody wants to get mixed up in Mussolini's quarrel. If it is necessary to give up what trade we have with Italy and Ethiopia to keep the peace, a majority of Americans will gladly pay that price.

The trouble with depriving the President of discretion in handling foreign affairs is not in damage it does in the Italian war but rather in the menace it offers in future crises. The Nye resolution was not well considered.

The President and Congress ought unquestionably to try to work out the broad lines of a policy which in fact as well as in intention will tend to keep the United States out of war. No policy, however, can be made to work by a puppet President. Nor can the Senate or a Senate Committee hope successfully to manage the vital foreign relations of the country. Our natural inclination to peace was exhibited in the Kellogg-Briand treaty that was concluded at the end of the Coolidge administration. By its terms all the great powers, Italy included, renounced war as an instrument of national policy.

Japan disregarded this treaty and pledge when Manchuria was invaded and seized. Italy ignored and violated its pledge when Ethiopia was attacked. As a people, we are not sufficiently interested either in Manchuria or in Ethiopia to do more than protest against these wars and treaty violations.

But we can be very certain that an overwhelming American public opinion would quickly demand forceful action if we thought our national safety was menaced or our vital interests put in jeopardy—if, for example, Japan or Germany tried to take Mexican territory.

Our neutrality has in the past been effective only when our more important interests were not involved. Our Monroe Doctrine is a threat of war against any European or Asiatic power which might contrive to take

new territory in North or South America contrary to our will.

We hope such an emergency will never arise. We like to think that the peaceful and friendly relationship which has existed between Canada and the United States since 1814 is the normal relationship between all powers. So far as Americans and Canadians are concerned it is. Japanese, Italians and German Nazis think differently. If the United States were a weak nation, or even if it were perfectly certain that the United States would not go to war under any provocation, Japan or Italy or Germany might conceivably attempt to obtain American territory for their surplus population.

Beyond the American continents our interests vary. We think now that we would let Europe stew in its own juices even to the point of extinction if another world war eventuated from the Italian-Ethiopian conflict. Perhaps we would, but our record during the Napoleonic Wars and the World War lends little support to any such belief.

Our great hope of avoiding war lies, therefore, in the prevention of wars likely to involve us regardless of our will. This is an immensely difficult and complicated undertaking. We shall need self-restraint as a people and vision and dexterity as a government.

We cannot keep the peace by closing our shores to all foreign intercourse. Japan tried to be a hermit kingdom and the American Commodore Perry in 1853 induced Japan to abandon that policy as hopeless and impossible. If Japan could not be a hermit in 1853, the United States cannot expect to reestablish such a plan in 1935.

Binding the hands of the President to prevent his committing any unneutral act, which he had no wish to do, is all well enough as an expression of a peaceful purpose. We shall have, however, to do better planning if we seriously want to avoid war. Peace, unfortunately, cannot be purchased so cheaply.

International *sells nearly twice as many* heavy-duty trucks as any other maker

FORTY-FOUR manufacturers in this country build heavy-duty trucks, 2-ton and over. International outsells the nearest rival *nearly two to one*.

And mark this: In *all* trucks, from ½-ton up, International registrations the first seven months of 1935 are 67 per cent over the same period in 1934. The entire truck industry together gained 32 per

cent. No other leading truck, *regardless of size or price*, equals International's gain. (FIGURES BASED ON R. L. POLK & CO. DATA.)

Time has taught truck users this truth—*International delivers extra value*. The

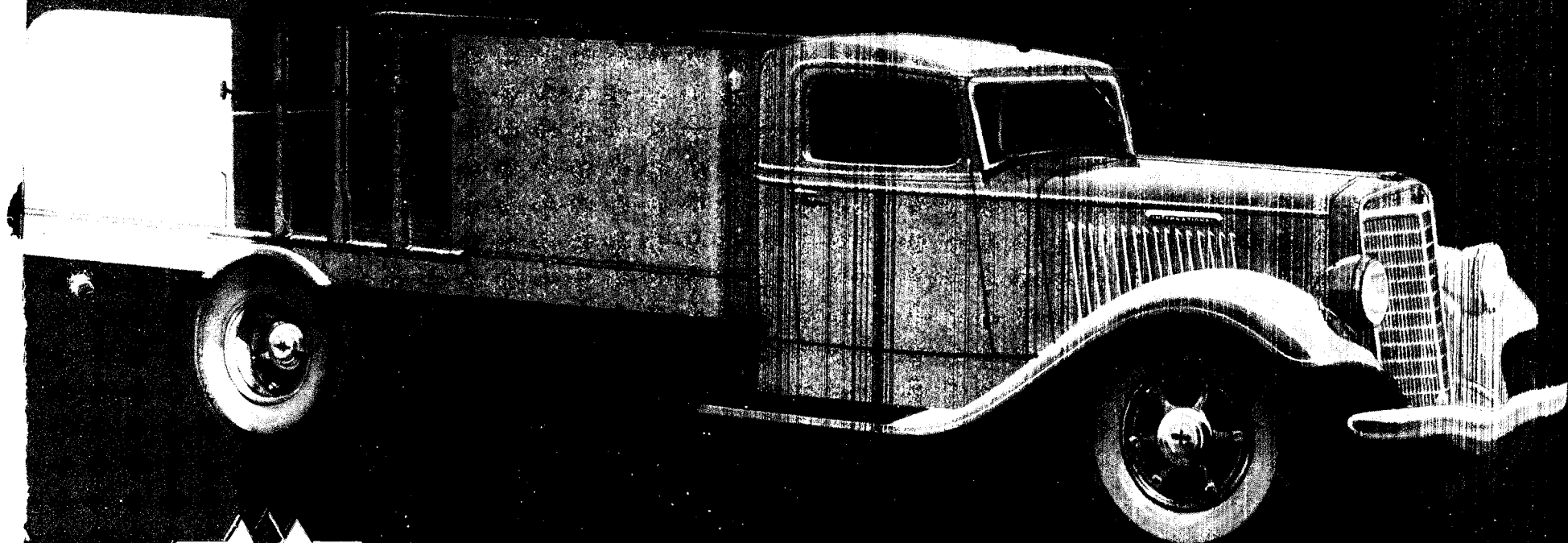
rising tide of demand is for INTERNATIONAL Trucks because here is the *best paying truck investment*. When you buy trucks, be guided by what experienced users know.

International sizes range from Light-Delivery to powerful Dump and Tractor-Trucks, starting with ½-ton 6-cylinder chassis at

\$400 f. o. b. factory

Consult any International Branch or Dealer

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
606 So. Michigan Ave. OF AMERICA (INCORPORATED) Chicago, Illinois



INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

FAMOUS AVIATORS TELL WHY CAMELS ARE Milder



Lieutenant Commander Frank Hawks, U. S. N. R. (*left*), holder of 214 speed records and the Harmon Trophy, says: "I've been flying for 19 years and smoking Camels almost as long. Making speed records tests the pilot as well as his plane. As the athletes say, Camels are so mild they don't get the wind. And I've found they never upset my nerves. Camel must use choicer tobaccos."

"Camels don't get your Wind" Athletes say

"I must take every precaution against jangled nerves," says Mrs. Theodore W. Kenyon, sportswoman pilot (*right*), "so I make it a rule to smoke Camels. They are the mildest cigarette I know. I can smoke Camels steadily and they never upset my nerves."

"They Never Get on Your Nerves"



"I appreciate the mellow flavor of Camels," says Sir Charles Kingsford-Smith, the transpacific flyer (*right*). "They refresh me so when I'm fatigued, and they are so mild that I can smoke any number of Camels without throwing my nerves off key."

"They Never Tire Your Taste"



"I smoke Camels all I want," says Colonel Roscoe Turner (*right*). "I enjoy Camels more. And because of their mildness they never tire my taste. A speed flyer uses up energy just as his motor uses 'gas.' After smoking a Camel, I get a 'refill' in energy—a new feeling of vim and well-being."

"Get a Lift with a Camel"



YOU'LL FIND THAT
CAMELS ARE MILD,
TOO—BETTER FOR
STEADY SMOKING



**COSTLIER
TOBACCOS!**

● Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS — Turkish and Domestic — than any other popular brand.

(Signed)
R. J. REYNOLDS
TOBACCO COMPANY
Winston-Salem, N. C.

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